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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXIII

CONCORD, N. H.

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CONCORD, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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MIRROR LAKE, WOODSTOCK.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIII.

JULY, 1897.

NO. 1.

BIRDS IN THE HEART OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Ellen E. Webster.



OF the numerous species taken in Central New Hampshire, only brief mention can be made in a limited article, but to one on the lookout for different birds, an idea will be given of what kinds may be seen, and books may be consulted for full descriptions.

The charms of bird study, however, come from personal observation, for, as Mrs. Miller has said, "The bird lover who carries a glass, but never a gun, who observes, but never shoots, sees many queer things not set down in books; freaks and notions and curious fancies on the part of the feathered folk, which reveal an individuality of character as marked in a three-inch warbler as in a six-foot man."

Our most diminutive feathered inhabitant is the ruby-throated humming-bird, who is not much more than a "pinch of feathers," but whose every feather is a gem in itself. The male alone wears the brilliant gorget which sparkles and flashes in the sunlight as if thickly set with rubies,

and well he may be proud of such a family heirloom. I associate these hummers with sweet-peas, whose blossoms are always

" . . . on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings,"

for a little couple used to sip their nectar at my front door.

Not much larger are the kinglets—the ruby-crowned and golden-crested. Each male wears a few red feathers in his cap, but the ruby-crowned partly conceals his by more sober shades, while the golden-crested sets his off with a band of rich yellow, which in its turn is bordered with black with a whitish frill outside all,—rather gorgeous for his sex, do you not think?

The various streaks and spots of the brown-attired sparrow family are puzzling as discriminating marks. The chipping sparrow, with her bright chestnut cap, is most familiar about our door-steps. Closely representing "chippie" is the tree sparrow, a winter visitor, but larger in



Fox Sparrow.

size and with one dark blotch on the otherwise unmarked breast. The song sparrow wears a similar brooch, but he is heavily streaked above and below. He possesses a fine voice, and his song is full of cheer from March to late autumn-tide. The fox sparrow is a handsome fellow, with plenty of rich ferruginous color in his mixed homespun. The bay-winged bunting and the field and savanna-sparrows are all called "ground sparrows." The bay-winged has the bright chestnut color on the bend of the wing and white feathers that show when the tail is spread; the field sparrow has bright bay on the middle of the back, without white lateral tail-feathers; and the savanna-sparrow has no bay on the wings, no white on tail and wings, and is thickly streaked above. The white-throated and white-crowned sparrows are exceedingly attractive, the latter being especially kingly in his bearing. Both have black and white head-dresses, but the white-throated has in addition a little yellow line from the bill to the eye, and a white throat. More rarely seen are the

Lincoln's, Henslow's, and yellow-winged sparrows.

The brown creeper is a bird of the woods, and lives largely upon insects found in the bark of trees.

There are two so-called snowbirds—the black snowbird and the snowflake or snow-bunting. The black snowbird or Junco, a dark-ashen colored bird, abruptly white under-



White-Crowned Sparrow.

neath from his breast backwards, and with lateral tail-feathers white, is common. The snowflakes are numerous some winter seasons. Of their plumage, John Burroughs says, "It reflects the winter landscape—an expanse of white surmounted or streaked with gray and brown, a field of snow with a line of woods or a tinge of stubble."

Other small winter birds are the black-capped titmouse, commonly called the chickadee, whose merry, friendly ways endear him to many a household; his cousin, the Hudsonian titmouse, is rarely seen; the white-breasted and red-breasted nuthatches are mistaken by many for woodpeckers, because they walk up and down a tree trunk in search of

food; the red crossbills, often accompanied by a few of the white-winged, who pick the seeds from pine-cones with their curious bills, which seem especially adapted for this purpose, always bring to mind a red-letter day in childhood when I first saw their crossed mandibles, as a large flock came to our piazza and allowed us children to throw out bread crumbs for them; the red-poll linnets, with their distinguishing striped sides and red heads, and particularly the mature males, with rosy rump and breast, are pleasing acquaintances from the North; the goldfinch stays all the year, but doffs his black-and-gold lover dress suit for plainer winter garb,—indeed, there might be a

in the crotch of a tree or on a thorn; and there are the pine grosbeaks, who were so abundant last winter as to give every one with eyes a chance for an acquaintance, for they were as fearless as our chippies, and fed at our very doors. His cousins, the purple and the rose-breasted grosbeaks, are summer residents. The purple, who, by the way, wears not a speck of purple, is the most bubbling of songsters, and his bright carmine color makes him noticeable, while his plainly-dressed mate would pass for a sparrow. The rose-breasted with his jet black head, black and white body, rosy neck, and rosy patches under his wings, is a loud singer and a beautiful bird.

The clear-voiced thrush family is known to us by the robin, cat-bird, olive-backed, brown, tawny, wood, and hermit thrushes. The cat-bird and brown thrush hold their listeners spellbound with their varied vocal solos, so full of sweetness and ecstasy. Cat-bird babies are ravenous eaters, and the number of hairy, tent-cater-



Snow-Bunting or Snowflake.

suspicion that he dons one of his wife's cast-off dresses over his gorgeous summer robe, so like her does he look in winter attire; much like him, but rather prettier, is the pine linnet or siskin, who is an expert at shelling sunflower seeds; occasionally both the loggerhead and the great northern shrike pay us a visit, and hang up a mouse or other tidbit



Shrike.



Pine Grosbeak.

pillars that are stuffed down their throats ought to delight every fruit grower. Florence Merriman has told us how to quickly distinguish the hermit, wood, and tawny thrushes. The hermit has the tawny color richest on the rump; the wood, on the head; and the tawny is reddish brown above, of the same color throughout. Words fail to describe any of their songs, and none fill us with more worshipful emotions.

The bluebird "with the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back"—"a poem of April that God endowed with wings" has not been so common as heretofore in many localities. The fact that hundreds of these are sold in Southern markets to tickle some dainty palates shows that man has grievously sinned against "the blue cottage warbler."



Black and White Creeping Warbler.

The warbler family is to the ornithologist what the Compositæ family is to the botanist, for their endless combinations in dress suits, their diminutive size, their nervous, fidgety ways make them hard characters for intimate study. Mrs. Miller says she "gave up the warbler family long ago as too small, too uneasy, too fond of tree-tops, to waste time and patience over." However, with perseverance and a grouping of occasional glimpses, one may identify, during the season, the black-and-white creeping, the yellow, the Nashville, the parula, the Tennessee, the Cape May, the black-throated green, the black-throated blue, the black-poll, the Blackburnian, the yellow-rumped, the pine, the chestnut-sided, the bay-breasted, the redstart, the Maryland yellowthroat, and Canadian fly-catching.

The ovenbird has the calm nature and fearless gaze of a thrush, and as it leisurely walks about over fallen logs



Chestnut-Sided Warbler.

or the carpet of dead leaves, it proves a fascinating acquaintance. Her nest, built on the ground, is so skilfully roofed over as to defy discovery by any but an accidental or persistent nest hunter.

The scarlet tanager knows that it is best to keep his brilliant body out of sight of woman's covetous eyes. Back in the solitude of the woods I saw and heard one singing on a June day, so surmised his wife was sitting near by.

For grace and swiftness of flight, few birds excel our swallows. This family is represented by the barn swallow with his deeply forficulate tail; the cliff- or eaves-swallow, who often builds under the eaves of a barn; the bicolored or white-bellied swallow, by some considered the handsomest of his illustrious genus; the bank swallow, dressed for his cave-like abode, in mouse-brown and white; and the purple martin, who nearly always uses the boxes provided for

its accommodation as nesting places. All this class catch their food on the wing, and are invaluable, keeping insect life in

check. The so-called chimney-swallow is no swallow at all, but a swift. This soot-colored bird glues its semi-circular nest of dead twigs to the interior of chimneys.

The vireos or greenlets are among our most tireless songsters, who sing even through the heat of the day when other birds are "faint with the hot sun." Their pensile nests, suspended from forked twigs, are familiar along bushy waysides, and are variously ornamented with birch-bark strips, newspaper, hornet's nest, or dried leaves. We have the red-eyed, warbling, blue-headed, and yellow-throated vireos.

The Towhee bunting or chewink, busily scratching among the dry leaves most of the time, often stops to mount a low branch and sing his little song, thus affording a better opportunity for the on-looker to study



Canadian Fly-Catching Warbler.

his combination suit of black, chestnut, and white.

The cedar- or cherry-bird, with his conspicuous crest, is sleek-coated in a Quaker costume tipped

with red and yellow.

The richly-plumed male indigo-bird is easily recognized by his appropriate name, but no one would mistrust that his wife, plainly clad in warm brown, was of the same family.

Our June bird of the field is the bobolink. The suit he dons for love-making is black and whitish, which, in defiance of all bird fashion or law of Nature, the crazy fellow wears backside to or upside down; for, whereas, Nature decreed that birds, and animals in general, should wear their lightest colors underneath, his prevailing color below is black, and above he is more or less white. His intoxicatingly mad music is also just what might be expected of such a



Cat-Bird.



Belted Kingfisher.

sorrow at his heart, is another bird of the meadow.

The horned lark passes through here on his migrations North and South, and so does the American pipit or titlark.



Crow. Raven.

All flycatchers are awkward, despite their attempts at military airs. The great-crested is the most strikingly dressed, and has the unaccountable freak of weaving into its nest, so it is said, the cast skin of a snake. The phœbe, one of our best known birds, has a fondness for green, a taste doubtless inherited from its ancestors, who loved to build on an "upright rock, usually over water, and often itself dripping." Then we have the king-bird, sometimes called



Long-Eared Owl.

rattle-brained specimen of feathered society.

The meadow-lark, or more properly starling, whose song has a pleading, plaintive tone, as if he carried a great

the tyrant flycatcher whose "life is mostly passed in guerilla warfare with every other bird that ventures too near;" the wood pewee with mournful voice, the least, the

olive-sided, and Traill's flycatchers. Blackbirds make a variety amidst other feathered folk and contain some characters as black as their coats, among which are the cow-bird, our American parasite; the red-shouldered blackbird with showy epaulets; the rusty and purple grackles, the American raven and the crow. All these birds are fond of plowed ground, where insect food is easily procured, and although some are known to injure crops, they deserve more credit than they get for ridding the soil of noxious vermin.

The orchard oriole, infrequently seen, and the Baltimore oriole, or "golden robin," are master workmen at weaving their purse-like nests. So miscellaneous are the materials used, one wonders at the "finished fabric," but "our surprise may be still greater that the clever craftsmen can contrive to set the first few fibres at all in a loom so primitive as that



Pigeon

represented by the slender twigs to which they are attached." So plainly do they prefer to swing their baby cradles from long, drooping limbs, one might suppose the lullaby

"Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,"

to have been composed particularly for oriole babies.

Those that believe the whippoorwill and night-hawk identical are mistaken. These birds are about the same size, nocturnal in their habits, and both sit parallel to the fence rail on which they may chance to perch. The night-hawk usually lays her two eggs on the bare ground or on a ledge, but the whippoorwill deposits hers, oftentimes, on a fallen log or in a decayed stump.



Barred Owl.

The belted kingfisher, who blows his fish horn up and down our rivers, is unique in many respects. His large bill and head seem out of all proportion to the rest of his body. He tunnels into a bank six or eight feet to find a spot secluded enough for raising his family, and there they lead a most unsocial existence as far as other birds are concerned.

Specimens of the black-billed cuckoo are not so scarce as of the yellow-billed. Their nesting habits are peculiar and protracted, on account of their inability to lay a sitting of eggs in the brief time allotted other birds.

Woodpeckers have distinctive fam-

ily traits, which we may notice from the study of the hairy, downy, pileated, yellow-bellied, red-headed, black-backed-three-toed, and golden-winged,—the last being least deserving of the family name, as he does not always peck wood for his living, but also forages on the ground. John Burroughs speaks of the beauty of the red-headed “as he flits about the open woods, connecting the trees by a gentle arc of crimson and white! This is another bird with a military look. His deliberate and dignified ways and his bright uniform of red, white, and steel-blue bespeak him an officer of rank.”

The passenger-pigeons that used to flock in such myriads in by-gone days, are now seldom seen. They have been hunted and crowded out like the Indians, and with the advance of civilization will very likely be driven beyond our borders or exterminated.

The mourning-dove prefers his summer residence located near the water in places where buckwheat is raised. The noisy and showy blue jay stays the whole year round. He pays for the corn he steals through cracks in our granaries by devouring the eggs of the tent-caterpillar, and is known to eat the caterpillars themselves.



Purple Grackle.



Rusty Grackle.



Snowy Owl.

The owls are well represented by the great-horned, screech, long-eared, short-eared, barred, snowy, day, Richardson's, and saw-whet. For all we have so many species,

birds are of such size as to be rather awe-inspiring, and their nests are huge affairs that are beheld from afar, so it is well for them that they choose secluded places for breeding,



Sharp-Shinned Owl.



Saw-Whet Owl.



Grebe.

glimpses of live owls are few and far between, for they go abroad by night and they are noiseless except when they give voice to their sentiments in tones to send chills up and down the backs of larger animals than the poor mice upon which they prey.

Some of our hawks are rather confusing to identify, for we have no less than a dozen kinds; the marsh, duck, pigeon, sparrow, Cooper's, red-shouldered, red-tailed, broad-winged, rough-legged, sharp-shinned, fish-, and American goshawk. They range in size from the one with wings eight inches long to the one whose extent is fifty inches. To the same family belong the golden and bald eagles, both of which are rare residents, the golden especially so. These

else few eggs would be overlooked by amateur collectors.

Among the game-birds are the woodcock and Wilson's snipe, who often escape the unpractised hunter by their irregular flight; the greater yellow-legs, whose shrill cries are so easily imitated that they are often thus lured within gunshot of hidden sportsmen; the upland, the black-bellied, and the golden plovers, well known to gunners; a species of prairie hen; the quail or Bob White; and the partridge. Chickens of the last are wary little things that ramble about as soon as hatched, but hide so quickly

Bald Eagle.
Immature Plumage.

it takes a nimble person to catch one. Besides several of the preceding birds classed as water-fowl, others of this group are not wanting. We

have three grebes—Holboell's, the horned, and the pied-billed. The crazy laughter of loons (the red-throated and the great northern diver) is echoed back from surrounding hills, and their expert diving renders them difficult of capture. The dovekie is a Northern bird, properly belonging to coast regions, but sometimes taken here. For occasional visitors also are two of the three New England mergansers—the American and the hooded. Among the many varieties of ducks there are the black, wood, ruddy, American scaup, lesser scaup, ring-necked, buffle-head, blue-winged teal, green-winged teal, American golden-eye, and American scoter. The common wild goose and the Brant goose are shot now and then. Mr. Burroughs says, as he saw a flock "harrowing the sky northward," "How my desire goes with them; how something in me wild and migratory plumes itself and follows fast!"

The great blue heron, whose extent is seventy inches, is considerable to look upon, not only for his size, but also for his make-up. His smaller relatives, the black-crowned night heron and the green heron, frequent our lake shores and marshes, as well as the American coot, American bittern, and the Virginia and Carolina rails. The teeter-birds or sandpipers (the least, solitary, and spotted) run up and down our river banks and beaches, and, lastly, the birds we always associate with the water, who ride upon her waves and feed from her storehouse, the herring gull and Bonaparte's gull, are not confined to the seacoast, but visit even central New Hampshire.

Some of these water birds nest here, some are visitors from the North, but all are birds whose nesting habits are none too well known, so to be able to study the family history of any one of them during the breeding season would be an occasion any bird lover might envy.

NOTE.—I am indebted to Mr. Charles F. Goodhue, of Webster, for aid concerning the water birds, and to the kind courtesies of Mrs. Sarah Jane Baker, of Sutton, for the privilege of photographing several specimens from her cabinets.

THE SLEEPERS.

By John Vance Cheney.

"The roses die to-morrow,
Hearken for my sake;
To-morrow 't will be sorrow;
Wake, oh, wake!"

We sleep, while calling, calling,
Love to wake us tries;
"The leaves will soon be falling,
Rise, oh, rise!"

No more her voice is calling,
And the pale rains weep,—
The pale rains, falling, calling,—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!"



North Woodstock, looking North

THE TOWN OF WOODSTOCK.

By Justus Conrad.



NESTLING in the shadow of the majestic Franconia range of the White Mountains is the quiet town of Woodstock. Ten years ago comparatively few people were acquainted with this little corner of New Hampshire, with its charming mountain scenery, its glens, its quiet vales, its pure and invigorating waters, and its lofty mountain peaks. But since the railroad opened up the Pemigewasset valley to the outside world, the town has become an important factor in the line that goes to make up quiet retreats for summer boarders and tourists.

The history of the town is somewhat disconnected, on account of the town not preserving well the early records. The first grant of the territory that now comprises the town was made to Eli Demeritt in 1763, under the name of Fairfield. Soon after, the first settlement was made on the east bank of the Pemigewasset river by

James McNorton, who, at the breaking out of the War of Independence, went forth from his newly-made home, leaving wife and little ones behind, never to return. At this time several settlements had been made, and Fairfield furnished four soldiers

who fought under Washington. Tradition tells us how the good wives of these men remained at home and carried on the farms, cleared land, and cared for the little ones.

After the close of the war, several more settlements were made, and in 1799, the legislature granted a town charter, under the name of Peeling. The first town meeting that we find any record of, was held in 1800, at which



Jackman Falls.

twenty votes were cast for governor. The names of Selingham, Vincent, Demeritt, and Baron figure conspicuously in the early history of the town down to 1840. It is said that the first settler, James McNorton, perished at Valley Forge. His name does not appear in the early history of Peeling.



Mountain View House—S. S. Sharon.

In 1840, the residents of the town became dissatisfied with the name of the town, and through an act of the legislature, the name of Peeling was changed to Woodstock. For many years North Woodstock was the terminus of the highway that led into the Pennigewasset valley.

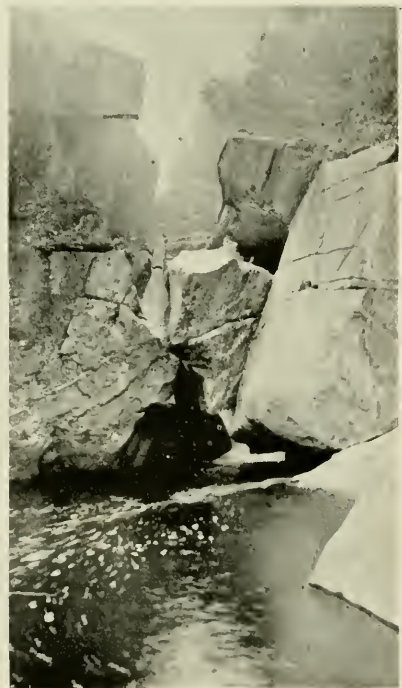
About 1820, a road was constructed through Kinsman Notch, that led by Bog lake, and which connected the valley with the town of Landaff. This road was later discontinued, and a highway was built through the Gordon Pass, or what is more commonly known as "The Meadows." This road was used for a stage road, and led to that part of Easton now Wildwood, and was not discontinued until a road was constructed through the Franconia Notch.

For years previous to this the wonders of the Franconia Notch had been known to civilized man, but for some reason that is unaccounted for to-day, it was quite well into the nineteenth century before any move was made to attract the attention of the outside world to it.

It is claimed by some writers that the Old Man of the Mountain and the Flume were discovered in 1805, but these wonders were no doubt

known to some long before this. This region was a favorite haunt of the red men, and it is stated on reasonable authority, that the friends of Stark made the first discovery while searching for him after his capture by the Indians. History speaks of Stark and his party penetrating the wilderness as

far north as Baker river in Plymouth, and it is reasonable to assume that the Indians took the most direct route north, which was through this pass. If the Indians were acquainted with the geographical conditions of the country, there would be no doubt in our mind about this being the route taken by



Agassiz Basin.



Bell's Cascade.

Stark and his captors. Tradition tells us that the great Chief Pemigewasset and his tribe used to worship this stone face, and that there was a burying-place for Indians on the shores of Profile lake. We mention these points for the reason that from an historical point of view the Franconia Notch and Woodstock, together with the country round about, are linked as one.

Settlers came to Peeling slowly, for in 1820 we find recorded the doings of a town meeting when only thirty-five votes were

cast, a gain of only fifteen in twenty years. The twenty years that followed seemed to be more prosperous, for in 1840 seventy-one votes were thrown, thirty-two being for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." This was the first time that history records any political demonstration in the town. A large platform was erected in the apple orchard of the late Col. Benjamin Barron, and there were political speakers galore. Four barrels of hard cider were set on end on one side of the platform, with one end of each knocked out, and the political "cranks" who had gathered from miles around did not stop to read the notice, "Help yourselves," until after the cider was all gone.

At the next state election following the "hard cider" campaign, 101 votes were cast for a member of the legislature. Dea. Benjamin Fox received fifty-one, and was the first Whig to represent the town.

It was about this time that the residents became interested in another branch of business aside from farming. The Norcross Lumber company commenced operations in the



Deer Park Hotel—J. R. Elliott.



The Alpine.

valley, and in consequence many new buildings were erected, logging roads were constructed in all directions, a dam was built across the head of McNorton falls, and everything put on business airs. This company continued doing business for many years, during which Woodstock was a business centre of no small degree, being the starting point for the enormous log drives that annually passed down the river to Lowell.

The old company store, that was operated by William G. Hull and later on by Thomas J. Gilman, was the "hub" of the town, where a large trade was carried on. The most

conspicuous person connected with the lumbering business, as well as the general welfare of the town, was the late Hon. N. H. Weeks, who was for many consecutive years a member of the legislature, and at one time councilor from this district. It was largely through his efforts that Woodstock was connected with a railway service, which was the means of bringing it to its present standing among towns. Soon after the railroad reached North Woodstock, the late Hon. S. N. Bell conceived the idea of erecting a large summer hotel



Russell House—G. F. Russell.

near the station on a graceful and charming plateau that commands a sweeping view of the valley both north and south. Thus we have one of the finest summer resorts in New



Devil's Eddy.



Russell Falls.

England, viz., the Deer Park hotel, which we shall refer to later on.

It is a fact worthy of note, that the pioneer settlements of all the towns of New Hampshire, as soon as possi-

parish had a settled preacher. We find in an old town record of 1826, the following:—

"Voted, That the town of Peeling allow the Elder John Saunders the use of the parsonage and garden spot for one year, providing he preaches two good sermons each and every Sunday during the year, and on week days attend to his own business.



Fern Hill Farm—S. G. Sawyer.

ble, organized a church, and pinned their faith to some creed, whatever it might be. This town was somewhat slow in that line, for it was 1807 before the settlers formed a church association. In this movement, we find the names of Barrons, Sellingshams, Sawyers, and Foxes most instrumental in founding the Baptist church. After a struggle, an edifice was erected, where meetings were held, and a parsonage was built, but it was not for several years that the

During the thirties, a Rev. Mr. Roper settled with the parish, and for twelve years he guided the church. Besides being a preacher, he was a man of great business capabilities and enterprise. He built roads and starch mills, and was the pioneer of the Potato Hill district, where he built two mills for the pur-



The Innette—W. L. E. Hunt.

pose of manufacturing potato starch. He built up the Baptist church from a handful of members to 150 communicants. During his stay, the first church edifice was burned, and he traveled all through the state, soliciting contributions until he raised funds enough to rebuild it. This building is still standing at Lower Woodstock, but has no settled minister.

It was mainly through Rev. Mr. Roper that the name of Peeling was changed to Woodstock in 1840. Speaking of this old building brings

I did not mind it then, for I was listening to the singers.

As far as North Woodstock is concerned, great changes have taken place there within a few years. The old church that used to stand close by the cemetery has been moved up into the village and a tower added to it, and from that tower clangs the bell calling the villagers to worship. When we were boys, James Burney used to be sexton of the church, looking well to the building of the fires and all other matters that pertained to the comfort of the congregation.



A Glimpse of North Woodstock.

to memory the days of our boyhood, when we used to go to church Sundays and prayer-meetings during the week. In those days we had some good singers, and the "old gallery," as it was termed, that reached across one end of the church, would be full, making a choir that would jar the shingles on the roof. It was customary, when the minister called for the singing, for the congregation to rise and turn around, so to get a good view of the singers. I remember that I used to sit in the back pew, and had to cant my head back so far that my neck would ache, but

After the lapse of many years, we find James still at his post as sexton of the church. Dea. David Sanborn, as well as Elder Washington Russell, used to occupy front pews, while near by sat Eben Drew and John Fisk. The last three have "passed on," but the pleasant face of Uncle David will be seen in his accustomed place in the new church as the Rev. Mr. Wilson reads from the good Book. Among others who have seen so many changes and improvements, and who will always be found in their pews, are R. C. Jackman and Arthur Hunt.



W. L. E. Hunt.



E. S. Sanborn.



Scott N. Weeks.



Leroy Sawyer.

Leaving the church subject, we find many whose names are identified with the business interests of the place, men that have done much to encourage the growth of the village and town, and are worthy of mention.

Stephen S. Sharon is no doubt one of the oldest boarding-house men in town, and was the pioneer to erect the first boarding-house after the advent of the railroad, viz., the Mountain View House. I mean by this, that he erected the first one in the village. About the same time A. W. Sawyer built the Fairview House. Following these, many others were built, including the Deer Park Hotel, the largest one in the valley, which is under the management of Joseph R. Elliott. Then comes the Alpine House; the Cascade House, C. H. and L. H. Russell, proprietors; the Russell House, G. F. Russell, proprietor; the Innette, W. L. E. Hunt, proprietor; the Parker House, C. L. Parker, proprietor; the Three Rivers House, W. R. Sharon, proprietor; North Woodstock House, W. F. Butler, proprietor.

Leaving the boarding business, we find other branches of business, conducted by such men as H. S. Sanborn, Ned Sleeper, Robert Newman, F. S. Merrill, and James Fadden, who are storekeepers. Then we have with us E. S. Sanborn, who came from Laconia, and who has built up a lucrative photograph business.

One of the chief industries that for many years was of great importance to Woodstock was the tannery, operated by Joseph W. Campbell, who on several occasions was a member of the legislature. Quite a village grew up around this business,



R. C. Jackman.



Dea. David Sanborn.



E. E. Woodbury



Frank C. Morey



Fairview House—A. W. Sawyer.

but the growth stopped when the tannery was destroyed by fire a few years since.

It is near by these ruins that the tourists find Mirror lake, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in our valley. The reflections cast upon these waters in a calm day are something phenomenal. Hundreds of people visit the lake every season, being drawn hither by these wonderful reflections.

Aside from this lake, Russell lake, which lies back of Russell mountain, is the most picturesque body of water in town. The high mountains that surround it slope gracefully to the water's edge, making a grand picture for the artist's brush. This lake was discovered by accident by John Russell, in 1798, while on the trail of a bear. Elbow lake is situated in the western part of the town at the base of Mount Cushman, near the new road that connects Warren with Woodstock.

People have said that Mt. Cilley was so named

because one must have been silly to have ever thought of going there to live, but we find that such is not the true fact. The part of Woodstock generally known as Mt. Cilley took its name from the first settlers of that region about seventy-five years ago. In those days people were more inclined to spread out from the centres, and would travel and work back on the mountains just as long as they

could find good water; and this, no doubt, is the reason why Mt. Cilley, so called, was at one time the most prosperous farming community in town. Situated as it was, over behind Smith's mountain, out of sight and hearing, it was a little world all by itself.

When this neighborhood was in the zenith of its glory there were over twenty good-sized farms, well tilled. There was a large school-house where over thirty boys and girls got their schooling. This same school-house also served as a house of worship on the Sabbath, where Elder Hezekiah Smith held forth.



North Woodstock House—W. F. Butler.



Three Rivers House—W. R. Sharon.

Many prominent men got their education in this old building, that to-day is moldering in the dust.

Among them are Thomas J. Smith, the popular livery stable man at North Woodstock; R. C. Jackman, carpenter and builder; Moses Sawyer, farmer and boarding-house man; Arthur Hunt, justice of the peace and ex-member of the legislature; Lyman Jackman, the well-known insurance man of Concord, and others, who all stand ready to fight the moment one says a word in reproach of old Mt. Cilley, their boyhood home. To-day this once prosperous school district is deserted, and is used for a horse pasture. When the flag was fired on at Fort Sumter, emigration from Mt. Cilley had commenced, and before the close of the war all the inhabitants had made a grand exit.

People go to far-off lands and ascend to the summits of the various mountains to get a view of God's earth, little knowing of the natural grandeur there is right here at home.

City people come and tarry with us during the summer months, and seventy-five per cent. of them go away without enjoying one of the grandest sights on earth, just because there is not a proper highway to Mt. Cilley.

One day in the month of June, 1895, the writer chanced to be on a high point of land on the old Hunt place. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon; the air was as clear as crystal, and the sun cast its golden rays over the valleys and hills to the north in such a way that every vale and ridge, nook and corner showed itself to make one of the grandest sights we ever witnessed. At our feet, nestling way down in the valley, was the beautiful village of North Woodstock; directly in front was the Old Man of the Mountain, looking us squarely in the eye; a little to the right was the towering form of Lafayette; on the extreme right was Conway range; away in through the East Branch valley was the king of them all, Mt. Washington, and on the extreme left was the lone sentinel, Moosilauke, guarding the entrance. Round about us were the ruins of farm-houses, and on every side were stone walls, that stand as monuments in memory of



F. P. Weeks.



Cascade House—L. H. Russell.



S. S. Sharon.



Sunset Farm—William R. Beard.



L. H. Russell.



W. R. Beard.



I. E. Hanson's Block.



I. E. Hanson.

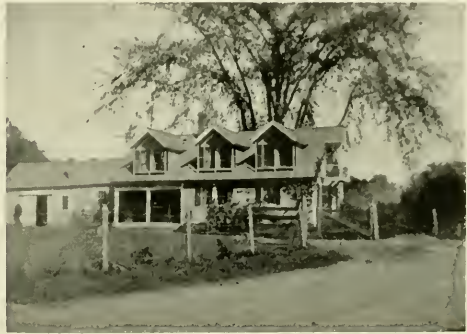
the thrifty farmers who once lived here. We almost fancied that we heard "Jeff" Smith on the other side calling the sheep, and the rumble of the old Jackman mill down in the valley.

There is no place in New England that can furnish a more pleasing sight to lovers of Nature than the various locations on Mt. Cilley. Could there be a good road built, it would afford one of the grandest retreats for summer tourists in America. There is already a route proposed, that, in our mind, would be a feasible one. It leaves the main road at Woodstock village and follows the old "Potato Hill" road to its terminus, thence to Mt. Cilley by way of the Samuel Smith place. This would be a short and pleasant drive, and could be built with comparatively small expense. It would pass by the "Glen-dale cascade," on the Glover brook, and many other points of interest. The time is not far distant when there will be a move made in this direction.

There are very strong proofs that impress on our minds the theory that this valley was once inhabited by a race of beings long before the red men came. Historians tell us about a race of people that once inhabited parts of North America and Mexico, called the Mound Builders. It seems that these pre-historic beings were a strange but industrious people, and, instead of living in wigwams or log dwellings, they lived in large mounds made from loam and sand. According to the theories advanced by eminent writers upon the subject of mound building, there is ample proof to convince us that we have two of these

ancient mounds in the Pemigewasset valley, one in Woodstock and one at West Thornton.

The Woodstock mound is situated on the east side of the river, one and one half miles from the railroad station, on the farm owned by John Schofield. This great curiosity is located close by the road in the centre of a "basin piece" of land, and is surrounded by a handsome field. It rises to a height of sixty feet, and is shaped like the pyramids of Egypt, with the exception of having but three corners, while the pyramids



Kiameche Cottage—Col. Horace N. Fisher.

have four. It is mostly covered by scrub bushes, there being considerable grass in some places. Taking all things into consideration, this ancient mound is one of the greatest curiosities of our modern times, and is well worth going miles to see. Looking at it from all directions, its form is the same, being well proportioned in every manner. For this reason alone, one is easily convinced that during some age before history was written, this hill was built by human hands.

It has always been claimed by some residents of the town that there was treasure buried in this mound. There is a gentleman living in Wood-



The Old Milldam.

stock to-day, who, when a boy, in company with some other courageous young men, dug for this treasure. He can tell you how they took a branch of witch hazel, and in one end inserted a piece of silver, and walked over the mound, holding it firmly in the hands, and how, when they had got to a certain spot, the branch bent downward, twisting the bark from the wood and blistering the hands of the young man who carried it. He can tell you how, with shovels in hand, they went at it, and how, like busy bees, they toiled on until they struck something hard like an iron vessel or chest, and how just then a horrible looking man passed close by them, while their hair rose on end, and when they resumed their work the supposed treasure had disappeared. This party of fortune seekers quit this enchanted spot forever, and from that day to this the mystery remains unsolved.

There is a legend connected with this ancient piece of earth, that tells us that the great Indian chief, Pemigewasset, while on the war path, used to ascend to this summit of mound to

watch the river for the canoes of opposing tribes.

For a thousand years and more, this ancient piece of architecture has stood the storms of time, and still retains its original form, according to the theories of historians. For numberless centuries, this mound has stood as a monument, marking the graves of an extinct race of beings that lived ages before the Western Hemisphere was known to civilized man. Its majestic form is in full view from the railroad across the river, and its summit affords an excellent view of the "calm and gliding" Pemigewasset. It stands, as it always has and always will, shrouded in a silent mystery, to be unraveled only by imagination.

During the month of October, 1798, as near as we can trace back from the memory of old residents, there was erected, one mile from where the village of North Woodstock now is, a new house. According to tradition, this building was dedicated on October 29, with imposing ceremonies in keeping with the times, for in those days such a house was considered almost a palace.

The people congregated from the



The Oldest House in Town.

scattered settlements to do honor to Amos Bryant, who owned the best house in Peeling, and who on that day took handsome Margaret Pinkham home as his wife. The house in question was built with hewn timbers from old growth pine, and dove-tailed together at the corners. It was a large house, with three rooms on the first floor and one on the second floor, and had one door and four windows. In those days, when the valley was new to the world, and the settlers were struggling for existence, it required a man of some means to own a house built with hewn logs, and thus, on October 29, 1798, Amos Bryant was looked up to as the man with the prettiest wife and finest house in all Peeling. It has been estimated how much old rum was drunk on that day, but the writer does not remember the number of gallons. Tradition tells us how this happy couple passed ten years in their mansion by the "river side," and how Amos Bryant cleared and tilled his farm, and how, when he had got to be a "fore-handed" man, he sickened and died, just in the bloom of manhood, and left behind a young widow and one baby boy, whom all of our townspeople remem-

ber as the late James Bryant, who died a short time ago. For four years, Mrs. Bryant remained a widow, and then she became the wife of the late Rev. Washington Russell, who came to live with her in this same log-house.

This log-house, erected in 1798, is still standing in good shape on the John Smith farm, only a few feet from its original foundation. People little think as they pass up and down the roadway of this building, that nearly a century ago it was the best house in town. Little do they think it was the home of a minister who told their ancestors how to live. On many a Sabbath the people in years long gone by have gathered in and around this grand old house for worship. It has covered the heads of many a preacher of renown during sessions of quarterly meetings. In this log house, the Rev. Amos Bryant Russell was born seventy-two years ago. Seventy-four years ago, the mother of the writer first saw the light of day here, and many is the time she has spoken to me about this old relic and many the interesting story in connection with it. Although nearly a century old, this house has not lost its usefulness.

FAITH AND HOPE.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

Faith whispered: "Trust, and soon thy cares shall flee,
As flees the darkness at the wake of dawn;"
And, when I trusted, lo! the clouded lea
Grew clear as summer skies, for Hope was born.



A Sweet-Pea Composition.

A STUDY OF SWEET-PEAS.

PART I.

By Clarence Moores Weed.



T is said that the sweet-pea was first cultivated in Sicily, whence it has been carried over a large portion of the civilized world. It has been grown in England for nearly two centuries, although its pleasing Latin name—*Lathyrus odoratus*—was given to it by Linnaeus, in 1753. At that time it was well known in Great Britain, there being a white and a pale red variety; the latter even then was called the Painted Lady sweet-pea; and, in 1788, a purple variety was introduced.

Our great-great-grandmothers apparently brought seeds of the sweet-pea to America with them, and grew the flowers in their primitive gardens. The "Gardeners' Calendar," published in 1806, mentions the white, blue, dark purple, scarlet, and Painted Lady varieties as available for American flower lovers. During the first half of this century sweet-peas appear to have been grown here and there in the borders of the old-fashioned gardens, the Painted Lady being the favorite sort. Indeed, no special attention was paid to the sweet-pea by the general public much before the beginning of the present decade, since when the introduction of improved varieties has carried them rapidly into popular favor. "And

how lovely they are!" writes one of their devotees. "People seemed to have forgotten them until ten years ago; they were the flowers of the 'old gardens.' And then Dame Fashion took them up,—by a strange inadvertence making a happy choice,—and, strangely enough, she has not yet discarded them. They were too lovely for her favor to spoil them; but I am not sure that those of us who love flowers for what they are, will not find them sweeter and dearer when she shall have passed them by." Yet, when—following the pleasing custom of the Japanese—the American aristocracy of flowers is finally chosen, I can but believe that this gracious blossom will be found therein; and that its manifold attractions will never appeal in vain to the sympathies of a cultured people.

A score of years ago it would have been impossible to arouse such an interest in the sweet-pea as exists to-day, simply because the modern improved varieties had not been developed. Fortunately, there came to the

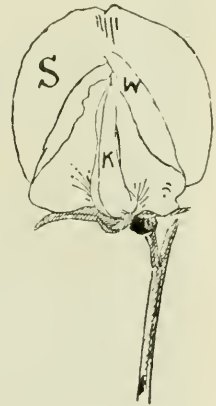


Fig. 1.—A Sweet-Pea Flower.

help of the plant about that time, one of those patient garden poets who express the love of beauty in their souls, not through the printed word but through the subtle laws of the living world. At Wens, in Shropshire, England, Mr. Henry Eckford began the cultivation of the existing varieties with a view to their improvement. To the loving patience of his genius, we are chiefly indebted for the sweet-peas with which we adorn our lives to-day. "When I first took up the sweet-pea," he writes, "there were six or eight distinct varieties in cultivation, and experts in the art, as far as I could learn, had come to the conclusion that it could not be further improved; and in the first two or three

generations of the work, this appeared a fair conclusion. But I had been for many years working on the improvement of various florist flowers, which work had proved so eminently beneficial that a first rebuff did not deter me from further attempts." Patience has had its due reward; a large proportion of the hundred or more varieties now at our disposal originated with Henry Eckford.

I know no one better fitted to explain the methods of improving flowers than Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University. "The process," he writes, "is simple enough, but, like most simple things, it is hard to learn and harder to perform. The most important part of the process is a well-laid plan of action on the part

of the operator. He must determine what improvement the plant needs. Then he must study the plant closely, to learn its habit of variation, and how it adapts itself to the different conditions in which it grows. He will then put himself in sympathy with the plant, simply trying to improve or augment the little differences which appear, and not set himself against the line of evolution of the plant by attempting the impossible. He has a picture in his mind of a deep, clear, pink flower. Very well; he goes through the rows of his pink-flowered varieties and marks those plants whose flowers are nearest his ideal. The seeds of these plants are separately saved, and sown. Amongst



Fig. 2—Bumble-Bee Visiting Sweet-Pea Blossom.



Fig. 3—New Lottie Eckford Sweet-Peas. Natural Size.

the offspring he again selects, and he again sows, taking care that his stock does not become crossed with some other type. Presently, his new color is obtained, the seeds have got in the habit of 'coming true,' and the brood is given a new name and introduced to the trade. More often, however, the operator has no distinct ideal in his mind, but he watches his plants carefully, and every marked departure or sport from the type is saved and sown. From such sports the greater part of our novelties of all annual plants have come. The sports are frequent enough, but it requires rare judgment to distinguish those which will likely perpetuate themselves, and to carry on the subsequent selection, by means of which they are

freed from their impurities or the tendency still to sport. If desired variations do not appear, then the operator may endeavor to start it off by a radical change of soil or treatment, or possibly by crossing. All this means that the cultivator must become intimately familiar with his subject before he can expect to make much headway in the origination of novelties. So it has come that the modern improved plants owe their development largely to one or two careful and patient persons in each generation."

The structure of the sweet-pea blossom is simple and easily comprehended. Like all perfect flowers it consists of four sets of organs. The sepals, which taken together form the calyx, are the small, green

pointed bodies at the base of the flower on the outside. The petals, which as a whole form the corolla, constitute what we usually think of as the flower. The large upright one at the top of the blossom is called the standard (Fig. 1, S); the two recurved ones in the middle of the flower are called the wings (W); and the small, lower one is the keel (K). Within the keel are found the sta-

The bee, meanwhile, sucks the nectar in the base of the flower, and when it flies to another blossom carries pollen with it. But the increase in the size of the blossoms by the artificial selection of man appears to have defeated the natural purpose of the flower for now the bumblebee nearly always lights upon the side, on one wing, in the position shown in Fig. 2, inserting its tongue and sucking the nectar



Fig. 4—The Primrose Sweet-Pea. Natural Size.

mens, which contain the yellow pollen; and the pistil, from which the seed develops. In a state of nature this whole arrangement has reference to the attraction of insects for carrying the pollen from flower to flower: the bright petals, especially the standard, attract the bee, which alights upon the wings, straddling them, and thus depressing both wings and keel until the pollen and the end of the pistil come in contact with the under surface of the bee.

without coming in contact with either the stamens or the pistil.

In regard to shape, there are several distinct types of sweet-pea blossoms. The large-flowered hooded form is illustrated in Fig. 3, which shows four aspects of the New Lottie Eckford, natural size. This approaches the best Eckford type, which reaches its climax in the beautiful blossoms of the Blanche Burpee sweet-pea. The standard is symmetrical, but full of graceful curves;

on the sides below it curves outward, and above, inward, curving back again in the central portion above to form a broad wedge. The wings are somewhat horizontal, and curved downward only slightly at the edges. In the New Lottie Eckford, the standard is somewhat similar in shape, although the curves are more accentuated, while the wings are decidedly more vertical, and have their edges folded in to a greater ex-

ones. One of the best of these—the Bride of Niagara—is represented natural size in Fig. 6. There are many other sorts which, under good culture, have a small proportion of their flowers double; several of these have been developed by selection, and are offered for sale as double varieties. In place of the one standard of the single flower, the Bride of Niagara has two or three. Only part of the flowers are double; generally

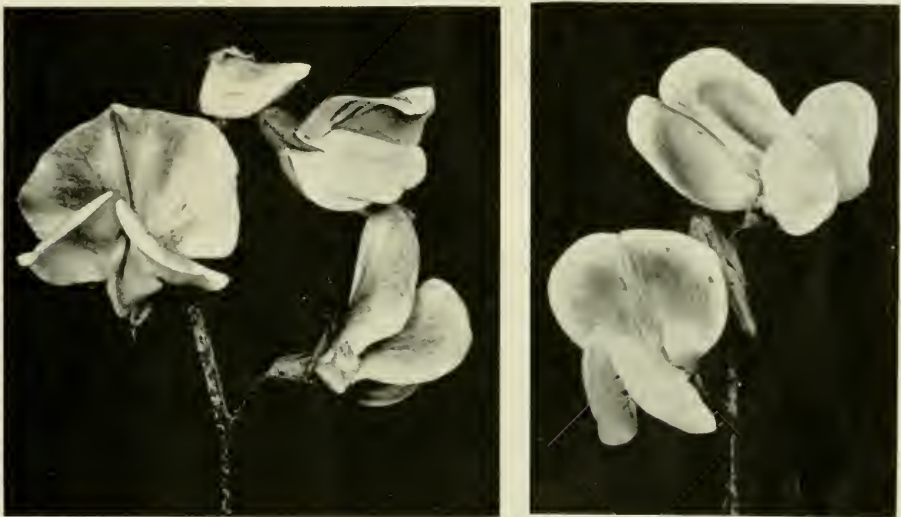


Fig. 5—Two Types of Sweet-Peas: Blanche Ferry on the Right, Gray Friar on the Left. Natural Size.

tent. These may be considered good examples of the hooded type, to which the most desirable varieties belong.

There are many sorts of sweet-peas in which the standard is either flattened or rolled back; the Blanche Ferry is an example of the former, and the Primrose (Fig. 4) of the latter. In such cases there is usually a greater angle between the standard and wings, as seen from the side, than in the hooded forms.

The seedsmen now offer yet another type of sweet peas—the double

the lowest blossom of each tress is double; often the two lower ones; rarely all three. The form of the single flower is shown in the upper blossom in Fig. 6.

The doubling of the sweet-pea is certainly not to be encouraged by lovers of the flower. We have plenty of double blossoms. The double balsam shows what we might come to by continued work in doubling the sweet-pea. But who would care for such a formless, vulgar effect as would be produced by double balsams upon sweet-pea stems? "The

form of the sweet-pea," says Professor L. H. Bailey, "is its peculiar beauty. The broad, trim standard is the most perfect surface for the display of color, and an effective shield and foil for the contrasting pigments of the wings and keel. When that simple standard is displaced by two or three, and the shield becomes shapeless and contorted, the flower is no longer the sweet-pea of the dear

seeds year after year. "In the heavy loam of her garden, and with the much shorter season of growth there than in Europe, this made a more rapid growth, and annually became more dwarf in habit. At the same time it became a 'cropper,'—that is, all the flowers which in other climates would have a much longer period in which to develop, here appeared nearly all at the same time if

not cut. Thus, in a few years, a dwarf and very free-flowering type was established, which remains constant in our country." The variety thus almost unconsciously developed was discovered by a firm of seed dealers, given its present name, and introduced to flower lovers everywhere. What appears to be a somewhat similar improvement of the old variety is frequently called the Improved Painted Lady.

The most noted amateur sweet-pea specialist in America is the Rev. W. T. Hutchins of In-



Fig. 6—Bride of Niagara Sweet-Pea. Natural Size.

old gardens, but is apt to be a mussy and impudent thing."

There are now listed more than a hundred named varieties of sweet-peas. Within the present limits, I am only able to mention comparatively few of the better sorts.

The most popular variety of American origin is the *Blanche Ferry* sweet-pea, which was developed in northern New York in the garden of a farmer's wife, who began with the *Painted Lady* and saved the

dian Orchard, Mass. Some new varieties have already been introduced by him, and his writings have done much to stimulate the growth of these lovely flowers. Several excellent varieties have also originated with professional seed growers in California.

In the following pages, I have attempted to record, by pen and camera, the results of a series of amateur studies of sweet-peas, made chiefly from the point of view of their decora-



Fig. 7—Blanche Burpee Sweet-Peas.

tive uses. These charming flowers lend themselves readily to such studies on account of the diversity of their colors and the peculiar grace of their habits of growth. The many improved varieties now upon the market may be easily cultivated by any one, and the results here shown may be duplicated in any home. The material for the studies was obtained from my own garden, and those of various fellow-members of the Durham Flower Club, as well as from the large collection of sweet-peas grown in 1896 in the gardens of the New Hampshire College, under the management of Prof. F. W. Rane and Mr. Leigh Hunt, to whom my thanks are rendered for privileges received.

It has been said that sweet-peas should be classified according to form rather than color. True as this may be from the point of view of the garden

botanist, it is not applicable when these flowers are considered from the point of view of their decorative uses, for which purpose color gives them their chief value. Consequently, in the following studies, I have grouped the varieties according to similarity of color rather than of form.

THE WHITE VARIETIES.

No variety of white sweet-pea can



Fig. 8—Lemon Queen Sweet-Peas.



Fig. 9—Lady Beaconsfield Sweet-Peas.

compare with the *Blanche Burpee* for perfection of form, purity of color, and vigor of growth. One of the latest of Mr. Eckford's creations, it is the queen of sweet-peas. The blossom is of the best hooded type, of largest size and firm in texture. The opening buds are of a beautiful primrose yellow color, blending prettily with the fully opened flowers.

Like all the white sweet-peas, the *Blanche Burpee* can be used to advantage in many combinations. It is beautiful alone, in a simple jar with sufficient sprays of foliage intermingled to set off the delicate yellow and white of the buds and blossoms (Fig. 7). But it fittingly combines

with nearly all the varieties, especially the violets and blues.

The *Emily Henderson* sweet-pea is said to be a sport of the *Blanche Ferry* variety. It is pure white, having the same form as the *Blanche Ferry*, which is much less pleasing than the *Blanche Burpee* variety. It blossoms early and very freely, and has been a favorite white variety until quite recently. The standard is flat and notched, and is separated from the wings by a wide angle.

There are several other white varieties, such as *Mrs. Sankey*, *Alba Magnifica*, and *Queen of England*, of more or less merit, but it is hardly worth while to cultivate them when the *Blanche Burpee* and *Emily Henderson*—two distinct types of form—may be easily obtained.

The dwarf *Cupid* sweet-pea seems likely to become a valuable variety for certain purposes, but as a producer of cut flowers it cannot yet compare with the taller white varieties.

Professor Bailey calls the *Lemon Queen* a very good variety, an opinion likely to be shared by all who grow it. The flowers are large, not



Fig. 10—Blue and Yellow Sweet-Peas.

the largest of any, but of sufficient size for satisfactory use. The standard is flat, and has a rather stiff appearance. The opening buds are distinctly yellow, while the fully developed flower has a general white color, with the standard showing a peculiar pinkish tint suggestive of iridescence. The plants are strong growers, come into blossom rather early, and continue blooming till late in the season. Under good cultivation the flower stems generally grow longer than usual, making a very satisfactory variety for decorative use. Specimens are illustrated in Fig. 8.

THE PINK AND WHITE VARIETIES.

The Lady Beaconsfield sweet-pea possesses an extremely dainty style of beauty. The flowers are of good size, though not the largest; the standards are rather flat, except for a central wedge behind, and there is a tendency for the side margins to curve backwards. In color, the standards are salmon pink, being nearly salmon color on the back side, and much brighter pink in front. At first sight, the wings appear white, but if placed beside the pure white of the *Blanche Burpee*, they are seen to be slightly tinged with yellow. The opening buds are beautifully flushed with salmon tones.

At Cornell University the *Lady Beaconsfield* was reported "not a success." The flower is described as having the standard "dull pink tinged with lavender," and the wings

as "lavendar and a very light yellow,"—quite a different flower from the *Lady Beaconsfield* described above. Notwithstanding the form, which is not of the best type, the *Lady Beaconsfield* deserves a place in any good collection of sweet-peas. The plant is only a moderate bloomer, but the flowers remain in good condition in unfavorable weather. In arranging the blossoms, they should not be overcrowded, and should be placed in a good light. Small, clear glass rose bowls (Fig. 9) serve ad-



Fig. 11—*Ramona* and *Juanita* Sweet Peas.

mirably for displaying their delicate beauty.

THE YELLOW VARIETIES.

It is unfortunate that as yet there are no very good yellow sweet-peas. At present, we must be content with a pale primrose yellow in a rather inferior flower. There are two of

these yellowish varieties—Primrose and Mrs. Eckford. They are quite similar, but the latter is the better. The flowers of the Mrs. Eckford variety are of medium size, with the flat standards notched above. Primrose appears to be the freer bloomer of the two varieties. Mrs. Eckford shows its yellow tones best when massed as seen at the right in Fig.

flowers, as a rule, being whiter than the older ones. The plant is a good grower, and bears blossoms in moderate quantities.

Ramona, introduced in 1896, originated with C. C. Morse and Company of California. It is a notably delicate and beautiful sweet-pea, of the largest size and the best hooded form, as well as of good substance

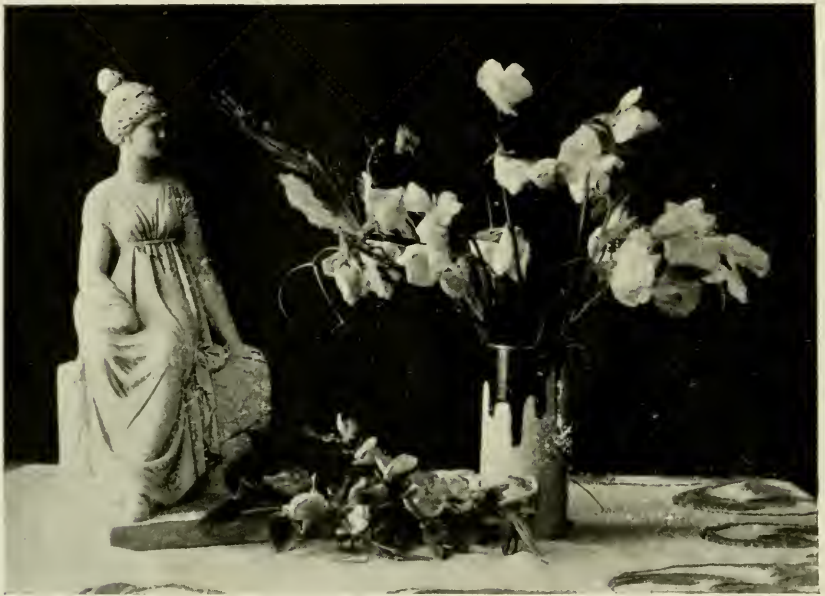


Fig. 12—The Duke and Duchess of York Sweet-Peas.

10, where the flowers are in a yellow-green German mug.

Eliza Eckford, a variety introduced by Mr. Henry Eckford, in 1895, is good in form, substance, size, and color. The standard is slightly hooded, with graceful curves. In general effect the color is delicate rose pink, much of the edges and more or less of the petal surface being white. The rose pink is delightfully suffused over the white; and there is a decided variation in the degree of pinkness, the younger

and most daintily colored. Both standard and wings are white, delicately penciled, especially toward the middle, with rose pink.

Ramona and Juanita are twin sisters, introduced the same year from the same originators. In the latter, the rose lines are supplanted by lavender. In such a mass combination as is shown in Fig. 11, the two varieties go together beautifully; Juanita is in the vase, Ramona on the polished table. A more delicate effect of floral loveliness one rarely sees.

The flowers of Delight are among the smallest of the sweet-peas now offered for sale. The plants lack vigor, so that the blossom stems are short. The flowers are white, tinged with pink, especially upon the standard. The variety does not seem worth growing, except in large collections.

The Duke of York sweet-pea, introduced in 1895, by Mr. Eckford, is a handsome variety, having the standard bright pink, and the wings pinkish-white with a suggestion of primrose in some specimens. The blossoms are large, with reflexed standards. They mass prettily, and this may well be considered one of the best pink varieties.

The Duchess of York is a very good sweet-pea. It is large, with a flat standard. The color is delicate and charming, the petals being white, faintly flushed and veined with light pink, sometimes with a lavender

tinge. In Fig. 12, this variety is in the vase, while the sweet-peas on the table are the Duke of York—a delightful color combination.

The Improved Painted Lady—the modern type of the old-time favorite of our grandmothers' gardens—can scarcely be spared from any collection of good varieties. It is particularly effective out of doors, trained to bushes or wire trellis, in masses alone, and thus forms a very attractive hedge. The blossoms are medium size, with the erect standard notched and slightly wedge-shaped above. The wings do not spread widely. The standard is pink, deeper in the middle; the wings are whitish, with the veins broadly marking them with a delicate tint between rose pink and rose purple. The keel is whitish, tipped with pink. This variety begins flowering early, and continues to bloom abundantly until the end of the season.

[To be concluded.]

THE MARCH TRIUMPHAL.

By Samuel Hoyt.

Oh, the mighty march of 'Thought within that long and misty span,
Since first the ancient earth became the battle ground of man!
Thought in the van of conflict, through the long, momentous years,
Whence Liberty arose, amid a storm of blood and tears.

The 'Thought which erstwhile triumphed o'er the brutal lust for pelf,
The 'Thought which lifted men above the sordid love of self,
Which painted glorious pictures upon cathedral walls,
Which molded creeds of state craft in monumental halls.

It has lighted up the pages of many a perished tome,
It has loosed the starry secrets of the all-embracing dome,
It has harnessed steeds of lightning to the chariot of desire,
And kindled in the patriot's breast the spark of holy fire.

It has smitten royal sceptres from the palsied grasp of kings,
 Bade science fly o'er all the earth on transcendental wings,
 Flashed o'er the main of ignorance its mighty signal lights,
 And raised the flag of Freedom on all the mountain heights.

It has made of Love its ally, and broken truce with Hate,
 Gives the shibboleth of "Charity," and enters at the gate,
 Past all the bigot sentries, with their mail, and shield, and sword,
 Which crumble as it utters its talismanic word.

It has tenanted the being of millions 'neath the sun,
 Through all the countless ages since Time's cycles were begun,
 And wrought its wondrous miracles beneath the rolling stars,
 From the waste of eastern waters to the sunset's purple bars.

And still it marches onward, and gathers in its path
 The fruit and flower of centuries, like a glorious aftermath,
 Of all their toil and reaping, of all their joys and tears,
 And brings them to the treasure-house of these redundant years.

It makes imperial conscript of the sweetest flower of youth,
 And bids it to discipleship of all-demanding truth;
 Unlocks the secret chambers, where lies the sacred ark,
 And with its radiant tapers lights the toilers in the dark.

It bears upon its forehead the brightness of the morn;
 It has lost no vernal freshness since Time itself was born;
 It lived before the heavens were spread, and it shall never die,
 For God hath breathed upon it His immortality.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER XII.

EVACUATION OF BUTTE Á LA ROSE AND RETURN TO PORT HUDSON.



IT was two o'clock on the afternoon of May 28 that the gunboat *Estrella* and the transports *Corne* and *Keppe* started up the Atchafalaya on their mission of rescue. We reached Butte á la Rose at ten o'clock on the morning of May 29.

The letters written home at that time by our men attest their well-nigh inexpressible joy "when," as one of our correspondents in a communication to a newspaper says, "we were permitted to see, before our delighted eyes, lying across the bayou, the gunboat and transports that had

come to save us." No wonder the men were filled with joy, for the fate of prisoners of war in the hands of Texas rangers, or certain death from diseases then preying upon them, had seemed to be their inevitable doom.

The dismantling of Fort Burton began immediately. But the work was prosecuted with quietness during the day in order to attract as little as possible the attention of the Confederate scouts who had surrounded us and who, within a few days past, had greatly increased in numbers, boldness, and activity. Indeed, we feared an attack at daybreak the next morning from those of Taylor's forces who had been left to prevent our escape into the Teche country and who appeared to be making a move to prevent, if possible, our departure on the transports that they must have known had come to take us away.

As darkness fell upon us, the work of destroying the fortifications was pushed with as much vigor as the enfeebled strength of our men would permit. In the meantime, the gunboat *Estrella* had taken a position from which she could send her grape and shells down the roadway had the enemy appeared in force. Doubtless it was those precautionary measures of the *Estrella*, or at least her presence there, that prevented a raid upon us that very night; for those Confederates who were surrounding us had learned from experience what speedy havoc a broadside of grape and canister could make when sent among them.

The scenes of that night, the loading of the transports, the painful efforts of our sick and enfeebled men to help on in the work, the carrying of the sick and dying men on board,

already have been so well described by Captain Hyatt that they need not in this connection be repeated.

At midnight we set fire to all the barracks, and made preparations to blow up the magazine, which still held a large quantity of powder. At that hour, too, we came near meeting with a serious accident. As already mentioned, the transport *George A. Sheldon* had struck a snag and had been run in close to the fort, where she lay partly submerged.

During the day, a small transport, called the *Union*, the last of her class to descend the bayou, reached the fort, coming, if we mistake not, from Simmesport, having on board a quantity of cotton. She was hailed by the *Estrella*, and in spite of the protests and oaths of her captain, was pressed into service. Some of her cargo was thrown overboard to make room for our sick men, against which her captain offered additional protests. But the guns of the *Estrella* at that time commanded those waters, and the captain of the *Union* had to obey.

Accordingly, his boat had been made fast to the partly-submerged *Sheldon*, and was being loaded across her bows, which was the only part of her deck not under water. Without a moment's warning, the *Sheldon*, owing probably to the strain that came from the ropes with which she was fastened to the *Union*, partly turned over and slid into deep water.

As she sank, the *Union* began to sink with her; the lines were so taut they could not be cast off, and before they could even be cut, the decks of the *Union* were well under water. She was fearfully near being capsized with many of our sick men on board. But fortunately, the ropes parted just

in time to save this threatened catastrophe, in which the drowning of several of our almost utterly helpless men would have been inevitable.

At length all the men and their belongings were on board, together with the armament of the fort, and the *Estrella* with the three transports swung clear of the fort and slowly dropped down the bayou.

Two of our men, one of whom was our lieutenant-colonel, remained for the purpose of lighting the fuse communicating with the powder in the magazine. A few moments later they were seen in the early gray of the morning rowing rapidly towards the transports, and were taken on board. They had fired the fuse, and we watched for the explosion, but nothing of the kind followed. In the light of the burning barracks, however, we plainly saw the Confederates moving up the causeway and along the embankments of the fort. They evidently had been watching all our movements, and probably extinguished the fuse within a few seconds after it had been lighted.

Indeed, we can do no more than say that they probably did this, for during our regimental reunion at The Weirs, August, 1896, one of our comrades, Corporal Rand, stated that he had met a Confederate soldier who was with those who had followed us up that night, intending if possible our capture, and was among those who saved the magazine from explosion, by extinguishing the fuse.

Our movements down the bayou were at first very slow, at least till full daylight, and then all possible speed was made. It became evident, especially while passing through both Mud and Chicot Lakes, and

even through the upper part of Grand Lake, that our departure from Butte á la Rose had been none too soon. There were miles through which the rather heavily laden boats ploughed mud, and at some points they dragged so heavily that for a time fears were entertained that we could not proceed. Five, perhaps three, days later, the passage through those waters would have been impossible.

When the sun rose, we were well beyond the sight of a spot we then presumed Federal troops never again would be sent to garrison; a spot that had more than a local, it had at least a state, reputation.

The reader doubtless will recall what the Confederate commander said to us on taking possession of that place. We now introduce another bit of testimony.

Soon after its capture, an announcement appeared in a St. Martinsville paper, which was quoted in a New Orleans daily, reading thus:

"The Yanks have taken from us that *Hole of Hell*, Butte á la Rose, and we wish them great joy in its possession."

After entering Grand Lake, navigation was easy. We began to feel that we were now on the way to some destination, though we knew not where, nor had we much concern. Indeed, does any reader suppose, had the choice been left us on the one hand either to go into the trenches before Port Hudson, to storm that stronghold of the enemy, or to make any other bloody advance, and on the other hand to return to Butte á la Rose, that it would have taken us one moment to decide?

Let us draw a picture or two; the

first one involves patrol duty. The relief is ready and begins its march a half mile or more towards the enemy. The territory is deserted and lonely. The outer vedette station is reached. Two or three vedettes who had been on guard the first half of the night are relieved; the relief patrol turns back, leaving two, possibly three, soldiers out there alone, but within hearing of the enemy's lines.

They pull their rubber blankets about them to keep the pelting rain off; they stand ready with thumb on the hammer to cock their muskets; they peer into the darkness from which may come a blaze of fire the next minute, sending a bullet crashing through the brain. Those are perilous and lonesome hours. But does any one suppose that they inspire half the dread that came to us while helplessly we did patrol duty in that "black hole" with disease stalking among us and picking off our men day and night?

On the "mud march" and at other times as skirmishers, we had deployed under great difficulties. When rendering such service, each man in the line expects in a few brief moments to be the mark for perhaps a score of the enemy's rifles. Advancing in line, they hear the bullets whistling thick about them, and are left to wonder that they hear so many without feeling a slight stinging sensation somewhere in the body, followed with the consciousness that suddenly it is growing dark about them; then it is that a soldier's courage is thoroughly tested. But we have no hesitation in saying that if the men of our regiment, any time after the first ten days of their life at Butte á la Rose, could have purchased their release from that place by being

ordered to make an advance in skirmish line every day in the week, there would not have been a moment's hesitation.

It is a trying experience, too, when soldiers are called upon to hold an important position with heavy odds against them, until reinforcements can be brought to their support. But though the carnage is sometimes fearful, yet because it cannot last very long, it is less dreadful than a defense continued through weeks of delay and suffering while the angels or fiends of disease and death are hovering over a smitten and suffering garrison.

Butte á la Rose! Bank of Roses! with your swamp devils, monster alligators, venomous snakes, disease, and death, it was you who tested the fortitude of the sturdy men from the granite hills of New Hampshire, as the fortitude of men seldom has been tested. But now horrible place—farewell!—*forever*. Such were our thoughts as Butte á la Rose was hidden from view by a belt of trees on the morning we left it. These experiences now come to us in memory, not as a reality, but as a dream too strange and weird to be believed.

It was Sunday forenoon, May 31, just forty-two days after our leaving for that henceforth unmentionable place, that we again landed on the wharf at Brashear City, and our men were as thankful as mortals could be that once more they were in the midst of at least some evidences of civilization.

Among the first rations issued to the regiment after reaching Brashear City was a large quantity of pickled cabbage. The craving of the men for something acid was so intense

that they hardly could restrain themselves or be restrained. Leaving all other food untouched, they seized that cabbage by the handfuls and gorged themselves; and what seems singular, they did it apparently without injury.

As soon as a train could be made up, we were ordered on board. Algiers was our destination. That place was reached at four o'clock in the afternoon. Owing to recent orders to forward all available troops as rapidly as possible to Port Hudson, we were allowed no time for rest, though many of our men were too weak to stand without support, and some of them could not stand at all,

but were carried on board the *Sally Robinson*, which had been ordered up the river to Springfield Landing, a short distance south of Port Hudson.

The adjutant was detained in New Orleans for a few hours to report to General Emory the condition of the regiment, get the regimental mail, and to notify any convalescents belonging to our command to report at Port Hudson. A few hours after the sailing of the *Sally Robinson*, the adjutant and a few convalescents took passage on the steamship *Fulton*, and near sunfall, June 1, reached the landing where the larger part of the survivors of the Sixteenth were bivouacked, awaiting orders.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INVESTMENT OF PORT HUDSON.



It had been clearly demonstrated in the naval engagement, March 14, that Port Hudson could not be captured on the riverside. There remained, therefore, three possible ways of gaining possession of it, which were these: First, there could be instituted a siege that would starve the garrison into a surrender. Second, assaults upon the works could be made that might result in forcing a surrender. Third, General Banks, any time after May 23, could have withdrawn his forces a short distance, and the enemy would have made a quick and voluntary escape.

This last statement is made thus positively, for as early as that date General Gardner had received orders from General Johnson to abandon Port Hudson, if possible.

Among the Confederate records, we found in the Congressional library the following letter, written, under date of May 29, 1863, by Colonel Logan to General Johnson:

"I have had no communication from General Gardner since the twenty-fourth. On that night he intended, if possible, to come out, and ordered me to place my forces so as to assist him, which I did. I think he found it impossible to cut his way out. I am at this place [Clinton, La.] with a command of cavalry and mounted infantry, twelve hundred men, doing all I can to aid Gardner, by dashing upon the enemy's lines, destroying his wagon trains, etc. I am determined to do all I can with the means at my command."

It thus appears that Gardner was watching for an opportunity to escape. And to have allowed him to

escape, as will appear further on, would have been, on the whole, a wiser course to pursue than to fight him, though under ordinary circumstances and from a strictly military point of view, such a course at that time doubtless would have been open to criticism.

But the method adopted by our forces was that of making assaults upon the enemy, which proved, as a matter of fact, the most unwise and unfortunate course conceivable.

Our regiment had reached Springfield Landing, as we have said, June 1, but the investment of Port Hudson had been completed six days earlier, May 25.

The disposition of our forces at that time was as follows: General Weitzel occupied the extreme right; then came Generals Grover, Paine, Auger, and Dwight, in the order named, Dwight occupying the extreme left.

Farragut was stationed above Port Hudson with the gunboats *Hartford*, *Albatross*, and a few smaller ones, and just below were the gunboats *Monongahela*, *Essex*, *Gennessee*, and *Richmond*, together with several mortar boats, under the command of C. H. Caldwell.

Banks wrote to Grant, under date of May 8, that as early as May 25 he should have 15,000 effective men before Port Hudson; presumably, that was about the number engaged in the siege at the date of which we are writing.

Gen. Frank Gardner, then commanding Port Hudson, had asked General Johnson for reinforcements, but they could not be furnished, and hence Johnson's order for Gardner to escape with his forces if possible.

But this Gardner felt he could not do, nor could he communicate any longer with Johnson or the outside world. And further, he had no means, by land or water, for obtaining commissary or ordnance supplies.

It was commonly reported, too, at the time that his troops had been reduced to "mule meat" and "fricasseed rats," which probably was a much exaggerated statement of the facts in the case; still that Gardner was in great straits never has been questioned. He was surrounded. Nearly three hundred of our heavy siege guns had been brought into position to bombard his fortifications. His men were deserting daily, and some of them came within our lines in a half-starved condition. All, therefore, that Banks need to have done was to be patient, wait a little, and the garrison would have been starved into an unconditional surrender.

That such should have been the method of conquest is apparent enough from our present point of view, and seemingly it ought to have been equally apparent at the time of which we are speaking.

In a letter of May 28, to General Grant, General Banks writes thus:

"The garrison of the enemy is five or six thousand men. [This appears to be an underestimate.] The works are what ordinarily would be styled impregnable. They are surrounded by ravines, woods, valleys, and bayous of the most intricate and labyrinthic character, that make the works themselves almost inaccessible. It requires time even to understand the geography of the position. . . . If it be possible, I beg you to send me at least one brigade of four thou-

sand or five thousand men. This will be of vital importance to us. We may have to abandon these operations without it."

In his "Personal Memoirs," General Grant gives the following reasons for not complying with Banks's request:

"In May, I received a letter from General Banks, asking me to reinforce him with ten thousand men. [There is a discrepancy between Grant's and Banks's account of the number of men asked for.] Of course, I did not comply with his request, nor did I think he needed them. He was in no danger of an attack by the garrison in his front, and there was no army organizing in his rear to raise the siege."

Now in view of these facts, and especially in view of the confessions of General Banks, we cannot help asking this question:

Why should an assault have been made on "impregnable works" and on "almost inaccessible" fortifications, especially when there was "no danger of an attack by the garrison in front," and when "there was no army organized in the rear to raise the siege"?

General Grant, with certainly no strong reasons, had adopted a more sensible and an equally military course at Vicksburg. That is, after making one assault, May 22, he says, in his "Personal Memoirs": "I am now determined upon a regular siege to outcamp the enemy, as it were, and to incur no more losses."

This plan was carried out, and by regular "siege work" General Grant brought about the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, the siege lasting forty-six days, which was one day fewer

than the time of Banks's investment of Port Hudson.

And if any good reasons can be given why this method employed by Grant should not have been adopted by Banks, we cannot imagine what they can be.

The resolution of Grant not to imperil the lives of his men by storming the strong fortifications of the enemy was not only sensible and humane, but under the circumstances was eminently soldierly. On the other hand, the method adopted by our troops we cannot characterize by any other sentence than one we use with great reluctance, namely, that the method of Banks, under the circumstances, was unsoldierly and seemingly inhuman.

In this history it is not for us to go fully into the details of the first attack upon Port Hudson, for our regiment had not yet reached there. We merely say that an assault was made on the enemy's "impregnable" and "almost inaccessible" fortifications, Sunday morning, May 27. In evidence of the accuracy of Banks's description of the strength of those fortifications, we recount the slaughter that befell the Eighth regiment of our own state, a regiment whose brilliant record, we shall be pardoned for saying, is surpassed by that of no other regiment from any of the states during the war; a regiment of whose fortitude and courage our state always should be proud.

It will be remembered by those who are familiar with the history of the Nineteenth Army Corps, that they were the Eighth New Hampshire and Fourth Wisconsin which led off in almost every perilous engagement and expedition everywhere in the department of the gulf.

This is the sanguinary record of the Eighth during that first Sunday's fighting:

Lieutenant-Colonel Lull fell, mortally wounded by a Minié ball, early in the charge while cheering on his men. Captain Flanders and Lieutenants Jones and Langley were also wounded. All of the color guard, excepting a single corporal, were killed or wounded; but the gallant survivor kept fast hold of his flag, and planted it triumphantly on the outer slope of the works, where it remained till night, riddled with grape, canister, and bullets. The number that went into the fight was 298, and of those 124 were killed or wounded.

Such was the fatality of that one regiment in that disastrous assault, and the losses of some of the others were scarcely less. Our army lost in all that day *nineteen hundred and ninety-five men*, killed, wounded, and missing, while the enemy's loss was hardly worthy of mention.

These melancholy results of an attempt to carry "impregnable" fortifications should have been, as one would think, a salutary lesson to our commanders.

Such was the state of affairs when the Sixteenth arrived at Springfield Landing, June 1. On the evening of our arrival, Colonel Pike, then in command, ordered the men into line, and it was found that, sick and well, rank and file, we numbered 203, though we ought to say that there was scarcely a well man among them. Some of the number were so emaciated that friends of a lifetime scarcely would have recognized them. The following statements will furnish some idea of the shattered condition

of the regiment: The original color-guard were all gone, and the three that stood in line that afternoon were volunteers.

It became necessary to reorganize the regiment before attempting an advance. The members of Companies G and K were placed under the command of Captain Baffum, and Lieutenant Webber; the members of Companies A, B, and C were placed under command of Captain Hersey and Lieutenants Cooper and Colburn; the members of Companies F and H were assigned to the command of Lieutenants Adams and Ward; and the members of Companies D, E, and I were assigned to Captain Clarke and Lieutenant Porter. It appeared on inspection that Company K was the fullest of all the companies, and yet its condition was nothing to boast of. It had no commissioned officer present, and there were but two sergeants, three corporals, and twenty privates who could report for duty.

Our men after the reorganization, were found by the inspecting officers and surgeons to be more fit for cots in the hospital than for service on the field; yet, in the words of one of our officers, "Those sick men almost refused to be taken to the hospitals, so eager were they for any death except death by disease, which threatened them."

At Springfield Landing, we bivouacked for the night, with blankets for beds and trees for tents. Though burning with fevers and shaking with ague, we had our orders to start for the front to engage with the other troops in an assault on Port Hudson early the next morning.

Accordingly, at two o'clock in the morning, with a cup of coffee and

hardtack for rations, the regiment was formed in line, and soon after began its languid and unsteady march through solitary woods, whose silence was broken by the occasional hooting of owls and booming of the "big guns" of our batteries, that were trying to silence those of the enemy.

In a few hours we expected to be in the fight and in front of the works that already had proved too strong for our troops to carry. At nine o'clock we were within the outer rifle-pits of the enemy, that previously had been stormed and carried by General Auger.

While still moving cautiously towards the enemy's lines, we were halted, and received orders from General Banks to report immediately at headquarters. This change in the disposition of our regiment was made, we presumed at the time, because of some threatened danger at that point. This, however, proved not to be the case, and the reason of the order soon after was fully explained in this way:

General Emory, who was then on duty in New Orleans, after receiving our regimental report and after listening to Captain Hyatt's account of our condition, forwarded despatches to General Banks that the Sixteenth New Hampshire must not be sent to the front; that it had suffered enough already, and "at best could muster for service only a few *skeltons*."

We shall be pardoned for expressing at this point our admiration for the soldierly and merciful character of Gen. W. H. Emory, and our sense of gratitude for his thoughtful consideration on two occasions for our regiment.

We were in his division most of the time during our campaign. He was a West Point graduate (1831) and was first captain, then major, in the war with Mexico. He took part as brigadier-general in the Peninsular campaign in 1862. He was absolutely fearless, staunchly loyal, a strict disciplinarian in important matters but not a stickler for trivial things. More than once he received the adjutant in person, when regimental representatives and requests should have gone to him only through the regular channels.

Though having great interests to look after in New Orleans, sufficient, one would think, to have absorbed his entire thought, still he had his eyes upon our imperiled regiment at Butte á la Rose, and sent Captain Hyatt to our rescue. And no sooner had he received a detailed statement of our condition, than he sent his report and request to General Banks not to put us in the trenches.

This tribute to that noble officer is tardy, but is deserved, and most gratefully rendered.

General Banks, acting upon this report from General Emory, and probably recalling what had been our experiences, as seen to some extent by himself when passing down the bayou at Butte á la Rose, countermanded the order that was sending us to the front, and ordered us to report at headquarters, where we were assigned the duty of issuing and guarding ammunition.

The representations of Captain Hyatt, respecting our regiment, and the report of General Emory to General Banks, we may add, receive striking confirmation in the fact that, on the morning of June 7, one

week after our arrival at Springfield Landing, we could muster from the entire regiment only seventy-five men fit for duty. There were daily deaths, and in a single day while there at Port Hudson, we carried to the grave six of the few comrades who were left. Some of the men, attempting to walk to the surgeon's tent, fell dead in their tracks, and others died in their tents, unattended, and without uttering a moan. We quote, in confirmation of what we are saying, a few words from one of our most efficient officers, Captain John L. Rice:

"At last we were permitted to come out of those terrible swamps upon a fair field, and with an enthusiasm which I never have seen equaled, our boys took their place in line, and fairly courted a soldier's death.

"But it was too late. The fatal poison had done its work. Daily and hourly our boys sickened and died. Every morning they were found dead in their blankets. At roll-call, while answering feebly to their names, they would fall down and die in their tracks. Time and again, I saw them all accoutred for battle, with eyes to the front, and musket in hand, stagger, sink to the ground where they had been standing, as dead as if shot in their tracks. Once, when a funeral squad had fired the last volley over the grave of a comrade, one of the squad moved forward, sank upon the fresh mound of his dead comrade and breathed his last. Another grave was hastily dug, another volley fired, and that comrade was covered from sight."

Sunday, June 13, brings us to the second unfortunate and unjustifiable assault on Port Hudson. It was at

best a reckless Sunday adventure, which many of our New England men engaged in without heart or enthusiasm.

The general plan of that assault, as is supposed, was formulated by General Banks, though General Grover appears to have arranged the particulars. Grover and Weitzel were to make the main attack upon the extreme northeasterly angle of the enemy's works, and at the same time Generals Auger and Dwight were to make an attack on the left. General Weitzel's troops were to make a vigorous assault, and, if possible, gain a position inside the enemy's works, and, when this was done, General Paine's division was to move to their immediate support at an angle of the fortifications not far distant.

At early dawn, Weitzel's column, through a covered way that had been excavated to within 100 yards of the outer works of the Confederates, began its march. But, as it emerged from its concealment, it was met by an unexpected and murderous fire from the enemy. It appears that General Gardner, the Confederate commander, had been fully informed of Banks's intentions, and accordingly his troops were massed at that very point to meet our attack.

Weitzel's troops were thus repulsed, and appear to have been quite demoralized before Paine's division had fairly got under way. This failure of coöperation of Weitzel and Paine was a fatal mistake. For when Paine had reached the point where he was to make his assault, Gardner was there before him. He had reinforced the troops already there with those that had just re-

pulsed Weitzel, and thus was able to confront Paine with a force that staggered and then drove him back. The facts are, that Gardner had completely outgeneraled our troops.

Dwight's attack on the left, which should have been made simultaneously with that of Weitzel on the right, came too late, owing, it is said, to the misdirection of the guides, and hence proved an utter failure.

The late afternoon and night hours of the day of that bloody defeat overtook a body of Union troops that "were discouraged, worn out, almost dazed with grief and disappointment and, perhaps, hardened somewhat with the scenes through which they had passed." And no one familiar with the events of that and the previous Sunday assaults, can blame the disheartened men.

The historian of the Sixteenth, having received permission to be absent from headquarters for the day, spent the afternoon and evening among our defeated troops, and a part of the time on the ground that had witnessed the repulse of Weitzel's division, and, therefore, from personal observation, knows of what he is speaking.

We must again compliment the regiment already referred to, the Eighth New Hampshire, and we employ its losses as before by way of illustration. The general order for that day was the following:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION.

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, JUNE 12, 1863.

* GENERAL ORDERS NO. 64.

COLUMN OF ATTACK.

Eighth New Hampshire, Fourth Wisconsin, as skirmishers; intervals, two paces.

Five companies, Fourth Massachusetts and One Hundred Tenth New York, etc.

The Eighth New Hampshire entered that fight with 217 men, and lost 122 out of the number.

We cannot help feeling intense indignation that our New Hampshire men, as true and noble soldiers as ever walked the earth, were sacrificed so needlessly and uselessly before Port Hudson. Brave men! and we include our heroic comrades of the Fifteenth New Hampshire as well, who participated in those assaults; you did as commanded, and deserve all praise, but your slaughter, with nothing of advantage to show for it, constitutes one of the deplorable pages of the military history of the United States of America.

And we shall be pardoned in passing, for speaking a word in commendation of the colored troops who fought with us, and to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude not yet paid. Colonel Stafford, of the First regiment of the Black Brigade, while encamped, the historian is proud to say, near our own regiment at Baton Rouge, handed the regimental colors to the sergeant, who was as black as a negro could be, closing his speech with these words: "Color-bearer, guard, defend, protect, die for, but do not surrender these colors." To which the sergeant replied: "Colonel, I'll return this flag to you, in honor, or I'll report to God the reason why."

The negro sergeant, in that desperate charge on Port Hudson, fell mortally wounded. But his ebony face was to the enemy; and those colors in his clenched hands were pressed upon his breast, and the God above knew the reason why he did not return the flag to his colonel.

The total loss to our forces in that

second Sunday's attack was *eighteen hundred and five men*, and, as in the former assault, scarcely any damage was done to the enemy.

Those two disastrous defeats, and the general condition of our troops, as might be expected, greatly emboldened the Confederate forces that were then hovering about us. The wonder is that Gardner and Green, after those defeats, and in our crippled condition, did not attempt to entrap, if not to crush our army between their forces, which we think easily could have been done.

This, manifestly, was Logan's conviction. For, under date of June 29, he wrote thus to General Johnson :

"As I have already stated, a small reinforcement sent here will not only raise the siege of Port Hudson, but drive the enemy from the country, and I believe from Baton Rouge."

The issuing and guarding of ammunition at headquarters constituted the service of our regiment outside of Port Hudson from June 2 to July 10, and inside of Port Hudson from that date to July 20.

Day after day and night after night, during the time preceding the fall of Port Hudson, rifles were cracking and cannon booming, and occasional shots came into our camp, though no one of our men was struck. We felt the importance of the service assigned, and were so faithful in the discharge of our duties and had the confidence of General Banks to such an extent

that there appeared to be no inclination on his part to transfer us to other service, though at our best, while before Port Hudson, we could muster scarcely a hundred men for duty.

During a period of perhaps two weeks before the surrender of Port Hudson we were ordered out morning after morning at 3:30 o'clock and stood under arms until daylight, to repel a possible and what at times seemed a probable attack on headquarters by forces under Logan that were closing in about us and constantly testing the strength of our position. Confederate cavalymen and mounted infantry, not in very large numbers, however, were annoying our lines all the way from Springfield Landing to Port Hudson. Indeed, there were detachments of the enemy at different points down the river as far as Donaldsonville, where there was a force, under General Green, of from fifteen hundred to two thousand men.

And we repeat, that if the condition of our troops, after the two attacks on Port Hudson, had been fully known, and had Green crossed the river and concentrated his forces in our rear, had "Dick" Taylor made a little more show in his demonstration against New Orleans, when he moved east for Brashear City, and had Gardner assumed the offensive, aided by Logan, seemingly the capitulation of Banks's army inevitably must have followed.

NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[To be continued.]

GRANITE GRAPHICS.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

I

MY NATIVE STREAM.

Forth springs the clear young river from the wild,
Its voice the laughter of a happy child ;
'Too sober grown when parts the shining track
Of Pemigewasset and the Merrimack !

II.

NOOK NEAR MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

So clear, it seems but air just tinged with green,
'This lovely pool that rims the mountain's bowl ;
So still that Echo, haunting this fair scene,
May catch the music of some passing soul !

III.

VACATION—THE WHITE HILLS.

'Neath roof of birch bark, by a nameless lake,
Freebooter of the virgin wild am I ;
And who such pleasing spell would care to break
Since Nature gives the joy wealth cannot buy !

IV.

KEARSARGE.

Night's brightest jewel ever shines
O'er Indian's mount of plummy pines,
Mixed with the sturdy oaks we sought
With patriot hands with ardor wrought
Into that noble ship of state
Which made New Hampshire's heroes great !
Off foreign shore she met the foe,
And dealt the grand decisive blow
That ev'ry drooping spirit raised—
Caps off again ; and God be praised !
Kearsarge's brow let Eve adorn,
Touch softly, fingers of the Morn !

AT APPLE-TREE POINT, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

By Milo Benedict.



HERE are many people accustomed to the dirt and dimness of cities who have but a faint idea of unbedimmed sunlight. Strictly speaking, they have no idea of it at all, for the light they see is always tempered by some atom of darkness, some shadow of poverty, or even the dingy thoughts that circulate in the world. To see the sun as it may be seen at Apple-tree Point on a bright day, is something worthy of remembrance. A friend from the West, visiting the Point with me, declared that in the prairie country the sun was never so dazzling. I did not take these words, however, quite at their full value, for I have often noticed it is rather a common habit with people to exclaim, "Oh, I never saw anything in all my life to equal it!" at a spectacle altogether common enough, though they may never have seen it with their sense of sight fully awake.

At Apple-tree Point there is certainly no getting away from a consciousness of the fact that oneself is very small and the blazing sun is very great. You stand out on a rocky cliff about fifty feet high, and everywhere you turn your eyes you see great stretches of land and water. But it is not common land and water such as is spoken of in the geography, it is more than substance that

may be touched with the foot or pressed with the hand, it has a beauty and a meaning to be interpreted. There is something in it all that makes you look and wonder. It is as if something important was being said.

Leigh Hunt once undertook to paint a picture in words. He sat down before a rural scene, and instead of exercising his hand at drawing the objects before him, he merely catalogued them on a piece of paper. But the names of the objects were placed on the paper exactly where the objects themselves would have appeared in a drawing or photograph. The picture appeared by an effort of the imagination. It is an easy way to make pictures, though they can be fully appreciated only by their makers.

No such ingenious and convenient process of picture making as this could be used at Apple-tree Point with success, for the reason that the effects that so delight and astonish the eye are chiefly effects of light, color, and atmosphere. They are effects to be absorbed, not to be drawn. You may carry them away, but you cannot give them away. And it is that feeling of helpless possession that brings you a season of real unhappiness, when you pity the rest of the world which knows nothing of this place, and you mentally suffer the sacrifices you would

make for the sake of having all your friends and some of your enemies come and enjoy it as you do. Perhaps, if you are accustomed to write, you take out your pencil and some paper and begin to describe the scene to some one you are particularly fond of writing to. But if you have any sense of the insufficiency of language in general, you quickly convert your descriptive sheet into a sail-boat and thrust your pencil into your pocket. Nothing serves you in such a moment; indeed, you have hardly dared to open your eyes to their fullest extent, there seems such an intensity in Nature. But I fancy my reader will say it is not necessary to go to Lake Champlain or any such favored spot to be greatly impressed with the sun or with space. No; surely not. But if my reader wishes to get something more than sun and space—would like to have several ranges of mountains, a great lake, and a city thrown in, and much else besides,—he will have to travel the world over, I am sure, to find such features of earth more happily and effectively arranged than they are at Apple-tree Point.

I have said the atmosphere is the chiefest of delights to be found at this place, and I would urge the prospective visitor to pay his visit in the very pleasantest weather, just to see how fine a fine day can be. Think of the magic tints of a mid-summer evening spreading over the placid water, and the mountains changing from blue to green and then perhaps to pink or rose-color, and finally to purple. How fortunate we are indeed to live in a quarter of the globe where the day has a real morning and evening in it! A traveler in India, giving an account

of the climate at Bombay, describes the day as one hot, brazen afternoon, without variation, from the rising of the sun till it sets. What would the natives say of a New England summer morning, with its fragrance and freshness, its invigorating and pellucid beauty, its cool blues and luminous grays, and sap-green lights over the grass and trees? There can be no youth where there is no morning,—and little joy; for what is youth that is not bright and elastic, what is joy that is not fresh like dew?

Another impression the Point conveys, that is noteworthy, is that of its singular remoteness. It is only a short distance from the city of Burlington, say four miles, or at the farthest five; but when you have emerged from the few last trees and set foot on the great rocky extremity, there is nothing but the limitless expanse and the impersonal wind. It is, in truth, but a step back to the busy thoroughfares of men, and yet you have a feeling of isolation which I have no doubt would compare favorably with that which the Arctic explorer feels while he is hemmed in by walls of ice under the midnight sun. Faintly you hear a whistle or a bell in the distance, but it is only a reminder of the existence of a civilized community. You have consciously crossed a gulf separating you from all mundane interests and affairs, you are of the many no longer, you are individual and seem to meet yourself on altogether new terms. It is great refreshment. It throws one open to an opportunity of studying ideal conditions. Only a few, however, seem willing or inclined nowadays to study in this

wise, and so I may regretfully say that one of the greatest sources of attraction and charm at Apple-tree Point may be missed completely by the average visitor.

I did not see any English sparrows at the Point, but blackbirds were as numerous as the sparrows around King's Chapel in Boston. It was a lively sight. The blackbirds have far better manners than the sparrows. They are more polished and conservative. There is even music in their flight. They arrive gracefully and do not leave grudgingly, as if they would like to take the whole tree with them, as the sparrows appear to do. They talk, too, in a rather dry, chatty voice, as if they would invite a remark, while the sparrows scuffle for the floor and seem always to be abusing their neighbors. It is easy to find fault with the sparrows until winter comes, then there is an unbending of our malice, for they make the cold mornings much cheerier.

There are many of our musical native sparrows to be found on the Point. But the most interesting birds I saw were the mud-hens that flew northward towards Mallet's Bay, and the sandpipers running and whistling along the beach. A gull arrived after we had started homeward. I saw his white form hovering over the rocks as I looked back. The gulls make their homes on the islands in the lake. Several broods have been found on one of a chain of islands a few miles south, called the Four Brothers. I have seen half a dozen of these beautiful birds flying over the lake at the same time. There is something in their curve of wing and enduring flight

that always reminds one of the ocean wave and the coast. Happily, on the lake these birds find surroundings that would naturally appeal to the marine element in their nature. There is no salt, it is true, in the water, but it surely looks as salt as any, being of a greenish, ocean tint, and the shore in many places is rocky and abrupt like parts of the Maine coast, and when the wind blows fiercely, as it frequently does, there is a madness in the lake that is almost oceanic. Not infrequently a big schooner is seen, or a large yacht; then there are tall light-houses and broad places where the distant shores are lost to sight altogether. It is, in fact, large enough to give every effect Nature can produce with these elements—land, water, and sky,—only the swells cannot equal in size those of the boundless sea.

We had not driven far from the edge of the grove where we had tied our horse, when suddenly the grating of a boat on the sand drew our attention toward the eastern bay. We had come along just in time to see a man draw up to the shore and throw out of his boat three enormous strings of fish, mostly pickerel and pike and a few eels.

It seemed to us that the man made some haste to throw out his fish just in time to catch our eyes. He intended, no doubt, to have it appear a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances rather than a dead set at an exhibition, but his haste betrayed him.

The pride people take in showing their fish I believe runs in the blood. With most fishermen, I think it may be said, the desire to get their fish in

some way before the eye of the public fairly amounts to a passion. It is no uncommon thing for one of them to secure a show window for their display, then see a reporter and inadvertently tell what great luck they had, and so get an account of it in the newspaper. In addition to that, they will speak of it to all with whom they are on speaking terms, and write letters about it to their circle of friends. But who knows but that the fish themselves have an eye for posthumous glory, though we may never have seen in the eye of a dying fish any lingering look which expressed a hope of immortality?

As we drove away from the lake again our faces were brought toward the farms, where men were at work gathering in hay. The air was laden with the aroma of hay—an aroma that brings back the summers of one's life, as if it were an index to all our happiest days. The fields where the mower had not been were waving in the fresh breeze, and the clustered daisies danced like whitecaps. There appeared to have been a strife among the daisies and buttercups, for they refused to mix, or else a stronger instinct of consanguinity pervaded them. The daisies, white as silver, were massed together, while the buttercups covered large patches of the green sward with almost solid gold. It was a field for bimetallists to rejoice in, the silver holding its own in proud contempt. Farther along we came to an apparently boundless pasture, where various kinds of cattle were lying on the grass, chewing what they had probably harvested in the forenoon. It was the bond of peace truly symbolized. I noticed that most of them lay with their faces

toward the lake; but I suppose that was simply a matter of accidental arrangement, though it was pleasant to imagine them susceptible to the fairest prospect.

Butter from these farms ought to be put up in decorated packages for wedding gifts. That would be one way, at least, of impressing upon the mind the value we attach to this precious and pure article. And the milk from here, could we not celebrate that also? I noticed the huge stacks of shining milk-pans at one of the farm-houses as we passed, and I thought with dismay of the milk I was forced to drink at a certain boarding-house in a small town in New Hampshire early in the summer. It was served at the table as a beverage, and one was obliged to drink it, or drink nothing, for the water had the flavor of a lead pipe, and tramps would have kept clear of the premises, I am sure, if we had offered them our tea and coffee. I recall with feelings of poignant satisfaction the caustic little speech Professor Somebody made at the table one morning before the portly proprietor of the house. The speech, which was delivered off-hand, was called forth by the professor's sudden indignation at being handed a pitcher of sour milk—a genuine imposition, no doubt intended as such. The professor had just arrived. I had been in the house three days, and gladly bade good-by to the house after the third breakfast.

I did not set down the things the professor said at the time he said them, but the tenor of his discourse ran very much like this:

"Now, Mr. Hemenway (that was not his name, and I have forgotten

what it was), it does seem a remarkably strange fact to me, that I should have heard, only the other day, a worthy member of our New Hampshire Dairymen's Association describe in a most glowing array of rhetoric the eminence our state has gained, or is gaining, as a milk and butter producing state, thoroughly merited, he said, through the superior quality of these products, and right here, where the truth of his assertions should be most amply demonstrated, where I should expect to find in this pitcher of milk traces, at least, of those excellent qualities which are to gain for the state of New Hampshire a commanding position as a milk and butter producing state, I am surprised, and greatly surprised, to find that the contents of this pitcher have recently undergone changes of a nature very derogatory to the encomiums of praise bestowed upon this important and abundant fluid; serious changes, indeed, such as no citizen with a true pride in the development of this worthy and noble industry would ever permit to be reported beyond the circumference of his breakfast table; and, if I may speak even more plainly, there is very palpable evidence here that all that this milk ever contained of those virtues so dear to the husbandman has been surreptitiously or otherwise removed, and as a reaction against the imposition of so gross a liberty upon an article of such original excellence, the milk itself has literally turned its back, and has assumed an expression of cynical disgust. Before such contradictory testimony as this, I am, as I have briefly intimated, very much surprised at the remarks that were made to me in

regard to the superiority of our state as a milk and butter producing country by the worthy member of the New Hampshire Dairymen's Association.'

After this squelching and pompous valedictory, the professor, scarcely looking to see what effect it had made, abruptly left the room.

While I am indulging in these reminiscences I may as well report a conversation between some old men I overheard while waiting for the morning train at the station. I find a record of it in my note-book, which I made on the spot, for I had nothing to do except to catch for my own amusement whatever was passing and to see whatever was going on.

"There's Pete. I'd like to know what he's ever goin' to 'mount to. He's worse than pizen on a farm. He worked for Jim Mahaly this forenoon, an' he paid him, and he went right straight off down to Morris'es and bought twenty-five cents worth of them chocolate creams. What d'ye think o' that? Why, since last April, he's run through over sixteen dollars and a half. Jim told me so himself. Last Saturday he was down to the mill all day talkin' to the boys, doin' nothin'. Jim s'posed he was shinglin' 'long with Hiram. I said I'd go to halves with him on a half an acre of beans one day after dinner, an' he said he'd go in with me, an' I went an' got ready, an' got my beans, an' got my ground all marked out, an' I set down and waited a spell, an', sir, he never came near me the whole afternoon, an' I quit, an' went home, and afterwards found he'd been runnin' 'round the village all the while, foolin' round. An'

that's just the way it goes. Ye can't place no dependence on him, unless you follow him up with a raw-hide. He's a measly mess, I can tell ye, an' what Jim's folks is ever goin'

to do with him is what puzzles me clean through."

"How old is Pete, anyway?"

"Pete was nineteen, I think, last August, or was it July?"

THE GREAT PIE CASE.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

"**S**PEAKIN' of pie," said Uncle Eliakim Elder-blow as he absently helped himself to a second piece, "some-how puts me in mind of how a pie come marster nigh breakin' up the Methodis church at Onion Ridge.

"Never heerd of it? Sho, now! I thought everybody 'round here knowed all about the gret pie case. Come ter think, though, you must 'a' been purty young in them days, but I remember it as though 't was yisterday.

"You know ol' Lem Sampler, that lives over on Pease Hill? Wal, ol' Uncle 'Lisha Pease, who probably died afore you can remember, used to be a neighbor of his, an' durin' 'Lisha's last sickness, Lem went one night an' sot up with him. Everything was pleasant, an' he went off in the mornin', seemin' perfectly friendly as fur as they noticed. But afore long it begun to be whispered 'round that Lem had told that Mis' Pease—Mis' Josephus Pease, Uncle 'Lisha's daughter-in-law, you know—had gin him some pie for luncheon that night that was so tarnal tough you could drive a board nail with it. And it turned out that he had said it, an' said it bold an' open in a number of places, too. That madded the

Peases wuss 'n anything, for they was proud, high-spirited folks, an' Mis' Pease had the name of bein' the best cook in the hull town. There was words passed between Josephus Pease an' Lem, and then the thing got inter the church an' the Peases brought charges agin ol' Lem for lyin'.

"Now, of course I do n't know the fac's about that ere pie. I know Mis' Pease *could* make pies that would make a hungry man feel glad from the tip of his tongue clean to the tips of his toes, for I've et 'em. But mebbe, havin' sickness in the family, she did n't put in jest the usual amount of shortenin', or the oven wa n't het jest right; an' mebbe ol' Lem's teeth had begun to fail up on him, or he had a leetle tech of rheumatiz in his jaws. Some folks b'lieved one thing, and some b'lieved another, and nothin' in that part of the town ever made so much talk sence ol' Widder Hill eloped with the hired man ter git red of livin' with her childun.

"On the day of the great church trial, the hoss-sheds back of the church was all full, an' there was teams hitched ter the fences clean up beyend the buryin'-ground. Afore they got commenced you could see bunches of men an' women all up an'

down the road an' on the church-yard, talkin' an' argyfyin' an' makin' gestures. I tell ye that ere hull community was jest a-bilin'. Bime-by the bell struck, an' the folks flocked inter the church, an' the house was chock full.

"The Peases put on a lot of witenesses ter show what a fust-rate cook Mis' Pease was, an' how good her pies allers was. Then some women an' one reg'lar baker swore that no pie crust could ever be made stiff enough an' tough enough ter drive a board nail. I tell ye things begun to look mighty squally for ol' Lem Sampler, but he hild his head as high as a two-year-old colt, an' when it come his turn ter have his say he says ter the jedges, says he, 'I aint no gret orator, but I've got a witness here that 'll prove that these ere experts on pie crust do n't know what they're talkin' about.

"With that he lugs out an ol' car-pet bag an' takes out a pie an' a piece of soft pine board an' a nail—a tenpenny nail. He passed the pie up ter the kermittie of jedges ter let 'em see that it was a genywine article an' no mistake, an' then he went an' laid the piece of pine on the altar rail, an' took that ere pie for a hammer an' driv the nail clean through it! Yes, sir—ee, he did, for I was there an' seen it. Wal, you orter seen the folks' faces change. Lem's stock went up about a hundred per cent. inside of a minute. If he had only ben satisfied ter let well enough alone, he would, like enough, pulled through all right. We all have our weaknesses, poor, sinful creeters that

we air, an' Lem's partic'lar pet weakness was a-wantin' to do everything with a flourish. If he driv up inter yer dooryard, he'd come tearin' along as though he was a-goin' to run clean over the house an' fetch up with a swoop an' a rattle of wheels that would skeer every hen on the place inter highsteeric fits. An so, when he see that he had surprised the Pease party an' made a big hit, he kinder lost his head.

"Gentlemen Jedges, Feller Citizens, an' Brethren and Sistren in the Church,' he says, straightening himself up an' stickin' one hand inter the front of his coat so 's to look like the picters of Daniel Webster an' Frank Pierce, 'I have tried in my poor, weak, an' feeble way ter show you how plaguey tough a pie can be when it ain't cooked accordin' ter the rools,' he says, 'but I want ter say right here that the pie I et at Mr. Elisha Pease's house was as much tougher 'n this one as this one is tougher 'n custard puddin',' an' then he lifted his hands solemn an' impressive like, an' called on the Lord to witness the truth of what he had said.

"That cooked his goose. His friends seen that he had gone too fur, an' he lost most of his backin' right there. When the hearin' was over, the jedges agreed that nothin' ever could be tougher 'n that pie, an' that if Lem had n't strained the truth in the fust place, he had busted it all to flinders at the trial, an' so his name was took off the church books. An' that was the end of the gret pie case."



SUMMER.¹

By Jack Chandler.

I love the pleasant summer time,
When all is bright and fair,
And a sweet, balmy fragrance
Seems to fill the air.

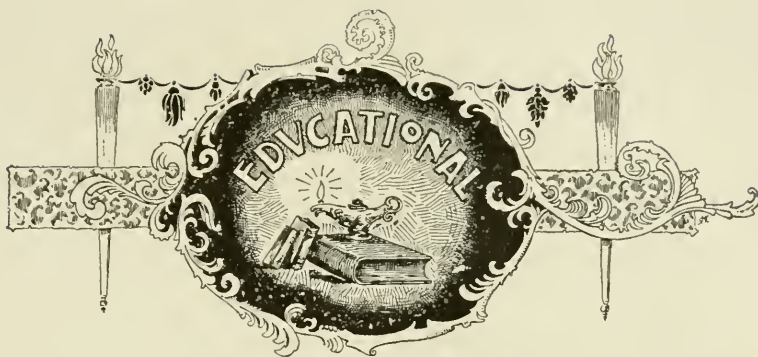
The little birdies singing,
As they flit from tree to tree:
They seem to say, "Oh, Summer,
We sing alone for thee."

I like to stroll into the wood,
And in some quiet nook,
I watch the fishes swimming
In the cool and shady brook.

The brook itself is happy,
And as it runs along,
With its babblings and its splashings,
It sings its joyous song.

I regret the close of Summer,
When all these things are past,
And Autumn with her falling leaves,
Has come to us at last.

¹ Written by Jack Chandler, aged eleven years, as a school exercise, absolutely without assistance.



Conducted by Fred Gowling, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.¹

By James Monohon.

The moral atmosphere of the school-room depends upon the personal character of the teacher, and that character is determined more by the condition of the teacher's health than by any other one thing. In life and literature there is nothing sadder than the constant wail which men and women make over the limitations set to their usefulness by reason of their physical infirmities. The truth is, the scholars of this age have not yet recovered from the bad example inherited from the mediæval saints, who believed that a religious soul could be the occupant only of a frail tenement. But thanks to the physiologist who has proved the intimate relation between the body and the soul, the influence of the old pagan gymnasium is replacing that of the monkish cloister.

Our modern educational creeds recognize that importance of physical culture, and that school is wanting in duty to its pupils which does not include in its curriculum gymnastic training. But, while teachers carefully insist upon the physi-

cal culture of their pupils, the question is often suggested, "How far do they practise their own precepts?" Both experience and observation have taught me that teachers, as a class, are not careful of their health, and do not sufficiently value a good, sound body as an element contributing to the largest professional success; that we too often forget that cheerfulness, courage, patience, temper, self-control, enthusiasm, and all the virtues which are the constituents of the atmosphere in which are to grow and be developed the human plants committed to our care, are the products very largely of our bodily health.

I think it must have occurred to every one that we have a tendency to surround our work with conditions which militate against our bodily well-being. Although teachers have more holidays, more and longer vacations for recuperation, yet statistics show that no class of people so early break down under their work.

I wish to refer briefly to some things which I believe are injurious to the

¹ A paper read before the Coös County Teachers' Association, at Whitefield, May 12, 1897, by the principal of Colebrook academy.

health of the teacher, and, incidentally, to suggest their removal. In the first place, I believe that teachers are too anxious. During term time they too often wear a troubled look, like men who walk on uncertain ground. The thousand little annoyances of the school-room, the natural friction attendant upon discipline, the dulness and indifference of pupils are borne home, impairing appetite, destroying digestion, and disturbing sleep. These concerns haunt the mind in what recreations the teacher is disposed to take, and nullify their beneficial effects. They are ghosts that will not down at his bidding. What wonder, then, that so many men and women fall early by the way, or are compelled to withdraw from the profession, with shattered nerves and ruined health?

That the occupation of the teacher is peculiarly exposed to events calculated to disturb and annoy the mind, no one who has any practical knowledge of the matter can attempt to deny. "But the warning should produce the guard." The profession that demands the most sympathetic and sensitive nature should be in possession of the healthiest nervous organism. No occupation is free from harassing concerns, and no man who engages in any work in life can expect exemption from daily cares. But he possesses the true secret of life who knows how to leave his anxieties where he leaves his work. Statesmen, generals, authors, men who have achieved great results in trying exigencies, have preserved a strength equal to their work by practising the priceless art of not worrying.

Let the door that closes upon the school-room close likewise upon all its petty annoyances and anxieties. Let the teacher bear to his home a mind

free and susceptible to healing and healthful influences, that he may gain the rest and refreshment he so much needs for the renewal of his labor.

Akin to the worry and anxiety of the teacher is the neglect of proper exercise. What physical destruction worry does not accomplish, over-study and confinement effect. "But," the teacher replies, "I have no time for exercise. I am confined to my school-room seven or eight hours daily, and the remainder of the time which can be taken from sleep must be devoted to the preparation of to-morrow's lessons." The answer comes in the language with which the teacher often meets the objections of his pupils, viz., "Take time."

"Health," says Emerson, "is wealth," and the experience of all time confirms the assertion. The greatest power a teacher can carry into his school-room is a joyous, courageous, and enthusiastic disposition—the offspring of bounding health. Biliousness is as catching as enthusiasm, and the teacher always becomes the pupil's barometer by which the latter may foretell the condition of his own mental atmosphere. Therefore, the preservation of the health is a duty as important, nay, vastly more important, than the mental preparation for the daily work.

There is another grave mistake into which we as students have fallen—that the greater number of hours given to work, the greater the amount accomplished. If biography teaches one thing plainly, it is that our most successful authors and scholars have not spent a great amount of time over their books, but that they first learned Herbert Spencer's educational dogma, "the necessity of being a good animal." Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray have taught us that the most active use of the faculties of

the mind depends on a good digestion. Not so very many years ago there died in England the most remarkable literary man of the age, who was pre-eminently successful as a novelist, a poet, a dramatist, and a statesman, in all these departments exhibiting such a perfection of skill and such a profundity of erudition as to excite the wonder of his contemporaries: and yet Bulwer, at the close of his life, confessed that he never studied more than three hours a day and even a less number while parliament was in session. It is related of Elihu Burritt that he was more than once obliged to give up school teaching and betake himself to his leathern apron and his blacksmith's hammer, because he could not work long enough while teaching to study with effect.

Evidently we, as students, have many lessons to learn, but none more important than this, that the use of the mind must be accompanied by the exercise of the body: that, as Plato advised, "the mind and the body must be driven equally, like a pair of horses," if we would not reverse Juvenal's maxim and have a dull mind in a dull body.

A physiological writer has said, that the average expectation of life for clergymen was 60 years; lawyers, 57; physicians and professors, 56; and at the end of a long table he adds, that teachers of primary schools, that is, schools below the colleges, are not over healthful nor very long-lived,—a statement not well calculated to fill with hope and encouragement the youthful aspirant for honor in primary work. But is there anything in the nature of the employment that should produce such a result? Teaching of itself, beyond all controversy, is the most healthful and exhilarating occupation in which any man or woman can engage. What-

ever is detrimental to the health arises from the accompanying circumstances and the manner in which the work is carried on.

There is another practice greatly harmful to the teacher; I mean the excessive multiplication of details in school management. Think of the systems of marking, of the daily accumulation of written exercises of all sorts, of the piles of examination papers, of the records to be made up, reports to be prepared, and a score of such collateral necessities—or nuisances, if you prefer to call them such,—the most of which must be attended to out of school hours, at that time which should be the teacher's own. Some of these things may be of use in securing good work in the school-room; so far let them stand, but the mass of them should be relegated to the infernal regions, to which long ago have been consigned the leathern straps, the hard-wood ferules, birch rods, and all other implements of mediæval ignorance and stupidity. Add to this the practice of detaining after school the dull and the idle, a practice from which, through the teacher's conscientious desire to bring all to an equal limit of advancement, it is so hard to break away.

While teaching, not long ago, as I was returning to my room from a long walk, I had occasion to pass a school-house, from which I saw issuing at rare intervals a solitary pupil. I had, through many boyish recollections, a sort of instinctive sympathy with those roguish delinquents; but, because of later and sadder experience, I pictured to myself the teacher within. Suffering from the long confinement of seven or eight hours often, when the sun has set and the shadows are falling, she closes the door behind her, and, utterly prostrated

by the large nervous expenditure of the day, hastens to her home. After a light supper, for which the stomach furnishes no craving and "digestion does not wait upon appetite," she returns to her tasks, records, and marks, and tests, until exhausted Nature can do no more, and "sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," comes to her relief. But even sleep, "great Nature's balm," fails to soothe her troubled rest. All night long troops of infantile demons march across the field of her mental vision. In her dreams she endures all the petty annoyances of the day. The anxieties that gloom her waking hours return with redoubled force during her fitful sleep, and she wakes to her morning's work in a worse plight than if she had been visited the night before by "the horrors of the nightmare and all her nine fold." What wonder she is fretful? What wonder the natural unrest of childhood is magnified through her shattered nerves into great breaches of school decorum? What wonder her pupils call her cross and peevish, and learn to dislike her?

This should be reformed in some way. When the hour of dismissal has come, let all the little ones be sent to their homes, and let the teacher follow as soon as possible, and remain in the open air so long as the fragment of the day will allow. In a majority of cases, this practice of detaining after school is thoroughly useless, and defeats its own ends. I have never known a bad boy made better nor a dunce converted into a genius by any such practice. Nay, rather I have known indifferent boys made irretrievably bad, and dull boys plunged into the depths of stupidity.

There is but one thing more I wish to speak of. "As dignified as a schoolmaster" is a proverbial compari-

son which has very naturally grown out of the common estimate of the teacher's character. Teachers feel that they needs must display a great deal of dignity, not only for the good discipline of their school, but also in order to inspire the respect of parents. It seems to me that it is a very doubtful compliment in a teacher when it is said of him that "he has a pedagogic air." But aside from the social aspect of the question, all starchiness in character is unnatural, and therefore injurious to the health. The man who never unbends, who never throws off his load of dignity, and who does not instinctively seek to indulge in the playfulness and the unrestrained freedom of childhood cannot be a healthy man. The kingdom of heaven comes to us in this world only when we are in the condition of little children. I always liked the practice which many teachers have of taking part in the play of their pupils. It brings teacher and pupil nearer together, more closely into sympathy with each other.

But no more. I have said enough to show that there are circumstances surrounding the work of the teacher which militate against his health, and consequently against his highest success. That these circumstances are for the most part purely factitious, and in no wise natural or necessary, I firmly believe. Therefore, as we value our own happiness, as we desire a long life of useful work and the completest success in our vocation, as we regard the importance of creating in our schools an atmosphere in which mind and character may be expanded into their highest perfection, let us lay aside the hindrances that so easily beset us, so that we may run without weariness the race that is set before us.

NECROLOGY

DR. ASA F. PATTEE.

Dr. Asa F. Pattee, a practising physician in Boston for thirty-one years, died June 1. He was born at Warner in 1835, and was descended from a long line of physicians back to William Pattee, who was physician to Oliver Cromwell and King Charles II. In 1857, he received the degree of M. D. from Dartmouth college, and in 1859 began practice in Amesbury. In 1864, he entered the army as acting assistant surgeon. In 1867, he lectured on chemistry and materia medica at the New England Female Medical college. In 1883, he was elected professor of materia medica and therapeutics, and lecturer on nervous diseases at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Boston. He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical society, the American Medical association, and was one of the founders and for several years president of the Boston Therapeutical society.

ANDREW BUNTON.

Andrew Bunton died at his home in Manchester, June 18. He was born in Manchester, August 6, 1842, and his education was gained in the public schools of that city. On December 1, 1856, when he was fourteen years of age, he entered the employ of the express firm then known as Cheney & Company, and has ever since remained in the express business, holding the position of agent and state superintendent for the American Express company. The deceased was a director in the Merchants' National bank, Manchester, and the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company. He was an attendant for many years of the Unitarian church, and was for a number of years a director in the society. He was also at one time president of the New Hampshire club. Mr. Bunton was very prominent in Masonry, being one of the two New Hampshire men to hold the active thirty-third degree, and wielding great influence in the supreme council of the northern jurisdiction. He was the most worshipful grand master of the grand lodge of New Hampshire in 1880, and the right eminent grand commander of the grand commandery of Knights Templar in 1883.

CHARLES S. KIDDER.

Charles S. Kidder, a widely known civil engineer, died at Manchester, June 12, aged 69 years. He had been connected with surveying the railroad line across the Isthmus of Panama, and also surveyed for a line in Central America. He was at one time civil engineer for the Boston & Lowell railroad, and later city engineer at Nashua. He was a veteran of the war and a Mason.

J. D. CHANDLER.

J. D. Chandler, 67 years of age, president of the Nashua Street railway, and one of the three principal owners of the road, died June 3, at Nashua. He was president of the Nashua board of trade, and for twenty-six years had been auditor of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company, having served through the entire existence of the company. For the past thirty years Mr. Chandler had been overseer in the Jackson Cotton Manufacturing company.

JOHN D. PATTERSON.

John D. Patterson, one of Manchester's old citizens, died June 12, aged 76 years. He belonged to one of the old families of that section of the country. He had lived a retired life for some time. He was a prominent Mason, being at one time grand commander of the Grand Commandery of New Hampshire, Knights Templar.

COMMANDER GEORGE E. WINGATE.

Commander George E. Wingate died June 7, at Malden, Mass. He was born at Portsmouth, July 10, 1837. He went to sea in the merchant service from 1854 to 1862, making voyages to China, India, South America, and other foreign ports. He entered the United States navy in October, 1863, in the West Gulf blockading squadron, as acting engineer. He was promoted to master in the regular service, March, 1868; to lieutenant, December 18, 1868; to lieutenant-commander, July 13, 1870; to commander May 26, 1887. His last station was at the Charlestown yard, where he remained until his last illness.

CHARLES G. STEVENS.

C. G. Stevens, 75 years old, died in Clinton, Mass., June 13, after a lingering illness, of old age. He was a native of Claremont, and was a nephew of the late Paran Stevens. He was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1840. After graduating, he went to Lancaster, and began law practice. He was the leader in the movement to make Clinton a town, and was a judge in the law courts of eastern Worcester for a number of years. He was the president of the First National bank at Clinton, from its inception until a year ago, and has represented the town in both branches of the legislature.



Sincerely, F. M. Hatch

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FRANCIS MARCH HATCH.

By Clarence Johnson.



MOST men who have devoted themselves to the study of international politics, have come to the conclusion that diplomats are made, not born. European nations have long proceeded on this principle, and, as a result, have at their command trained diplomats, with whom the representatives of our government are often at great disadvantage. In grave matters of state we are sometimes buncoed by these gentlemen, who owe their superiority to long and active service in this important branch of government. Occasionally, however, a diplomat springs from the people fully equipped for his calling by natural ability and general adaptation of mind and temperament. In diplomatic relations, as in other important affairs of the world, the emergency sometimes produces the man. This has been demonstrated in the recent history of the island of Hawaii, for whose annexation to this country a treaty is now pending.



Mrs. Hatch.



Miss Harriet Hatch—Age, Seven.

In January, 1893, when Queen Liliuokalani was overthrown, the patriotic citizens of the island, many of whom had never before actively engaged in politics, took possession of the gov-



Master Gilchrist Hatch, as He Appears on His "Native Heath" at Honolulu.—Age, Four.

ernment, and led by such men as President Dole, administered affairs with a firm hand, despite the intrigues of the deposed queen and her European assistants. The difficulties of the situation were so many and of such serious character that even the most enthusiastic friends of the new movement trembled for its success. But the men who had given up their usual occupations and unselfishly



Landing Passengers and Freight on Island of Hawaii.

A large portion of the coast of Hawaii consists of these high bluffs, against whose rocky sides the ocean waves continually dash with almost resistless force. No boat could land in such a turmoil, and immense cranes have been erected, as shown in the illustration, by means of which passengers and freight are hoisted into the air and swung to the shore. The man at the end of the rope looks as if he might be having a rather unpleasant five minutes.

devoted themselves to the cause of good government and the best interests of Hawaii, although without previous experience, soon proved that they were equal to the task they had undertaken, and all doubt



Mr. Hatch's Honolulu Home.

This view of Mr. Hatch's Honolulu residence gives a general idea of the style of house architecture in Hawaii. There is more veranda room than is usual in this country even in summer homes, but otherwise Honolulu residences are very much like those in the United States, varying in style and elaborateness to suit the tastes and pocket-books of the owners. Mr. Hatch certainly has a delightful home, with its inviting verandas and its wealth of tropical shade-trees and shrubbery.

as to the result was dispelled. Their success not only demonstrated their ability to govern well the island whose inhabitants were distracted by opposing interests and inharmonious nationalities, but it also brought to the front men who did not hesitate to grapple with the diplomatic questions involved, and to meet, though on unequal terms, the trained representatives of the leading nations of the world. In the controversies which ensued, the Hawaiians have been able to hold their own, and to score some decisive victories, the latest of which is the negotiation with the McKinley administration of the annexation treaty, signed on the part of the Hawaiian government by Francis March Hatch, Lorrin A. Thurston, and William A. Kinney.

Among the men whom President Dole gathered about him in the time of extreme peril,

when lives and property were alike at stake, and when every man who acted a prominent part jeopardized all that he had, and his future as well, was Francis March Hatch, who previous to the overturn of Queen Liliuokalani's government had for fifteen years been a practising lawyer in Honolulu. Mr. Hatch is a New Hampshire man, a son of the late Albert R. Hatch of Portsmouth, who was known throughout the state as a lawyer of ability and character, and a brother of the Hon. John Hatch of

Greenland, now a member of the bank commission. He was fitted for college in the Portsmouth schools, was graduated from Bowdoin in the class of '73, studied law with his father, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. After having been associated with his father for two years, he went to Honolulu in 1878, and immediately began to practise law in the Hawaiian courts. Although he took no part in politics, devoting



Veranda—Mr. Hatch's House, Honolulu.



Bird's-eye View of Honolulu.



Honolulu Harbor.

This view of Honolulu harbor shows one of the peculiarities of the place. In the background are the picturesque mountains, at the base of which is the famous city. Lying at the wharves, in water deep enough for the heaviest battle ships of the world, are scores of vessels, ranging from a small cat-boat to an ocean steamer; while in the immediate foreground, standing on a reef, a sort of backbone thrown up out of the sea, is a native in full fishing costume. He also wears this costume when he is n't fishing.



Old Missionary Church.

Built of blocks of coral cut out of a reef, under water, with axes. The coral is soft while under water, but after exposure to the atmosphere becomes almost as hard as marble. The blocks used in building the church measure about three feet by two feet by eighteen inches.

himself to his profession, in which he attained eminence, yet he was always greatly interested in the welfare of the island and its development. He felt that the time was not far distant when the rule of the native sovereigns must end, but was willing that their dethronement should come

in the natural course of events, without undue hastening by himself and those who, like him, had full faith in the future of Hawaii.

When the queen threw aside the constitution and put forth her own dictum as law, the citizens of Hawaii acted with promptness and vigor,



The Famous Captain Cook's Monument, Erected by the British Government Captain Cook Died in 1778.



Judiciary Building, Honolulu.

and Mr. Hatch at once came to the front as a leader in the movement. On the formation of the provisional government, he became a member of the Advisory Council, which was, in fact, a legislative body, and later he was made vice-president. In February, 1894, when the department of foreign affairs was organized as a bureau separate from the executive office, by request of President Dole he accepted the position of minister of foreign affairs, and acquitted himself in a manner which stamped him

as a born diplomatist, carrying through the delicate and intricate problems, which the change in government had precipitated, with skill and prudence. So well did he perform his arduous duties that he was by unanimous consent selected under the new constitution (adopted July 3, 1894, and promulgated on the fourth) as the diplomatic representative of Hawaii to this country, and he was received at Washington as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary in November, 1895. Since



Cocoanut Grove.



Portion of the Harbor near Honolulu.

then he has devoted himself to the one main purpose of negotiating a treaty of annexation to the United States, which after nearly two years of constant struggle against adverse circumstances and conditions, has been signed, and is now before the senate for ratification. That it will be ratified is almost an assured fact, but whether it is or not, Mr. Hatch has established his reputation as an astute and courageous diplomat.

In private life Mr. Hatch is one of the most unassuming of men. Pleasant and dignified in manner, witty

and refined in conversation, he impresses every one with whom he comes in contact as a courteous gentleman, as well as a man of force and character. He was married, in 1888, to Miss Alice Hawes of San Francisco, by whom he has two children, Miss Harriet, aged seven, and Master Gilchrist, aged four, and a happier family is not to be found. After the treaty has been confirmed by the senate, he intends to return to Hawaii and resume his interrupted law business, although the many friends he has made in Washing-



Native Grass House (now all gone).



Palace.

Built under Kalakana, at a cost of \$250,000. Now used as an executive building by President Dole and his cabinet, also as a place of meeting by the legislature.

ton would be more than pleased if they could induce him to remain there. But he looks on Hawaii as his home, and that feeling will be likely to be intensified when the treaty has been ratified and the country of his adoption becomes a part of the country of his birth.



Hawaiian Woman in Riding Costume.

The costume consists of a long piece of bright-colored calico, which she wraps about her so that it will wave in the wind as she rides along. Formerly scores of these brilliantly arrayed women could be seen almost any day riding about the streets of Honolulu, but civilization and annexation are fast obliterating the picturesque from Honolulu, which is destined soon to be one of the foremost commercial cities.

THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW.

By Ray Lurance.

There 's a deep, old red chimney,
Far away from the town,
On a low rambling farm-house,
All mossy and brown,
Where high waving tree-tops
Their branches bend o'er,
And sweet purple lilacs
Wave near the front door.

In that deep, old red chimney,
Far away from the town,
Is a rough, shallow nest
Of twigs sooty brown,
Where four tiny swallows
Are lying so still,
While the swift swallow mother
Skims over the hill.

Away she is flying,
Now dipping so low,
Searching for food
For the children below,
Who "chirp, chirp," so loudly,
As downward she flies,
In the deep, old red chimney
Where her happiness lies.

The wind shakes the tree-tops,
The raindrops come down,
But safe in the chimney
Is the nest, sooty brown,
For wide-spreading elm tree
With long, slender arm,
Bends low o'er the farm-house
To guard from all harm.

O swallow sprite, dwelling
Away from the town,
Are you guarding the hearthstone
Of small farm-house brown?
Are the feathery smoke wreaths
That rise from below,
The ghosts of the memories
Of woods long ago?



A Combination Display: Celestial Sweet-Peas in Vase, Eliza Eckford Sweet-Peas on Table

A STUDY OF SWEET-PEAS.

PART II.

By Clarence Moores Weed.



THE blossoms of the Blanche Ferry sweet-pea are of medium size, with the standard bright pink, lighter at the edges, and the wings white, veined with a delicate color approaching rose-pink. In some specimens both the standard and wings are marked and striped with solferino—a variation that is not pleasing to every one. The standard is rather stiff and reflexed, bending away from the wings at a wide angle. But the flowers are charming in loose masses, and are borne freely on the vigorous plants. By planting the extra early strains now upon the market, blossoms may be obtained very early in the season.

America, introduced in 1895, is perhaps the most striking in appearance of any of the red and white varieties. Both standard and wings have a white background, thickly streaked and penciled with an intense crimson-scarlet color. In most specimens the crimson scarlet is more abundant than the white. The upright standard curves back on the edges and is notched in the middle above, while the wings are not very symmetrical. Consequently, America has not the grace of form pos-

sessed by the best hooded types, although the flowers are of large size. In decorative work it may be used to advantage alone or mixed with a white variety.

The dainty Daybreak is a charming variety, notwithstanding that at present it must be considered a promise rather than a performance. It was introduced in 1896, and originated with the Rev. W. T. Hutchins, of Indian Orchard, Mass., the most noted sweet-pea specialist in America. As far as can be judged from our specimens, the plant is weak and unthrifty, the flower stems are short, and the blossoms themselves are small and poor in form. Yet the color combination is so de-



Fig. 13—A Jar of Daybreak Sweet-Peas.



Fig. 14—Oddity Sweet-Pea Natural Size.

lightful that one forgives all else, and gladly welcomes it, hoping that a few years of further selection will enable it to outgrow its faults and increase its charms. On the central part of the back side of the flat standard there is a bright blotch of rose-red, with delicate stippings and pencillings scattered on a white ground over the rest of the surface. The front side of the standard in typical flowers is not blotched, but simply stippled and penciled with rose-red in a most dainty manner. The wings should be white, but as yet many of them are more or less marked with solferino or rose-red.

The Daybreak is a very dainty sweet-pea, and may well be used in spreading masses in low jars. In Fig. 13,

the jar is a simple Japanese affair, vinaceous pink in general color, lightly washed with a warm gray, and blending below into a subdued grayish brown.

THE SELF-COLORED PINK VARIETIES.

Venus is a delicate flesh-colored, pink variety, very soft and pleasing in its color effect. It is one of the most charming of the pinks, being of medium size, with hooded flowers of good form. Unfortunately, the plant blooms only sparsely, so that one values all the more the comparatively few flowers developed. This variety is beautiful in clear glass vases.

The Blushing Beauty sweet-pea is a salmon-pink, similar to Venus and Royal Robe, and perhaps rather better than either. The plant is a poor bloomer.

The Royal Robe is another soft pink sweet-pea, but it produces so few blossoms that it is not worth planting. The flowers are a little brighter in color than those of Venus.

The Empress of India is an excel-



Fig. 15—A Jar of Oddities.

lent salmon-colored variety, having the standard flat and somewhat stiff in appearance. The plant produces blossoms in only moderate numbers.

The Mrs. Gladstone sweet-pea is generally recognized as one of the best of the pink varieties. The flower is of medium size, with convex standard and rounded tip, of a soft and delicate rose-pink color. Under good culture it blooms profusely through a long season.

At a little distance the color effect of a bunch of the Miss Hunt sweet-peas is a brilliant rose-red. When the flowers are examined closely, one sees that the standard is rose-pink and the wings rose-purple, the contrast being greater in older flowers. The blossoms are of medium size, fair form and good texture. The plant blooms rather freely. The flowers mass admirably, and on account of their brilliant color are excellent for lighting up dark corners.

The Oddity is an extremely interesting sweet-pea. It is rose-red in color, being in this respect quite similar to the Miss Hunt, but it differs from that and all other varieties by its unique shape, due to the incurving of the margins of the standard and wings both above and below, producing a squarish effect that for a change is rather pleasing. The group shown in Fig. 15 was a fascinating study in form and color. The small Japanese jar is whitish in general tone, but is oddly marked and penciled in soft blue greens and delicate browns. The top is margined in a soft yellow green. The squarish shape of the vase is repeated in a sense by the form of the flowers, the colors of which produce a com-

plementary harmony with the stems and vase.

On account of its unique color, the Orange Prince has long been a favorite with lovers of sweet-peas. No other variety has given the combination of orange pink and rose-red so effective for decorative uses. Because of its color much has been forgiven it, for the blossoms are small, of poor shape, and have a tendency to lose their good tones as they grow older. Since Mr. Eckford gave us Meteor, however, in 1896, we can bid adieu to Orange Prince without a pang. For Meteor combines the unique color with a larger and better-shaped blossom, borne on a longer stem. It is apparently the result of a selection from Orange Prince. The standard is of good shape, generally with a wedge above, and in color is a peculiar orange-pink. The wings are recurved on the edges, and are suffused rose-red, with the veins broadly outlined in a slightly deeper shade.

The Meteor blossoms I have in hand are half again as large as the flowers of Orange Prince, and three fourths as large as the best Blanche Burpees I can find. In Professor Bailey's admirable sweet-pea bulletin, Mr. Walter Rohnert writes: "Meteor is a decided improvement upon Orange Prince, but will not be appreciated until it is brought up to the grandiflora type." Our specimens are certainly sufficiently large to be appreciated, and now compare favorably with many of the grandiflora sorts.

Meteor—and in lieu of it Orange Prince—looks particularly well alone. Its glowing colors are a delight, of which the eye never tires. Two or



Fig. 16—Sweet-Peas: Celestial and Countess of Radnor on the left; Blanche Burpee on the right.

three dozen flowers with a stem or two showing leaves and tendrils, loosely dropped into a tumbler-shaped vase, are simply irresistible. This is another variety fitted for lighting up the dark corners of a room.

THE RED SWEET-PEAS.

For brilliancy of color effect few sweet-peas surpass the variety called *Invincible Scarlet*, though it is really a brilliant carmine. The flowers are of medium size, with the standards reflexed in fully open flowers. When used in solid masses of color in a blue-green jar, it forms a complementary harmony that is extraordinarily effective.

Invincible Carmine is a poor variety, very similar in color to the one just named, but the plant is not

so thrifty and does not bloom so freely.

The blossoms of the *Firefly* are among the most brilliant of sweet-peas. They are a "glowing, crimson scarlet," of good size and firm in substance. In general, this variety does not bloom very freely, although, as in the case of other red varieties, notably the *Invincible Carmine*, the results seem to depend very largely upon the strain from which the seed was derived.

For a generally useful deep red sweet-pea of good size that can easily be grown in abundance, the *Boreatton* is a very satisfactory variety. The general color tone is deep maroon, though close at hand the wings show a more purplish tinge than do the standards. The back side of the convex standards is also lighter and

more glistening than the front. The plant is very vigorous and blooms freely during a long season. I like to use Boreatton blossoms alone for the color effects. A mass of the flowers placed alone in a blue-green jar forms a very effective complementary harmony.

The Stanley is a slightly darker variety than Boreatton, with standards flat rather than convex, so that it is rather better in form. In mass, the general color is very similar in the two varieties. Unfortunately, Stanley does not bloom freely, differing markedly in this respect from Boreatton.

THE VIOLET AND BLUE VARIETIES.

At first sight one is likely to consider the Celestial sweet-pea identical with the Countess of Radnor. The shape of the flowers and the color tones are very similar. From appearances it would seem that one was a selection from the other, but the originators tell us that the Celestial has "been fixed after four years of careful cross-fertilization of the well-known variety Senator." In both sorts the newly-opened blossoms are of a delicate lilac tint, shading centrally more or less into lavender, while the older blossoms are a pure and delicate lavender. On a given tress the upper blossoms, which, as regards time of opening, are the younger, are lilac in color, while the lower flowers that have been open longer are lavender. On the whole, Celestial shows considerably more blue, though one can easily

select individual tresses of each variety in which the difference in color cannot be distinguished. Bunches of each placed side by side in a partially darkened room show the difference; while by artificial light it is still more marked, though the pink tones of both are then very much in evidence.

In form and texture of flowers, the Celestial and the Countess of Radnor are very similar, both being of the best hooded type. In both, the standard is frequently notched on the margin near the middle of each side. The blossoms of Celestial average a little larger and the plant appears to bloom more freely than the Countess of Radnor, the latter bearing only a moderate number of blossoms. In both varieties the plants are vigorous and the flower stems long.

The standard and wings of the Waverly variety form a pleasing, analogous harmony. The standard is violet red and the wings are red violet. The flower is of medium size and good in form, while the plant produces a moderate number of blossoms. The little pitcher shown at the left in Fig. 17 contains Waverly blossoms. The pitcher is flushed



Fig. 17.—A Study in Blue and Violet.

with lavender above, and forms with the blossoms a pleasing combination.

The Violet Queen is not a satisfactory sweet-pea. The flowers are small with the standard flat and red, the color fading toward the margins, while the wings are a poor violet red. The plant produces few blooms.



Fig. 18—Dorothy Tennant Sweet-Pea Natural Size.

The Etna sweet-pea has small flowers, similar to those of the Violet Queen, with the red better diffused over the standards. The plant of this variety also yields few flowers.

Dorothy Tennant is perhaps the best of the violet-red varieties. The plant is thrifty and vigorous, bearing the good-sized flowers freely. It combines charmingly with varieties like the Countess of Radnor and the Blanche Burpee. A single spray is shown, natural size, in Fig. 18.

The Emily Eckford is generally to be distinguished from the other violet varieties by the greater contrast in the colors of the standard and

wings. The former is red violet, while the latter are blue violet. In older blossoms there is more blue. The quality of the flower is good, as is also its form, but the plant blooms only sparsely, and the variety seems not sufficiently distinctive to be worthy of cultivation in small collections when we have the freer-blooming Dorothy Tennant to give nearly the same color tones.

The blossoms of the Senator sweet-pea are of good size and firm substance, with the standard hooded above and the wings recurved. The ground color is pale lavender, showing mostly near the margins on account of the red-violet pencilings and markings, which give the flower its prevailing color, that at a distance appears as violet. The wings are darker in their markings than the standard.

The variety called Princess of Wales is similar to the Senator sweet-pea in general color effect, having somewhat more blue in the wings. The flowers are of good size and form, and the plant grows vigorously and blooms freely. In this latter respect it is superior to the Senator variety, and as it appears to be certainly as good as that sort in every other way, it should have the preference.

It seems impossible for so coquettish a flower as the sweet-pea to assume a stately dignity, but the Gray Friar has gone farther in this direction than any other variety. The stems are strong and graceful. The blossoms are held well up, being of large size, firm in substance, and

of uniform appearance. The standard approaches perfection in form and curves, and the wings are good in size and shape. In color, the Gray Friar has a background of white, most conspicuous along the edges, nearly hidden by stippings and pencilings of beautiful mauve, varying, however, in occasional specimens to rose-purple on the one side and violet on the other.

The pitcher shown in the photograph is of a simple Japanese pattern, colored in subdued grays and browns. The Gray Friar blossoms look particularly well in masses.

The originators of the Juanita



Fig. 20—A Composition with Tanagra Statuette.

sweet-pea tell us that the variety is a selection from the Countess of Radnor, a statement frequently verified by the blossoms reverting to that variety. In form, substance, and length of stem, Juanita is all that can be desired. The color is white, with delicate pencilings of lavender. It is not a striking blossom, and in vases should be placed in a good light.

The New Lottie Eckford sweet-pea suggests the Butterfly in its form and color. When well grown, the blossom is of large size, the standard of one I have in hand measuring one and one half inches across the middle. The standard is considerably hooded. The wings are wide and quite horizontal with their front ends curving downward. Frequently the standard is double. In color, this Lottie Eckford is white at the bases of the petals, gradually assuming an increasingly deeper lavender hue



Fig. 19—A Mass of Gray Friar Blooms.

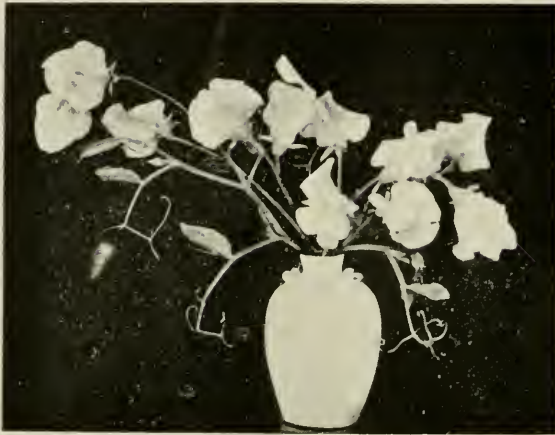


Fig. 21—New Lottie Eckford Sweet-Peas.

toward the outer edge, and the edges are fringed with a distinct line of lavender. This is a very charming variety, which one would be loath to omit from even a small collection. The jar shown in Fig. 21 is small, and of a general gray color, marked with a conventional blue design.

The Butterfly sweet-pea is a charming variety on account of the delicacy of its colors and the airy grace of its form. In both respects it resembles the New Lottie Eckford, which, however, is a considerably larger blossom. A mass of the Butterflies is quite unique in its fluffy effect.

The Captain Clarke is a tri-colored sweet-pea, but it is not very pleasing in its color effect. The standard is tinged with a light tint of violet red, especially on the front surface, while the wings are white, edged with a tint of blue violet. The flowers are rather small, with flat standards, but the plant blooms profusely.

The Captain of the Blues is one of the best blues. The standard

is red violet, merging into violet in the middle, while the wings are blue violet. The flower is large, of good form, and the plant is vigorous and blooms freely. Mr. Hutchins rightly calls this a "noble flower." The blossoms are very effective in vases having a tone of blue in their make-up, such, for example, as the one shown in Fig. 22.

THE CULTURE OF THE SWEET-PEA.

One reason why the sweet-pea is so popular is because it is so easily grown. It revels in the borders of the garden where many flowers would barely survive, and after being well started early in the spring and furnished with some support on which to climb, it only requires that its blossoms shall be frequently and regularly cut. The height to which the vines grow depends greatly upon the



Fig. 22—Captain of the Blues Sweet-Peas.

soil. In gardens favored in this respect it is often necessary to mount a step-ladder to reach the flowers, but, fortunately, excellent blossoms are produced when the plants grow to only a moderate height.

"If sweet-peas are to continue to bloom throughout the season, the soil must be rich and capable of holding moisture. A thin, dry soil will not grow good peas. In light soils it is well to apply a liberal dressing of manure to the soil in the fall, plowing it under very early in the spring; and in addition to this, a dressing of some concentrated fertilizer in the spring will be useful. But the chief thing is moisture. The land must be well and deeply fitted to increase its water-holding capacity. It is ordinarily advised to till the soil frequently after the peas are planted, until they begin to bloom, at which time all cultivation should cease. I do not believe that this is safe advice.

"The land becomes hard by constant tramping of visitors when the plants are in bloom, and the evaporation from the soil is thereby greatly increased. A heavy mulch of straw or litter may be placed on the soil when the plants begin to bloom, to conserve the moisture; but if the rows are far enough apart to allow of it, a frequent stirring of the soil all through the season with a horse or hand cultivator will be found to be the most efficient conservator of moisture. The plants also en-

dure dry weather better when thinly planted. . . . Deep planting also enables the sweet-pea to resist dry weather. It is a good plan to make furrows four or six inches deep, drop the peas in the bottom and cover an inch or so. Then as the plants grow,

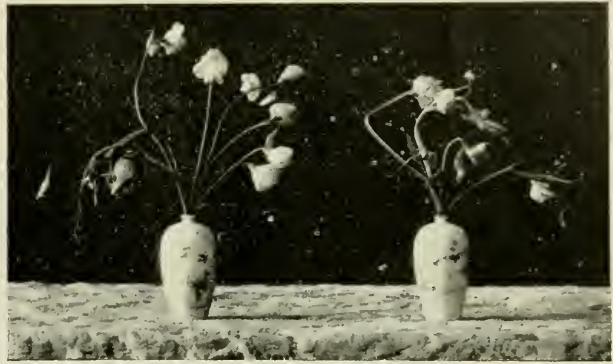


Fig. 23.—A Pair of Chinese Vases with Sweet-Peas.

the earth is gradually filled in about the plants until the furrow is full. If there is danger that these furrows will fill with water and hold it for some time, the peas should not be planted so deep, and the furrows filled at once. Early planting is also desirable. In this latitude (Ithaca, New York) we can plant as early as the first of April on warm soil,—that is, a month before hard frosts have ceased. The sweet-pea is a hardy plant, and the seed is not injured by much cold weather. I have known good results from planting the seeds in the fall, but this practice is unreliable in the Northern states. I doubt if it can be recommended with full confidence north of Norfolk. . . . If there are any secrets in the growing of sweet-peas they are these: A rich, well-prepared soil, early and rather deep planting, picking off the pods as soon as they form,

and the judicious selecting of seed and varieties."¹

It is necessary that commercial fertilizers be used sparingly and with care. Work the material thoroughly into the soil. I have seen many plants injured through the improper application of these fertilizers.²

Every lover of sweet-peas knows how lavish the plant is in the production of its beautiful blossoms. A small packet of seeds of any of the

annoyance. Some May morning, when one looks with eager eyes upon the slender plants bravely pushing upward, here and there a stem is found prone upon the surface, having been nibbled off just above the ground. If there is but one of the severed plants, be glad, and straightway dig carefully about the roots until an inch or so beneath the surface you unearth a fat and juicy-looking worm. 'Tis the culprit long



Fig. 24—A Study in Blue and Yellow.

better varieties will result in a surprising number of blooms during the season. The record kept by Mr. W. N. Craig, of the spikes cut from a row sixty feet in length of sweet-peas of several of the best varieties, showed these results: "June, 2,000; July, 17,600; August, 18,000; September, 6,400; October, 3,500; total, 47,500."

The cultivator of sweet-peas generally has few experiences to try his temper. But there is one vexatious enemy that frequently causes much

known in garden lore as the cutworm, although scientists will tell you that under this comprehensive sobriquet some scores of insects are confounded. But to you—as to the precious peas—it matters little whether the particular individual you have got after patient digging rejoices to be called *Agrotis subgothica* or *Peridroma saucia* or *Noctua clandestina*,—though probably the last name will seem to you most fitting. Let no guilty worm escape, but I leave to your discretion the particular manner of his taking off, and merely suggest that cutworms may be killed by means of chloro-

¹L. H. Bailey, "Bulletin 111," Cornell University Experiment Station.

²For further information regarding the culture of sweet-peas, consult Hutchins's "All about Sweet-Peas."

form, the guillotine, the stiletto, or the barnyard fowl, not to mention such time-honored methods as quar-tering, breaking upon the wheel, or the still more ancient one of bruising beneath the human heel.

Possibly it may comfort you to know that the cutworm came to the peas from the neighboring grass, where it spent the winter in a half-grown condition. In spring it feeds upon almost any sort of plants that are met with on its nightly wanderings. During the past season, I had

to fight these worms for three weeks, losing many plants of the choicest varieties. Fortunately, however, if the peas are well-rooted before cut off, they will send up new shoots, so that they are not wholly lost.

About the first of June our common species of cutworms become full grown. They then go a little deeper into the soil than is their wont, where each hollows out a cell in which it changes to the quiet pupa state. Two or three weeks later they emerge as night-flying moths.



THE PETERBOROUGH HILLS.

By Alice Elizabeth Rich.

I love these low hills in the green of the summer,
I love them in autumn's rich vesture of brown,
And oft in the spring do I worship in wonder,
As beyond their grey crests the great sun purples down.

Yet never so calm in majestic beauty,
Never so solemn, so strong, or so grand,
As when in the whiteness of beautiful winter
They tell me that God watches over the land.

As I look from the slope of Mount Vernon's quaint village,
I know that the valley and home lie below,
Yet I see but the sturdy white sentinels standing
With halos of grey in a roseate glow.

And I think if I ever lose faith in my brother,
Or stray from Thy love, O our Father divine,
I shall think of these proofs of eternal protection,
And come back to Thee, through these white hills of Thine.



Bird's-eye View of Francetown Village.

FRANCESTOWN.

By George K. Wood.



IN the heart of Hillsborough county, with the peaks and spurs of Crotchet,—the sparkling sources of the Piscataquog,—and a mineral vein of great celebrity within her boundaries, her annals written, her institution of learning as old as the century, Francestown, the birth-place and educator of high dignitaries in state and nation, in the year of hope 1897 may contribute much to literature and to history.

The majority of New England towns may be said to be fortunate in their founders and happy in their historians. We hesitate to assert that the historians of Francestown have contributed to her felicity, while we speak with confidence of the founders thereof, since they were intelligent, strong-featured Scotch-Irish from Londonderry, and enterprising hard-sensed English-Ameri-

cans from Dedham, Mass. The period of the settlement was favorable, since the colonists, who had for more than seventy-five years been battling with Indians and with Frenchmen, were taking breath, though they knew it not, for the

supreme struggle which was to come. Dedham had for more than a century been the mother of pioneer enterprises, but was still a crowded town, and Londonderry, although but fifty years of age and fully one hundred miles in area, was brimful of Scotch-Irish.

"Wild land" was then offered on very



Brennan Falls.

liberal terms, the consideration often being a certain quantity of grain, which was yet to be raised upon it. The land of Francestown was wild enough, being covered with forests and with rocks, those ruthless relics of the ice period, excepting the beaver-cleared meadows; but the English were foresters by descent,



Academy.

and to the Scotch cliffs and boulders and granitic fragments were not formidable curiosities, and with sledge and axe, crowbar and firebrand, they "cleared" a township. They labored in harmony, and they organized in harmony. They had brains. They meant right. Stubborn and grimly opinionated, we are wont to think them, but theirs was an example of a sacrifice for the common



Library Hall.

good, of race ideas and individual and sectarian preferences, at which modern advancement cannot scoff.

The eastern part of the town was the first to be settled. This was known as the New Boston Addition, being a second or additional grant to the town of New Boston; its western line was but a short distance eastward of our present Mill Village. The western section of Francestown



Village School-House.

was then a part of a large tract comprising what is now Greenfield, Antrim, Bennington, and Hancock, as well as western Francestown. It was best known as Society Land, although The Company Land and Cumberland were names applied to it. It seems for many years to have escaped both greed and grant.

In an old memorandum we read that John Carson settled on Meadow Point. No date is mentioned in this abbreviated account of the first settlement of Francestown, but Carson, who was a Scotch highlander, is believed to have been here as early as 1756. Meadow Point, on which he built his cabin, is the low but perceptible infringement of the solid earth

upon the meadow to eastward of the school-house in the Quarry district. The spot where the cabin stood is marked by a depression, and many dare to hope that a befitting mound or monolith will some day do honor to the spot where was built the first white man's dwelling in Frances-town; but, since no soldiers' monument graces the common, and the old village cemetery has few of the ideal essentials of hallowed ground, they wait.

John Carson endured much here and also in Hillsborough, he being one of the little company who made a beginning in that town long previous to the settlement on Meadow Point. The old Starrett tavern, or



Unitarian Church.

ton, where the body of his wife had lain for nearly twenty years, the burial party following with much toil and difficulty the courses of the streams, but neither mound nor stone marks the spot where the first pioneer of Frances-town lies buried.

John W. Carson, formerly of Mont Vernon, but now a resident of this town, is a descendant of John Carson, the settler.

Samuel Nichols, a Scotchman, a



Harvey N. Whiting.

Sleeper house, on the high land to the westward, was in after time his home. He was, doubtless, a very useful man in the newly-settled country, since he was a mill-wright and superintended the equipping of several of the mills earliest erected here as well as in Hillsborough. He died in 1792, and his body was drawn upon a large hand sled to the old Smith burying-ground in New Bos-



George D. Epps.



George K. Wood.



Dr. John P. Rand.



Dr. N. W. Rand.



Edwin D. Stevens, M.D.



Col. Smith A. Whitfield.



Capt. Horace E. Whitfield.



Rev. Henry S. Ives.



Rev. W. F. Place.



Thomas L. Bradford, M.D.



Dea. Levi B. Bradford.



Hon. Frederick A. Hodge.



Hon. Geo. W. Cummings.



Maj. Augustus H. Bixby.



Ernest P. Bixby, M.D.



Joseph S. Bixby.



Levi Bixby.

friend, perhaps a kinsman, of Carson, was the second settler. He began upon the George Lewis or McCaine place in 1760, the land being given him by Carson. His son John was the first white child born in Frances-town. On the McCaine place is still seen the great apple-tree set out by Samuel Nichols, which measurement shows to be more than sixteen feet in circumference.

David and Isaac Lewis were doubtless the first settlers from Dedham. They were brothers, and were enter-

Whiting, great-grandson of Zachariah, is the last to perpetuate the family name in Francestown.

The settlements thus far were in the Addition, since it was a part of an incorporated town, but about the year 1768, William Butterfield, John Dickey, Robert Hopkins, and Samuel Mac Pherson, all Londonderry men, and the Sleeper brothers, Benjamin and Nathaniel, from Hawke, now Danville, built cabin homes in the Society Land part of future Francestown. Shortly after, William



Crotchet Mountain and Pleasant Pond.

prising men. A third brother, Asa, came here a few years later. David Lewis built the first sawmill as well as the first corn mill in town, thus utilizing the water-power in Clark village. The three brothers were almost constantly in town office.

Caleb Whiting, also from Dedham, was living on the Whiting farm as early as 1765. He died in this town in 1770, his death being the first in town, and his estate passed into the hands of his brother Zachariah, in 1771, "& in the eleventh year of his Majesty's Rein." Harvey N.

Starrett, a Scotch-Irishman, although from Dedham, opened a tavern in the Carson settlement.

The tax list of 1772 has a brave showing of Scotch-Irish names, a majority of the earliest of the settlers being from Londonderry. The town was incorporated in 1772, deriving its name from Frances, wife of Governor Wentworth, and that same year voted to build a meeting-house. The frame of this building was raised in 1775, but it was not completed until after the Revolution.

The ecclesiastical history of the



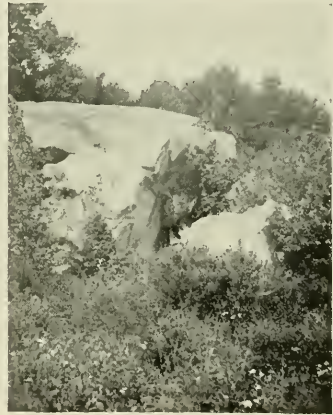
Gate at Pleasant Pond.

town begins even later, when the Scotch Presbyterians and English Congregationalists, both of whom had held religious meetings, though without a permanent pastor, succeeded in settling Rev. Moses Bradford, in 1790. The meetings referred to were held in dwellings, or more often in barns, the women being seated upon the hay, and the men struggling to maintain a Christian frame of mind upon plank seats and cross timbers.

Even the early churches were places of great discomfort, the pews being built for durability, and stoves

(until 1821) being considered very dangerous innovations. The first church stove in Francestown was purchased by a few progressive church-goers, who, upon their own responsibility, placed it in the meeting-house. It worked so well that the opposition to it grew hot, and a special town-meeting was called. In the meantime, some pretty cold weather, for which the stove party had been praying, made the stove popular. Its draft may not have been perfect, but it drew votes, although people were not allowed to fill their foot-stoves from it.

We shiver at the thought of our fellow-creatures sitting for hours on a New England winter's day in a great, rudely finished building, with



Indian Rock.



Goss Hotel

no suggestions of heat save those derived from certain doctrinal features of the preacher's discourse. The old "noon house" must have made church-going more tolerable. This was a small building which for years stood a short distance to eastward of the church. Since this house had a large fireplace it must have been indeed a haven to those who repaired

to it during the noon hour, and as an intelligence office it was doubtless indispensable. The people of Frances-town were then church-respecting people, the congregations and Sabbath schools being noticeably large.

In the decade following, the incorporation settlers came in little bands, and communities were established upon the hills of Francestown. The



The Lewis Mills.



Congregational Church.

Fishers from Dedham and Sharon contributed materially to the population. Dr. Thomas E. Fisher and Deacon Moses B. Fisher are of those old families. The four Bixby brothers from Litchfield were an addition from more than a numerical standpoint. Several Patches from Beverly settled here and in Greenfield. Of this family we have Hiram Patch and his sons, Edson H. and Charles A. Patch, all of whom the town has more than once intrusted with office. John Knight and Benjamin Deane, coming from Dedham, built on the heights of Oak Hill, and Samuel Barnet, still more aspiring, began the Wilson place on the mountain. On Driscoll hill, Israel Balch, from Beverly, Mass., was the head of a nu-

merous family, of which Mason H. Balch is a resident representative. The Eatons, Bradfords, Batchelders, Pettees, Fairbankses, and Fullers scarred Bradford hill with their clearings, and the Cochrans and Manahans thrived upon their chosen elevations.

The population of Francestown in 1790 was 980, and the succeeding ten years brought a large increase. The Lords, Morses, and Follansbees were here previous to that year, and not long after, a colony from Pepperell, of Nuttings, Kemps, and Shattucks, in-



Bixby Box Shop.



Clark Box Manufactory.

creased the population of our northern border. On Driscoll and Bullard hills were pleasant hamlets, where now is neither roof nor hearthstone.

In those years, to Driscoll hill came William Draper, known in the traditions and literature of the town as Lying Draper, from which one may infer that he was a man untried by the tragic episode of Ananias and Sapphira; but whatever he was from an ethical standpoint, he was certainly the author of many ingenious and amusing fictions, some

of which are still in print, though not credited to Lying Draper, who was in most instances the envied hero of his innocent fabrications. He it was who raised a turnip so large that a lost sheep wintered in it, having eaten out the inside for physical sustainment. He at one time pursued a fox, which, running around a small elevation, by craft and celerity eluded him, but which he finally killed by bending his gun barrel and shooting "round the hill." It was either Draper or Jesse Glover, a rival liar, who, hearing one night a flock of geese flying over his dwelling, seized his gun and fired up the chimney, with such timely precision that six of the fowl came tumbling down the chimney upon the embers of his capacious fireplace. He was known to be inconsistent, since one of his stories was that he was one day, with others, haying on Driscoll hill, when a wild deer came out of the woodland, and, being pursued by the hay-makers, plunged into a snow bank, and was captured. Of course snow banks were never common features of our landscape in haying time—but genius hath its weakness.

It may be seen that nearly all of the town offices are filled by members of the old families of the town. John M. Morse, chairman of the board of selectmen, is of the fourth generation from Captain Timothy Morse. Levi M. Bixby, third upon the board of selectmen, is a descendant of Lieut. Thomas Bixby. James T. Woodbury, town clerk, is of the Woodbury family. George E. Downes, town treasurer, is of the third generation from



Town Road Team.

Edward Downs, who settled here in 1796. Edwin W. H. Farnum, of legislative honors, is a great-grandson of Peter Farnum, a settler and a Revolutionary soldier. Pacific L. Clark, postmaster, is a grandson of Daniel Clark, from whom Clark Village received its name. Charles F. Sleeper, our unflinching tax collector, is a descendant of Benjamin Sleeper. Martin L. Colburn, second selectman, is of the Colburn family of New Boston, and George H. Richardson, our capable road agent, is also of recent importation.

The merchants, too, are of the old stock. Deacon Amasa Downes, proprietor of one of the largest and best of country stores, is a younger brother of George E. Downes and of Samuel D. Downes, so long and prominently connected with the affairs of the town. Charles B. Gale, who maintains the reputation of the Long store, is a grandson of Dr. Thomas Eaton, in his day one of the foremost men of the town, and one of the few professional men capable of farming extensively with profit.

The military history of Francestown, like that of most New Hampshire towns, is very creditable. The Revolution found her poor in purse and young in years; but she met the emergency of the times with readiness and intelligent patriotism. Nearly every able-bodied man in the township was ready to march to the scene of hostilities when the call to Lexington reached southern New Hampshire. Strong contingents of Francestown men fought at Bunker Hill and at Bennington, and, ere the



Francestown Soapstone Quarry.

war closed, 117 soldiers were credited to Francestown, there being scarcely a family in town without representation upon the Revolutionary rolls.

Thirty-one men from Francestown were in the War of 1812, and in the War of the Rebellion 107 men were sent to the army from this town. Francestown long had a recognized place in the militia, having for a number of years one of the crack companies of the state.



Mill-dam at Lewis Mills.

Among those who served in the War of the Rebellion, we may mention Col. Smith A. Whitfield, who, after a remarkable military career, was postmaster at Cincinnati, and in Harrison's administration first assistant postmaster general; Major Augustus H. Bixby, who has an enviable record as a cavalry officer; Lieut. Daniel P. Bixby, also of the cavalry; Elias A. Bryant, who lost a limb in the service; Serg. James H. Ferson, killed at Petersburg; Serg. Henry J. George; William R. Mar-

"Mid wars, and waves, and combats keen
That raged on land and sea."

The year 1800 saw the completion of the second New Hampshire turnpike, which was built from Amherst to Claremont, a distance of fifty miles, at a cost of \$80,000. The intention of the incorporated company which planned its construction was that it should be straight, and when one follows its course to-day over some of the steepest hills in southern New Hampshire, he admires the fidelity of the builders rather than the good



An Old-time View of the Village.

den, who died of disease; Major Horace E. Whitfield, brother of Col. Smith A. Whitfield; Serg. Charles F. Stevens, who died of disease; Charles F. Sleeper, severely wounded at Petersburg; Jesse P. Woodbury, assistant paymaster in the navy; Addison S. Dodge, who died of disease; Orderly Serg. George N. White, wounded at Middleboro' Gap; Charles A. Barrett, who also served in the Crimean War, and at Balaklava saw the direful charge of the "Noble Six Hundred," and afterward witnessed the storming of the Redan and the Malakoff. He is indeed, a man who has been

sense of the projectors of the thoroughfare, for, if a divergence was made, it was surely in favor of some soul-trying ascent, which now reminds us of the Latin quotation, *Id iter ad astra*. (This is the way to the stars.)

Still it was an improvement upon the old town and county roads, even from an engineer's standpoint, and afforded a means of commercial intercourse second only to a waterway, if not to the later-constructed railway, and met with the general approval of the towns through which it ran. There was, however, much personal objection to it here, as well



Clarence B. Roote.



Sylvester H. Roper.



Edwin W. H. Farnum.



George D. Epps.



George F. Pettee.



George Kingsbury.



Oliver Butterfield.



Charles A. Vnse.



Luke W. Preston.



Arthur G. Preston.



Hon. George C. Preston.



Daniel R. Henderson.



George R. Smith.



A. J. George.



Charles Patch.



Edson H. Patch.



Pleasant Pond.

as in other towns, since it often cut diagonally through the splendidly cultivated five-acre and ten-acre lots, which were then the pride of New England farmers, and purposely favoring no one, was in other ways an injury to many.

Not a few of the objections to the road were, however, as puerile as were those published in England a quarter of a century later, in opposition to George Stephenson's projected railroad from Liverpool to Manchester, when it was prophesied in sober print that it would prevent cows grazing and hens laying; that the poisoned air from the locomotives would kill birds as they flew over them, while the streaming flames and showers of sparks would cause a general conflagration along the route.

Here, as in England, contractors were annoyed by the mis-

chievous and malicious, for in instances the work of a day was undone in the "peaceful hours of night." One of the most substantial of Francetown's citizens, whose home was hardly a stone's cast from the new thoroughfare, to the end of his days, it is said, stubbornly refused to travel upon it, even to church, and farms were sold and homes secured in dis-

tant places, so objectionable was the "turnpike road."

But the village, then only an attenuated hamlet along the old county road, began to grow. Two years later, a new meeting-house having a "Cubelo on its Bellcony" was erected, and dwelling-houses and stores multiplied, but the principal street, despite disadvantages of location, followed the turnpike as it extended northward.

A view of the village from the



Ephraim W. Colburn.



" Haunted Lake."

Woodbury hill is one of looming gables and of "wharfings" so high and vast that a stranger might conclude, as did the Hibernian regarding the crag-surmounting castles of feudalism, that they were built "to puzzle posterity," when, in truth, the two old highways were responsible for the seemingly erratic choice of building sites.

The second New Hampshire turnpike, though not altogether well received in the outset, brought to Frances-town singular prosperity for at least half a century. The amount of travel upon the new road was remarkable. Stage lines were established; taverns trebled in number; even an extensive wholesale mercantile business was for years carried on in this town.

At this day we have but to mention the names of the veteran

landlords, John Gibson and Judge Parker, and of the enterprising merchants, Clark and Dodge, to awaken many a dormant memory in the minds of the old-time residents, and by their aid and fancy's indulgence, we may see placid old Francetown a centre of trade and a depot of travel, her stores and taverns blockaded by the olden vehicles of traffic and transportation, her toll-gates open wide to

long lines of ponderous teams and canvas-covered market wagons from the northland, from either bank of the Connecticut and from the slopes of the Green Mountains, processions rivaling in extent and picturesqueness the historic caravans of the East. Whoever is called upon to write of those old days can but regret that the din of the heavy wheels of a now almost extinct commerce, and the rhythmic rumble of brightly-



Elm before the Residence of D Webster Duncklee



Francestown Stage.

painted Concord coaches, the crack of the hundred whips of nerry drivers and hilarious teamsters were so soon and so signally silenced by the thunder of the steam cars and the whistle of the earth-revolutionizing locomotive.

About the time of the completion of the turnpike, the young town was given another impetus in prosperous courses by the discovery of a vein of soapstone of unrivaled quality, and in extent then unestimated. This mineral (steatite) is in composition largely silica and magnesia; it is little affected by heat, is adhesive, "cuts like cheese," and takes a fine polish.

Old gazetteers credit Francestown with two quarries of soapstone (would

that she had ten times that number!). but she had then and has now only one, the Fuller quarry, the stone of which was doubtless discovered by Daniel Fuller, the elder, although John Carson, who first lived upon the farm, is said to have made some allusion to the softness and worthlessness of the stone thereon; and Joseph Guild, who, for a time, was a joint owner of the land with Fuller, is sometimes spoken of in connection with the truly valuable find.

From antiquarians we learn that



Mt. Crotchet No. 1.

the Indians utilized soapstone, notably in the making of kettles or boiling pots; but, there being no evidence that they had a knowledge of this particular deposit, the fame of its discovery must remain with the white man.

The allusion to another quarry may have had its origin in the fact that Daniel Clark once owned and worked a part of the vein discovered by Mr. Fuller. The stone seems to have made its own way in the estimation of the mineralogist, as well as the manufacturer, since it was quite early said to be "the best known," "the best in the world," etc. It was extensively used for sizing rollers in



Edson H. Patch.



Woodbury Homestead.

factories, and for stoves and hearths. Its present uses are numerous, and despite many nominally rival quarries, the superiority of the Francestown stone is still unquestioned.

The teams that bore the blocks of soapstone to Boston were made to do a double duty, bringing back at low rates, dry and West India goods, Medford rum, and peach brandy, and other essentials of old-time living, thus enhancing the mercantile facilities of the town.

The value of the mineral in the market, together with the finding of goodly fragments within the town's boundaries, has given rise to much conjecture and some prospecting. Mr. Fuller is said to have asserted that in going from his home to the village he rode over soapstone of great amount and value; an assertion that present geological knowledge and the drill of the quarryman seem

state, but evidently in grain and composition identical with that of the Fuller vein, and prospectors, farmers, and fishermen have from time to time reported the finding of pieces of true soapstone on the slopes and in the narrow valleys leading thence southward, which has naturally given rise to the supposition that there are prolific outcroppings somewhere among the ledges of Crotchet, which, like Captain Kidd's



Milton G. Starrett.



Starrett Homestead.



Frank G. Clark.



Col. Hiram P. Clark.



Pacific L. Clark.



Hon. Levi Woodbury.



Charles F. Sleeper.



Maud H. Sleeper.



Annie M. Morse.



John M. Morse.



Ephraim W. Colburn.



Martin L. Colburn.



Mrs. Hannah Fitts.



Dr. Franklin Fitts.



George A. Duncklee.



Emma J. Duncklee.



Mrs. J. T. Bixby.



Emma Frances Bixby.

treasures, are waiting to be found. Perhaps the most romantic feature in connection with the mountain's hidden store was the finding, some years since, of a veritable soapstone door-rock, beside an old cellar hole on Bullard Hill, a southeastern spur of Crotchet. It was evidently hewn with an axe, or some like implement, and this, and the fact that the house, the site of which is marked by the cellar hole, was erected before the opening of the Fuller quarry, are sweet morsels to the speculative. Although pick and powder were used upon the partially decayed deposit before mentioned, nothing



Pacific L. Clark.

came of it, and even systematic boring in the vicinity divulged nothing save a few pieces of very good soapstone deep in earth, the result of the drift period; the belief was at once advanced that the fragments of stone found here, as well as the much talked of boulders in the southern and southwestern parts of the town, were borne from the Fuller vein by glacial action, which is scientific enough, but not conclusive.

The Fuller quarry, almost a century old, is now the property of a company of which Gen. Charles Williams, of Manchester, is president. Its pit is 140 feet in depth. The



Morse Homestead.

vast amount of stone excavated has not been removed without hazard. It was here that Frank Dumas, a young Frenchman, was caught by a sudden slide of the rock and borne down and held beneath the water of the pit for fully fifteen minutes, when to the surprise of his rescuers, his fellow-workmen, he was found to be alive. He, however, in after time, by an act of recklessness, lost a limb near the scene of his former thrilling experience. Here also Daniel R. Henderson received the terrible injuries which caused the amputation of his hands. Work is now conducted under the supervision of Mr. T. N. Wheelock, who is, perhaps, without a rival in soapstone quarrying.

No other source of mineral wealth has as yet been developed in Fran-



George A. Duncklee



Dr. George H. Bixby.

cestown. The old gazetteers, however, mention the graphite found (but not in paying quantities) in the northern part of the town. Very good specimens of this mineral are readily procured on the farm of William Follansbee, where it was discovered in considerable amount, many years ago, and where it has not yet been proved to be valueless. Black tourmaline and hornblende are found here and there in the town, but the prospector and mineralogist find little of value, interest, or beauty even after long rambles with hammer and chisel.

Francestown very early in her history led her sister towns in educational interests and enterprises. Here again Scotch intelligence harmonized with English sense; for in spite of

the limited resources of those early days, especially during the Revolution, the almost rigorous school laws of the colonial period were evidently respected. Only six years after the incorporation of the town, money was raised by tax for school purposes, and even earlier, in 1771, a private school was taught in a house once occupied by Andrew Dennison, near where is now the residence of Edmund L. Hill. At that time the heads of families were wont to give their children much useful if not liberal instruction



Maj. Augustus H. Bixby.

by the fireside, a practice which the present gilt-edged methods of teaching do not in every way encourage.

The school of 1771 was doubtless the first in town, but the first school-house was not erected until eight or ten years later, when a low, poorly-finished structure was built a trifle westward of the location of the present academy building. In this was taught, we do not know how many years, the town school. In 1806, when the division of the township into nine school districts was consummated, Francestown had 210 school children. In 1814, the winter schools of the town boasted 450 pupils. Later the town had twelve districts, two of which were union



Mrs. T. E. Bixby.

districts, and this is nominally its present number.

In the olden time the schools were comparatively large. In one not over-populous district, sixty scholars attended during a winter term, twenty of the number being furnished by two families. Great fellows long past their minority were enrolled upon the registers of those days, strong fellows, too, bucolic roughs whose demands upon the teacher's muscles exceeded that upon his brain tissue; but few traditions of reckless and riotous insubordination in the little crowded school-houses of Francestown have come down to us from that period when an hour-glass and a war club were quite proper educational symbols in rural New England.



Hiram Patch.

Among the early teachers of much local celebrity was Ann Orr, whose unique methods of discipline and soul-sustaining tea-pot received copious notice in the history of the town. Here, too, taught Clark Hopkins, the "John L." of the profession, sixty years ago. He it was who once on beginning a school of limited repute (in an adjoining township) informed the scholars that he had ordered twenty coffins which he should proceed to fill from the ranks of the unruly, which doubtless caused young



John L. Shattuck.

teeth to chatter. For years many of the older scholars were sent during the winter term to the academy, the town paying their tuition. This method of sustaining the academy, assisting worthy pupils and relieving the schools in which the scholars were overnumerous, was regarded with much favor.

In connection with schools and school matters, the legacy of \$1,000 given by Hon. Levi Woodbury should be mentioned. This fund enables the school-board to expend \$50 annually for books to be given as prizes to ambitious pupils. This is a truly valuable incentive to the children of the town, and in a majority of households the prize books of the past are cherished and exhib-



William A. Lord.



Elias A. Bryant.



Dora Sargent.



George Sargent.

ited with pleasurable pride. The number of schools the present year is six, the new system being fairly popular. The school buildings now in use are five in number. In the old brick academy, which has of late been much improved, some sixty pupils are accommodated. The upper room, which is still academy property and in which the grammar school is taught, is, in its appointments, furnishings, and appliances excelled by few country school-rooms, the plank desks and benches hacked by the jack-knife of a future president having long ago succumbed to modern ideas of comfort and taste. From the windows of this room may be obtained a view pleasing and inspiring if not inspiring, which is not always to be had even in the best

located school buildings of our own New England. The lower room has also been renovated of late. Here the primary school is taught by Miss Minnie M. Tobie, daughter of Daniel B. Tobie, who, after years of very acceptable service in Massachusetts,



Jesse P. Woodbury.

returned to bring the results of a large experience to bear upon the juveniles of her native town.

The extreme southeastern part of the town was last year favored with a new school building. Here Miss Mary A. Pettee, daughter of George F. Pettee, is fully sustaining the family reputation in educational lines.

The brick school-house in No. 4 is still in demand, the school there being under the progressive supervision of Miss Carrie M. Downes, daughter of Harlan P. Downes.

District No. 8 also retains the dig-



George G. Sargent

nity of having a school, which has of late been successfully taught by Miss Mabelle A. Colburn, daughter of Martin L. Colburn.

Number 1, the mountain district, is still No. 1 in much. Here Miss Emma F. Bixby, daughter of the late Thomas E. Bixby, has just completed her initial work—good work, too,—as a public school teacher.

All of these teachers are residents of Francestown and received their education in her institutions of learn-



Nathan Chandler.

teaching, literary tastes, and up-to-date ideas give her recognized prominence among our local educators; George R. Smith, who has served with credit upon the board of selectmen, and has entered upon his second term as a school official with unimpaired popularity.

We find the name of George F. Pettee in so many time-browned registers and finger-soiled prize books, that it seems necessary to make some mention of him in our sketch of schools and school-board. Mr. Pettee's reputation as a most capable town officer, a dispenser of good stories and genial jokes, may be enduring, but as an incomparable S. S. C. he will be longest remembered. Not farther back in school history than the fifties, the sworn duty of many a committeeman was to awe the teachers, depress the



Old Noon House.

ing. The same may be said of the members of the school-board. The principal of the academy is also of Francestown, and a graduate of the institution of which she is now the head.

The present members of the school-board are George K. Wood; Miss Annie S. Clark, whose many years of



James T. Woodbury.



Mrs. James T. Woodbury.



Mrs. Jesse Woodbury.



Carrie M. Downes.



Annie A. Downes.



Elsie B. Downes.



Mary A. Pettee.



Harriet M. Bryant.



Mary L. Bryant.



Mabelle A. Colburn.



Annie S. Clark.



Minnie M. Tobie.



Jennie G. Dodge.



Maria A. Richardson.



Annie E. Hulme.



Jennie E. Shattuck.



Carrie M. Cochran.



Mary C. Willard.



Susie H. Lorge.

scholars, and reap a fair harvest of fright and demoralization. Mr. Pet-tee, himself a teacher, and with much of that good-will toward the young of which so many stand in need, builded better, and to him more than to any other man should the profitable character of our schools for more than a quarter of a century be credited.

We do not know just how many hundred school teachers Francestown has given to the world, but perhaps the family of Harlan P. Downes may be considered the banner family of the town in recent years, since seven of Mr. Downes's daughters have triumphed in the calling. The por-



Sewell Brown.

cessfully for several years, reading law the while with Hon. Samuel Bell. He is known to have had thirty scholars, one of whom was Levi Woodbury.

The Francestown High school, although it grew in favor, was sadly in want of a suitable building until 1819, when the "Old Brick Academy" was completed, and the same year, Samuel Bell being governor, and Titus Brown in the legislature, an act incorporating "The Patrons and Proprietors of Francestown Academy," was passed almost without opposition. The corporation organized late in the year 1819, choosing Peter Woodbury, president; Titus Brown, clerk; Samuel Hodge, treasurer, and after "much correspondence and enquiry," Mr. Sim Ingersoll Bard was employed "to instruct the Academy," for six months. Mr. Bard proved competent and was popular, and the



A. J. George.

traits of three of the seven may be seen upon our pages, Annie A., Carrie M., and Elsie B. The faces of other popular teachers also appear.

The history of Francestown as an educational centre dates back to 1801, when Alexander Dustin, a graduate of Dartmouth, taught, in the town school building, a school of advanced grade. The idea of maintaining this school seems to have had its birth in the school law of 1719, which compelled towns to have grammar schools. This law was repealed in 1789, but left an aspiration for higher educational privileges in Francestown. Mr. Dustin, in spite of very scanty facilities, taught suc-



Hiram P. Clark.

academy leaped into prosperity with eighty-four pupils, young Franklin Pierce of Hillsborough being of the number. During the succeeding twenty years, the academy continued to prosper, although it was for short periods a school "for ladies only."

In 1841 the little brick academy was too small for the institution, and the second story of the "old vestry"

teen years succeeding the year 1841, —Rev. Horace Herrick, Rev. Harry Brickett, Mr. Henry E. Sawyer, and Mr. Sylvanus Hayward. Under Mr. Herrick the institution gained a new lease of life, and during the seven years of Mr. Brickett's service enjoyed a period of unparalleled numerical prosperity, there being 136 pupils in a single term. Mr. Hayward was also a popular teacher; many of his pupils were quite mature in mind and years, and under him the academy ranked high indeed. He was succeeded by Dr. M. N. Roote, a gentleman of genuine



Amasa Downes



George E. Downes.

was finished and furnished for its use, the ancient building having been moved from the north side of the common to where the academy now stands. It was burned in 1847, and the present building was immediately built by subscription, "every man in Francestown," and many women, contributing.

Four popular principals guided the destinies of the school during the fif-



Samuel D. Downes.

scholarship, and he in turn was succeeded by Charles E. Milliken, who taught during the year 1858. Samuel B. Stewart was principal during the spring and fall terms of the following year, after which Dr. Roote was again placed at the head of the school, and so remained two years.

In 1862, Frank G. Clark took charge of the academy and was its principal five years, his wife being preceptress. At this time the future of the institution was not promising. For more than sixty years it had been building principle, developing intellect and stimulating intelligence

in Francestown, but now its fortunes, ever fluctuating, seemed in permanent decline. Schools more favored, locally and financially, were her rivals, and young people for a considerable attendance seemed wanting; but in the fall of 1862, Mr. Clark took command "in person," and the following five years were among the most profitable and the most vigorously progressive in the history of the old institution. The school bell was heard afar off, and an awakening to a consideration of educational possibilities became general in all the neighboring towns. More

oratory were of the heroic order. Reports of battles, of victories and reverses, of siege and surrender were themes always real, often exciting. The relative ability of commanders and the advisability of movements and marches and measures were subjects of frequent and not always calm discussions. Soldiers were going to the front or returning on furlough:



Harlan P. Downes.



Hon George W. Cummings



N. H. Wood.

than three hundred students were in attendance during those five years, there being more than 130 in a single term.

Francestown was then full of young life. Scholars, "men and women grown," walked—marched in platoons through her streets. They gave a zest, and spirit, and fresh features of interest, to entertainments, and public meetings, and, crowding the galleries of the old meeting-house on the Sabbath, would have been a source of inspiration to any preacher.

Three of those five years were years of war. The literature and

military trappings and equipments were common to the eye, and war songs and martial music were in the air, and the students caught the spirit of the hour. The debates in the crowded lyceums were often animated, and were generally more sulphurous than logical, and frequently people living in the neighborhood of the academy, without effort, got the benefit of the rhetorical. On one

occasion, after a vigorous discussion, "actual hostilities" on the common were prevented by interference both wholesome and timely. The reconstruction acts passed immediately after the war also engendered strong feeling, and were fruitful in callow political effusions and semi-intellectual "mix-ups," in the academy.

Through all, the school waned not, but rather grew in numbers and standing. The times seemed natural, as, of course, they were, and they gave opportunities for actual



Mrs. Emilie Henderson.

development, as well as display, that in an era less rugged would have been wanting. Rivalries were for the most part generous and transient, and friendships were never more firmly established. There was withal a pleasurable interest, an excitement in school-going to which the surviving students of those five years love to revert. Never has the discipline and instruction in Francestown academy been better than during those five years, and never has the regard of students for teachers been of a more appreciative and enduring character.

During Mr. Clark's term of service the academy received by endowment more than four thousand dollars, and its library was greatly enlarged.

Among the principals who have since been successful, Mr. Henry S. Cowell, a graduate of Bates, held the most conspicuous place, since he brought the school into great prominence, having, during his stay of seven years (1876-1883), a very large attendance. The students of Mr. Cowell have held periodical reunions here, which are occasions of enthusiastic enjoyment.

Charles S. Paige, a graduate of Tufts college, and a student under Mr. Cowell, was also a popular principal. He is now master of the High school in Bristol, Vt.

Of the hundreds who have gone from Francestown with gratitude to her institution, we can mention but a



Fred A. Prescott.

few. George H. White, for years a professor in Oberlin, was a student under Mr. Clark, as were the following: Dr. Thomas L. Bradford, prominent among the physicians of Philadelphia, and the compiler of the "Homeopathic Bibliography of the United States;" Clarence B. Roote, a man of superior scholarship, now principal of the High school in Northampton, Mass.; A. J. George, A. M., who has become distinguished as a teacher of English literature and an editor of a goodly number of celebrated literary works; in March last

he delivered an address before the Phi Beta Kappa society of Yale, the subject being "The Educational Value of Literature;" George C. Preston, representative and state senator; and Frederick A. Hodge, who has filled a seat in the state senate of Minnesota. Among those who came later are: Ernest P. Bixby, of the medical profession; Milton G. Starrett, who was graduated from Tufts college, was a tutor in that institution, and has since, in Brooklyn and New York city, taken high rank as an electrical engineer; Dr. N. Wheeler Rand, of Monson, Mass., and his brother, Dr. John P. Rand, of Worcester, Mass., both of whom have attracted attention in the literary world. The brothers have recently published a volume of "Random Rimes," which will be found to abound in quaint and pleasing poems of unquestioned merit.

The town library, though not founded by the fathers, has its place side by side with the schools and churches of the town. The original library or nucleus, which later assumed goodly proportions, had its inception in the strong and intelligent interest of a few right-minded individuals in a rising generation.

The very beginning was made by Miss Mary C. Willard, about the year 1846, through whose efforts a small literary club, later known as "The Home Circle," was organized, the original members of which were,—Miss Mary C. Willard, Mrs. Samuel B. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Bixby, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McCaine, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel P. Bixby.

At this time the cabinet shop of Mr. Willard stood where is now the

library building. In this was the post-office, Miss Willard being post-mistress, and in this the first case of books, purchased with the proceeds of entertainments conducted by the club and of the liberal contributions of its members, was placed, and a small circulating library, of which Miss Willard was librarian, was thus established. The books selected were of the best, and the library grew in volumes and in favor.

In 1868 the new library building was erected, and seven years later, the library, under favorable stipulations, became the town's property.

Perhaps we shall not find a better place to mention that Miss Willard has contributed many volumes to the library, and in other lines shown her interest in whatever is good and progressive. She it was who presented to the district the large and beautiful flag that floats from the staff of the village school-house.

We shall be charged with an omission if we fail to speak of the Social library, incorporated June 15, 1805, which was said to be an excellent library. It was kept in the office of Titus Brown, and was burned in the great fire of '55.

The Francetown Savings bank is the last of three kindred institutions which have flourished in Francetown. Since 1851, the banking business of the town has been considerable. In 1863, the bank of 1851 was reorganized under the title of the First National bank of Francetown. It was a matter of much regret when, in 1891, it was voted "to discontinue business." The Francetown Savings bank was chartered in 1868. It cannot be said to have escaped the financial depression of the times.

Francestown has a Congregational church, of which Rev. Henry S. Ives is pastor; a Unitarian church, of which Rev. W. F. Place is pastor; a grange (Oak Hill grange), of which Edson W. H. Farnum is master; a Masonic lodge (Pacific Lodge, No. 45), of which George K. Wood is master; a very efficient fire engine company, of which Edson H. Patch is foreman; a good cornet band, led by Bertram C. Epps; and minor organizations.

Francestown village, with its tasty residences, its broad street shaded by immense maples, and its historic landmarks, is a delight to all visitors. Here is seen the Woodbury mansion, occupied for nearly a century by members of the family, in which was born Levi Woodbury, whose reputation as governor of the state, United States senator, secretary of the navy, secretary of the treasury, and a judge of the supreme court of the United States, gives him a high place in our nation's history. One may still see the large, square front room in which as a young lawyer he began a career which doubtless would have led to the presidential chair, had it not been cut short by death.

Here, too, is the Esquire Brown house, built in 1827, under the supervision of the wife of Hon. Titus Brown, while that gentleman was in congress.

It may here be said that at that period Francestown had a remarkable representation at Washington, one of the six congressmen from New Hampshire and both of her senators being by birth or residence Francestown men.

Midway on the street is the late home of Charles A. Vose, who sur-

vived the wreck of the large ocean steamer *Central America*, an extended account of which is given in the "History of Francestown."

Farther up the street, under the maples, is the house in which Sylvester H. Roper, one of the most celebrated of New Hampshire's inventors was born, and across the way is the fine residence of Ephraim W. Colburn, prominent, who in a town of different political complexion would fill its highest offices.

Just above is the cottage so tastefully finished by Daniel R. Henderson, who was a most popular door-keeper in the house of representatives at Concord in '93 and '95, and was a candidate for sergeant-at-arms in '97, to which office he would most probably have been elected had he not been stricken with disease which terminated in death but a few days previous to the assembling of the legislature.

Near by is the handsome residence of Hon. George W. Cummings. Although extensively engaged in business, Mr. Cummings has never refused to devote his fine abilities to the interests of town and state. He has served one term in the house, two in the senate, and is now a member of the council. His political future may be said to depend largely upon his aspirations.

The residence of Jesse P. Woodbury, formerly the Congregational parsonage, has still an interest to old residents of the town. Mr. Woodbury, its present owner, is a nephew of Hon. Levi Woodbury, and by profession a lawyer. We have previously mentioned that he was an assistant paymaster in the navy during the War of the Rebellion.

The large brick house built by Lawyer Haseltine is also a prominent landmark. It is now the home of the family of the late Thomas E. Bixby.

Every old town in New Hampshire has its relics of past industries. Francestown abounds in them. The streams were of course larger than at this day, but the apparent greed with which even the small brooks were "harnessed" for the inconsiderable water-power within their channels seems almost pathetic. In streams that now after a few weeks of summer sunshine will not float a trout, one will find remnants and ruins of mill-dams and wheel-pits of timbers, and of quaint mill furnishings, some of which may represent industries quite as old as the town.

Besides the inevitable sawmill were the cabinet shop, the nail factory, the fulling-mill, the grist-mill, the wheelwright shop, the box shop, the oil-mill, and besides these a potash factory, an earthenware factory, and tanneries almost beyond enumeration. Indeed, it would seem that there was a proud struggle to divert Francestown from agricultural courses and convert her into a manufacturing town.

It was natural that the south branch of the Piscataquog should have been selected by David Lewis, and quite as natural that it should prove the only stream of considerable account. Mr. George G. Sargent now operates a sawmill and grist-mill where David Lewis began, and does a large and profitable business. Mr. Sargent is one of the most stirring and prosperous of Francestown's citizens.

The Clark box manufactory is owned by Hiram P. Clark and his

son, Charles H. Clark, who really furnish the only goods manufactured in Francestown. They are among the stable men of the town, and, although members of the party not especially fortunate of late, have had a surfeit of office. Hiram P. Clark was chairman of the board of selectmen "in war time," when for a Democrat to be elected in Francestown meant much for the man.

Franklin B. Starrett and his son, Willie C. Starrett, are Mr. Sargent's chief rivals in the lumber trade, possessing as they do an adaptability for every branch of their business.

George D. Epps, whose residence and blacksmith shop are on the borders of Clark village, is well known throughout the state. He has filled many town offices, and three years ago was the Populist candidate for governor.

George A. Duncklee, also of Clark village, has dealt extensively in cattle. He has been frequently in town office, and has twice filled a seat in the legislature.

'Twere long to tell of the scenery of Francestown, although hills in ranges, and ridges in commanding lines with the indolent Piscataquog and its shallow, rapid tributaries between, would, if there were no ponds and no mountains, supply the most of it.

But, happily, there are ponds, yes, and a mountain, and Pleasant pond has its surrounding highlands, its sandy beaches, its moraine-strewn borders, with great Indian Rock Jumbo of boulders near its busy outlet, if it has not the gruesome traditions, the geological enigmas, and the low-lying shores which characterize popular little Scoby.

But in Crotchet mountain the sons of Francetown glory most. This mountain, when seen from the northern hills, is perhaps at its best, since one there sees the entire northern side of its curving ridge and twin central peaks. Seen to southward, its appearance is most inspiring, standing, as it does, dark against the sky, a single pinnacle at its western terminus. A road has been built up the northern side, so that one can ascend without weariness and enjoy a view, in certain features said to be unequaled in southern New Hampshire.

Crotchet mountain has known severe vicissitudes since the white men came to settle upon its spurs

and slopes. In August, 1854, the most extensive forest conflagration in the history of the county swept over its entire surface, leaving neither trees nor herbage, and long it stood, a massive, blackened monument to man's most useful and most destructive agent. Quimby makes the height of this mountain 2,223 feet, but later surveys have given to it an altitude of 2,066 feet. We are satisfied with the results of either survey, for we know that science has not taken from its height one cubit, that it is just as lofty and just as grand as when, from the eastern highlands, John Carson gazed upon it ere he built his lonely cabin on Meadow Point.

OUR NATIVE STATE.¹

By Dr. J. P. Rand.

Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire,
 We are gathered here to show
 Homage to a common birthplace
 And the days of long ago.
 We were born where rugged mountains
 In stupendous grandeur stand,
 Taught the lessons of our childhood
 From the book of Nature grand.
 So to-night we wander backward,
 Through the scenes of youth elate,
 To repeat the matchless glories
 Of the grand old Granite State.

Others may have greener pastures,
 Broader wheat-fields, richer mines,
 Valleys decked in orange blossoms,
 Hillsides twined with budding vines;
 For the pride of old New Hampshire,
 And the products of her ground,
 Are not corn and coal and cattle,
 Which in every state abound,

¹ Read at the Decennial Reunion of the New Hampshire Association, Worcester, Mass., Feb. 12, 1889.

But each rocky farm and hillside
Is producing o'er and o'er
Crops of noble men and women
Nothing less, and—little more!

So, if I should ask the question,
Which upon the streets is trite,
"What 's the matter with New Hampshire?"
You would tell me, "She 's all right."
And she is. From every quarter
Comes the proof of what I write—
From her narrow belt of ocean,
From her mountains capped in white,
From the sacred spot where Webster
First beheld the morning light,
Comes the answer, comes the echo,
"Old New Hampshire is all right."

Where are found such scenes of grandeur?
Look upon Franconia's height;
See the "Old Man of the Mountains"
Standing there in silent might,
Minding not the heat of summer,
Caring not for winter's night—
Symbol of New Hampshire's greatness;
Yes, "New Hampshire is all right."

Glad am I of such a birthplace,
Proud am I of such a state,
Rome upon her hills of glory
Never was more truly great.
Never Roman more exultant
O'er the spot that gave him birth,
Than am I that in New Hampshire
First I saw the light of earth.
And each rolling year increases
My devotion to that land,
Tints the memories of childhood
With a beauty truly grand,
Till the halls of recollection
A full gallery appear,
And no picture there so precious
As thine own, New Hampshire dear.
O New Hampshire, we extol thee!
Grandest, noblest, dearest state;
Well may all thy children call thee
Queen among the thirty-eight!

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER XIV.

THREE AFFAIRS OF INDEPENDENT AND IMPORTANT INTEREST.

I. "*The Storming Column*" or "*Forlorn Hope*."

The day after the last assault on Port Hudson, June 14, was a gloomy one, and was passed by the troops in burying such of their dead as had been brought off the field, in caring for the wounded, and in estimating the various losses and casualties that had befallen our army.

It was during that day, too, that General Banks issued his famous order, No. 49, calling for volunteers to constitute a "Storming Column," or "Forlorn Hope," as it was called. Those volunteers were to assault Port Hudson, as was expected, at the point of the bayonet, and the place for this attack was to be not far from the extreme right of our army. The following was the order issued:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.
NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS.

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, LA., June 15, 1863.
GENERAL ORDER NO. 49.

The Commanding General congratulates the troops before Port Hudson, upon the steady advance made upon the enemy's works, and is confident of an immediate and triumphant issue of the contest. We are at all points upon the threshold of his fortifications. One more advance, and they are ours.

For the last duty that victory imposes, the Commanding General summons the bold men of the Corps to the organization of a Storming Column of a thousand men, to vindicate the

Flag of the Union and the memory of its defenders who have fallen! Let them come forward!

Officers who lead the Column of Victory in the last assault may be assured of a just recognition of their services by promotion, and every Officer and Soldier who shares its perils and its glories shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of the campaign of 1863 for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name shall be placed in General Orders on the Roll of Honor.

Division Commanders will at once report the names of the Officers and Men who may volunteer for this service, in order that the organization of the Column may be completed without delay.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.
RICHARD B. IRWIN, Asst. Adj. Gen.

Col. Henry W. Bridge was assigned command of the "Storming Column," having for his staff Capt. Duncan S. Walker, assistant adjutant-general, and Lieut. Edmund H. Russell, of the Ninth Pennsylvania Reserves, acting signal officer.

The hearts of some of the bravest and most patriotic of our men were moved, as might be expected, by the reading of this order, but the hearts of others equally brave and patriotic, who had been taking into account the entire situation of affairs, so far as it could be taken into account by them, were not moved. Indeed, the order failed utterly to awaken any enthusiasm in the hearts of the majority of the army. On the contrary,

it elicited much unfavorable comment, and in some instances, severe criticism.

Two months earlier, 5,000 men, at least, would have volunteered unhesitatingly for that service. But the outlook had changed. And who will say there were not the best of reasons for taking a different view of affairs?

Certainly, from our present point of view an attempt to carry out the order of General Banks would have been unwise and even foolhardy. Not one good reason can be advanced for supposing that the assault contemplated by the "Forlorn Hope" would have brought results different from those that followed the attacks of May 27 and of June 14. Our ranks had been depleted, and our men were more debilitated than they were at those earlier dates. And besides, we were feeling the discouragement and chagrin of a double defeat.

And further, if that proposed assault had been made and had resulted disastrously, there is every likelihood that Gardner would have been emboldened to attack us in front, while Logan and possibly Green, after crossing the river, would have made an assault upon us in the rear. If that had been done, the chances were many fold that Gardner, as we have suggested, would have dictated terms of surrender to Banks instead of Banks dictating them to Gardner.

We are fully aware of the fact that efforts have been made to excuse the two assaults that had been made and the third one that was proposed, on the ground that a large number of the troops in the Nineteenth army corps were nine-months' men whose

time of enlistment already had expired or was about to expire, and that their withdrawal would so weaken the army that the troops remaining would be forced to raise the siege and return to New Orleans.

But the great majority of those nine-months' men never would have left General Banks in such distress, and he must have known it. There were some of those men who without complaint already had overserved their time, and some of them, including those of the Sixteenth, had signified their intention, without regard to their term of enlistment, to remain until the peril then threatening our army was past.

We ought in all fairness to add that doubtless the peril threatening New Orleans, which was at that time very great also, may have influenced Banks in making the assault on Port Hudson.

Under date of July 4, 1863, General Emory wrote thus to Banks:

"I respectfully suggest that, unless Port Hudson be already taken, you can save this city [New Orleans] only by sending me reinforcements immediately and at any cost. It is a choice between Port Hudson and New Orleans."

But the risk of a third assault, we insist, was too great, notwithstanding the peril threatening both Port Hudson and New Orleans, for in case of failure, the then existing perils would have been multiplied many fold.

General Banks doubtless was gratified that his appeal met a noble response, nearly nine hundred men immediately enlisting for the perilous undertaking.

Soon after its enrolment, that volunteer company "The Storming Co:-

umn" went into camp at the north of Port Hudson.

June 13, General Banks, in expectation that the assault was about to be made, addressed in the following words quite a company of the officers and men of the "Storming Column," who had assembled for that purpose near headquarters:

"Soldiers! As I look in your faces, I read suffering; I see marks of trial; and yet I see determination—patience! No soldiers ever had a nobler record than those who compose the Army of the Gulf. Beginning with nothing, it has created itself, until it is far superior in power to any army of its size in the United States.

"You have actually marched more than five hundred miles, scattered the enemy to the winds wherever you have found him; utterly destroyed his army and navy, and now you hold him captive for the last and greatest triumph. Never were you called to nobler duty than that now resting upon you.

"Open the Mississippi river, give joy to the country and receive shouts of joy such as have never been borne to any branch of the Union army, and the reward God ever gives to those who go forth to defend the country's rights.

"A little more than a month ago, you found the enemy in the open country far away from these scenes. Now he is hemmed in and surrounded. A few days ago we could see neither bastion, parapet, nor citadel.

"Now all is changed! Our guns range all over the works. We stand here and look over at the enemy face to face. It was when we were at a

distance, when we had to cover the labyrinth of ravine, hill, and bayou, that our brothers fell in large numbers.

"Our position is one now of perfect safety in contrast. Look about you; right, left, front, and rear, our flag is on the threshold of his works. What remains is, to close upon him, and secure him within our grasp. We want the close hug! When you get an enemy's head under your arm, you can pound him at your will. Let us go in then, and he can never beat us back. The hug he will never recover from until the Devil, the arch rebel, gives him his own!

"All about me I see written determination, will, courage, that will conquer! And who does n't know that our cause is the best under the sun?

"Whenever the tidings of our triumph goes forth, you will hear a shout such as you never heard. We hear that the rebel army is moving North from Virginia, spreading out into the borders of the states beyond the Potomac. This will necessarily depress those at home.

"But how will their hearts be cheered, and how will they shower their blessings upon you when they hear the news of your triumph! Your names will be entered upon the archives of your country; art will perpetuate your struggles.

"This siege, the coming struggle, and victory, all will be carried down to posterity. Their pride will be that their friends were present at the conflict that results in the opening of the Mississippi.

"You deserve rest! You have earned it; but I must ask you with power and force to finish the work you commenced April first at Ber-

wick. Make a record for yourselves and children, and then take the rest you have earned. I have come to ask you to prepare yourself for the last great struggle.

"Go forward with ordinary exhibition of spirit and strength, and victory is yours. The enemy of your country will be your captive. Your flag will wave over the battlements of Port Hudson. Open the Mississippi river, and the rebellion is at an end. Your fathers, mothers, sisters, all will hail the news with delight and bless you forever. You have suffered deprivations, you have made great sacrifices; but after it comes glory, and after glory, rest! Buckle on the armor then, make this one more great exertion.

"I assure you, in the name of the president of the United States, that you can confer a favor no greater upon your country than this! No appeal that I can make can express the importance of this movement. Give us one more effort, and we will whip the enemy until desolation shall leave him as naked as the vulgar air."

In this address, as it must be confessed, Banks, as the saying goes, put his best foot forward, and made out a case quite as strong as the facts would warrant; indeed, stronger in some respects, as every soldier who was there before Port Hudson and who had been a careful observer, must have felt.

The fourth of July, 1863, was decided upon for that final assault. Accordingly, on July 3, Generals Banks, Weitzel, Grover, Granger, Emory, and several of their staff officers, and the officers of many of the regiments, visited the camp of

the "Forlorn Hope" and received messages from the boys for the "dear ones at home." Good-bys and farewells were sorrowfully exchanged, for no one could reasonably expect that any of those volunteers, if the attack were made, would escape death, wounds, or Confederate prisons.

General Banks on that occasion addressed the volunteers, saying suggestively among other things, that when their ranks were broken they would better go to their several tents, write letters to their friends and loved ones at home, and then rest in preparation for the duties of the morrow.

The assault was to be made at daybreak, and they, poor men, were promised that they "should eat breakfast inside the Rebel works."

The long roll was sounded at half past two in the morning, and each member of the "Storming Column" silently took his place in the line, ready to meet the bloody fate that surely awaited him if the attack were made.

General Banks and staff soon after appeared. He rode down the line and back, then to a point near the centre, where he halted. Hat in hand, he then saluted the men. He next deliberately drew from his breast pocket a despatch from General Grant announcing the fall of Vicksburg, and in a most impressive manner read it to the troops.

General Banks then said to the volunteers that in view of the fall of Vicksburg, the contemplated assault would be postponed until further orders. Fortunate providence! We had been spared another sacrifice.

The men retired again to their

tents. Many of them having passed a wakeful night, quickly fell asleep, and dreamed, and woke not to the horrid din and roar of battle and scenes of carnage, but to honorable mention, which they certainly deserved.

When at length the "Forlorn Hope" had the merited honor of leading the other troops as they entered Port Hudson to take possession after its surrender, no one was inclined to raise an objection.

The Sixteenth regiment contributed to the "Forlorn Hope" the following officers and men: Company A, Corporal Daniel C. Dacey; Company B, Private Edward J. Wiley; Company C, Lieutenant Edward J. O'Donnell, Corporal Clinton Bohannon, and Private Asa Burgess, Company F, Lieutenant Edgar E. Adams; Company H, Captain John L. Rice; Company K, Corporal William A. Rand and Private Rufus L. Jones. The name of Corporal Rand appears first on that roll.

While according all praise to those brave men of our own regiment, and to their comrades from other regiments, we cast no reflections upon those who declined to answer the call

of General Banks. There was no lack of courage, but many of our men believed there would be simply another waste of life with nothing gained by the assault. If ordered to make an attack, our troops would have obeyed, but they did not care to volunteer in what seemed to them to be a hopeless and useless undertaking.

As everybody who knew anything of the department of the gulf will acknowledge, no more courageous men ever stood in the ranks of an army than those who composed the Eighth New Hampshire and the Fourth Wisconsin regiments. Yet only three men from the former and only one from the latter regiment, volunteered in that last proposed venture against Port Hudson.

We may add that the months and years of delay in giving to those brave and patriotic volunteers the memorial that was promised at the time, is a well-nigh unpardonable neglect on the part of the United States government. What duty is more imperative than for a government to fulfil its pledges to those who offered themselves in sacrifice to preserve the Union?

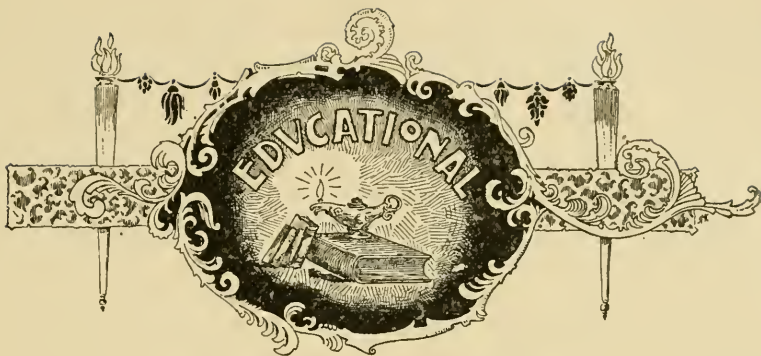
NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[To be continued.]

COURAGE.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

The bright clouds bring no rain,—
 Ah! When 't is dark the stars shine out;
 So, dear friend, why complain?
 Why harbor grief or doubt?
 Despair not in the darkest hour;
 God to be God must speak with power.



Conducted by Fred Gowling, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

MY PEDAGOGICAL CREED.¹

By W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

Having been asked to write a brief statement of my educational creed, I set down what I consider to be important principles, without, however, taking the pains to arrange them in any systematic order. Many years ago, on being asked for a definition of education, I described it as the process by which the individual is elevated into the species, and explained this brief and technical definition by saying that education gives the individual the wisdom derived from the experience of the race. It teaches him how his species, that is to say, mankind in general, has learned what nature is and what are its processes and laws, and by what means nature may be made useful to man. This lesson of experience is the conquest of nature.

The second and more important lesson is, however, derived from the experience of human nature—the manners and customs of men, the motives which govern human action and especially the evolution or development of human institutions, that is to say, the combina-

tions of individuals into social wholes. By these combinations the individual man is enabled to exist in two forms. First, there is his personal might, and second, there is the reinforcement which comes to him as an individual through the social unit, the family, civil society, the state, the church. The individuals endow the social unit in which they live with their own strength, and hence the strength of the whole institution is far greater than that of any individual. In fact, the combined strength is greater than the aggregate of the individual strengths which compose it. Ten Robinson Crusoes acting in conjunction are equal not only to ten individual Crusoes, but to ten times ten.

It follows from this view of education (as a means of fitting man, the individual, to avail himself of the knowledge of his species or race obtained through two kinds of experience) that I must set a very high value on the accumulated wisdom of the race. I must think that the man as an uneducated individual is infinitely below man as an educated in-

¹ Reprinted from *The School Journal* of June 26, 1897.

dividual. I must think, too, that a system which proposed to let the individual work out his education entirely by himself—Kaspar Hauser style—is the greatest possible mistake. Rousseau's doctrine of a return to nature must also seem to me the greatest heresy in educational doctrine. But with this educational principle so far as stated above, one does not have any protection against a wrong tendency in method which may be justified on the ground that the contribution of the social whole is the essential thing, and the contribution of the individual the unessential thing. Keeping in view that essential thing, educational method is prone to neglect too much the individual peculiarities, and above all to undervalue the self-activity of the pupil in gaining knowledge. It does not consult the likes and dislikes of the pupil, and cares little or nothing for his interest in his studies. It is content if it secures the substantial thing, namely, that the individual should learn the wisdom of the race and the lesson of subordinating himself to the manners and customs of his fellow-men. It is content if it makes him obedient. He must obey not only the laws of the state but the conventional rules of etiquette. Above all, he must obey his parents, his teacher, and his elders. This requirement of obedience carried out to the extent demanded in China, and to a less degree in monarchical countries of Europe, and in this country until very recently, is based on a too exclusive contemplation of the social ideal as the chief object of education, and I hasten to add the statements needed to correct its incompleteness.

DEVELOPMENT ACCORDING TO SELF-ACTIVITY.

II. All education is based on the

principle of self-activity. The individual to be educated has the potentiality of perfection in various degrees, and can attain this by his self-activity. A material body or a mechanical aggregate of any kind can be modeled or formed or modified externally into some desirable shape. But this external molding is not education. Education implies, as an essential condition, the activity of a self. It follows from this that while the end of education must be the elevation of the individual into the species, that this can only happen through the self-activity of the individual.

I saw this principle clearly before I saw the entire principle to which it is a part, namely the relation of the individual to society. I can readily sympathize with scores of my friends and companions in education who see this principle of self-activity, but have not yet arrived at the insight into that function of self-activity of the individual which is to so act that it may reinforce itself by the self-activity of institutions or social wholes.

Following this necessity of the individual I believe that the greatest care should be taken not to arrest the development according to self-activity. Any harsh, mechanical training will tend to arrest development of the child. There is for human beings, as contrasted with lower animals, a long period of helpless infancy. This long period is required for the development of man's adaptations to the spiritual environment implied in the habits, modes of behavior, and the arts of the social community into which man is born. Professor John Fiske has shown the importance of this fact to the theory of evolution as applied to man. It is the most important contribution which that doctrine has made to pedagogy. If the child is at

any epoch of his long period of helplessness inured to any habit or fixed form of activity belonging to a lower stage of development, the tendency will be to arrest growth at that standpoint and to make it difficult or next to impossible to continue the growth of the child into higher and more civilized forms of soul-activity. Any over-cultivation of sense perception in tender years, any severe and long-continued stress upon the exercises of the memory will prevent the rise of the soul into spiritual insight. I therefore distrust many of the devices invented by teachers of great will power to secure thoroughness of learning the studies in the primary school.

THREE STAGES OF THINKING.

III. My doctrine of rational psychology holds that there are three stages of the development of the thinking power. The first stage is that of sense perception, and its form of thinking conceives all objects as having independent being and as existing apart from all relation to other objects. It would set up an atomic theory of the universe if it were questioned closely.

The second stage of knowing is that which sees everything as depending upon the environment. Everything is relative and cannot exist apart from its relations to other things. The theory of the universe from this stage of thinking is pantheistic. There is one absolute unity of all things. It alone is independent and all the others are dependent. They are phenomenal and it is the absolute. Pantheism conceives the universe as one vast sea of being in which the particular waves lose their individuality after a brief manifestation.

The third stage of thinking arrives at the insight that true being is self-active

or self-determined. It is, therefore, self-conscious being and is above intellect and will. Inasmuch as intellect is in its essential nature altruistic, or that which makes itself its own object and gives objective being to others, it follows that its view of the world sees the necessity of presupposing a divine reason as the absolute which creates in order that it may share its being with others in its own image.

According to my thinking, the most important end of education is to take the pupil safely through the world-theories of the first and second stages, namely, sense perception and the relativity doctrine of pantheism up to the insight into the personal nature of the absolute. All parts and pieces of school education and all other education should have in view this development of the intellect.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY AND THE MORAL WILL.

IV. Corresponding to this elevation of the intellect up to the point where it sees true being to be self-active is the doctrine of the moral will which should be reached by the method of discipline adopted by the school. Intellectual insight is the highest result of the theoretical training, and a moral will is the highest result of the practical side of school education. The kindergarten work treats with the requisite degree of tenderness the early manifestations of will power in the child. It gradually develops in his mind the necessity of self-restraint for the sake of coöperation with his fellow-pupils. He must inhibit or hold back his tendency to act without respect to the requirements of the work of the kindergarten. There develops in the child the power of self-control for rational ends.

The discipline of the elementary school builds up in a very powerful manner the sense of individual responsibility. Each child feels that he is responsible not only for what he does intentionally, but what he neglects to do in the way of performing school duties. This is the most powerful influence which a well-disciplined school exercises towards the production of character. The child subdues his likes and dislikes, adopts habits of regularity, punctuality, silence, and industry. His industry takes the form of two kinds of attention, first, the critical attention to the work of the class and the criticisms of the teacher, and second, to the mastery of his own set task by his unaided labor.

Every self-active being is a will in so far as it lifts itself out of the chain of causation, in which it finds itself in nature, and acts in such a way as to modify this chain of action in accordance with its inclinations or ideas. It can originate modifications in the chain of causality and thus become responsible for the series of effects which flow from his action. It becomes a moral will when it is conscious of this power of origination; it knows itself responsible. Immersed in mere feeling, in mere likes and dislikes, interests and antipathies, it is not a moral will, although it originates new causal series in the world. But it becomes conscious of its responsibilities when it observes in itself the power to inhibit or hold back the chain of causality in which it finds itself, and resist its inclinations and the force of its habits. It can absolutely refuse to act, and this demonstrates its absolute freedom. Freedom does not mean the power to do everything, for that is omnipotence. It means the power to refuse to transmit external im-

pulses and forces by lending them its efforts.

ADJUSTMENT OF INDIVIDUAL TO SOCIETY.

V. School education and all education is a delicate matter of adjustment, inasmuch as it deals with two factors, spontaneity and prescription. The latter tends to determine the whole individual by the requirements of the social whole. The former tends to make the child a bundle of caprice and arbitrariness by giving full course to his spontaneity or self-activity. The concrete rule of pedagogy is to keep in view both sides, and to encourage the child to self-activity only "in so far" as the same is rational, that is to say, in so far as his self-activity enables him to reinforce himself with the self-activity of the social whole, or, to put it in another way, it enforces prescription upon the child only in so far as the same is healthful for the development of his self-activity. Every pedagogical method must, therefore, be looked at from two points of view, first, its capacity to secure the development of rationality or of the true adjustment of the individual to the social whole, and secondly, its capacity to strengthen the individuality of the pupil and avoid the danger of obliterating the personality of the child by securing blind obedience in place of intelligent coöperation, and by mechanical memorizing in place of rational insight.

I believe that the school does progress and will progress in this matter of adjusting these two sides. But I find and expect to find constantly on the road to progress new theories offered, which are more or less neglectful of the delicate adjustment between these two factors of education.

PROGRESS TOWARDS FREEDOM.

VI. I believe that the school as it is and as it has been, is and has been a great instrumentality to lift all classes of people into a participation in civilized life. I believe that the world progresses and has progressed towards freedom. In this respect I think that every form of civilization that has prevailed in the world has some important light to throw upon the questions of pedagogy. On the whole, our new and newest education is better able to help children whose souls are imprisoned in their bodies and who are dull and stupid. The education of to-day knows better than the education of yesterday how to arouse such children by the application of devices that stimulate their interests and self-activity. It knows, too, better how to hold back the child who is filled with selfishness and teach him to subordinate his self-seeking to the interest of the social whole. More than the child of Europe, Asia, or Africa, the American child is precocious in will power. In improperly conducted kindergartens one sees very often two or three bright children monopolize the attention not only of all the other small children but also of the teacher. Such child gardens remind us of kitchen gardens choked with weeds.

THE FIELD OF CHILD-STUDY.

VII. Finally, a word in my creed regarding child-study. I have hoped and still hope from the child-study movement a thorough investigation of the question of arrested development. In view of what I have said above regarding the long period of helpless infancy and of the importance of keeping the child open to educative influences as long as possible, it becomes necessary to ascertain the effect of every sort of

training or method of instruction upon the further growth of the child. For instance, do methods of teaching arithmetic by the use of blocks, objects, and other illustrative material, advance the child or retard him in his ability to master the higher branches of mathematics? What effect upon the pupil's ability to understand motives and actions in history does great thoroughness in arithmetical instruction have; for instance, does it make any difference whether there is only one lesson in arithmetic a day or one each in written arithmetic and in mental arithmetic? Does a careful training in discriminating fine shades of color and in naming them, continued for twenty weeks to half a year in the primary school, permanently set the mind of the pupil towards the mischievous habit of observing tints of color to such an extent as to make the mind oblivious of differences in form or shape and especially inattentive to relations which arise from the interaction of one object upon another? Questions of this kind are endless in number, and they relate directly to the formation of the course of study and the school programme. They cannot be settled by rational or a priori psychology, but only by careful experimental study. In the settlement of these questions one would expect great assistance from the laboratories of physiological psychology.

Notwithstanding my firm faith in the efficiency of the school to help the child enter upon the fruits of civilization, I am possessed with the belief that to the school is due very much arrested development. Not very much success in this line can be expected, however, from those enthusiasts in child-study who do not as yet know the alphabet of rational psychology. Those who cannot discriminate the three kinds of thinking

are not likely to recognize them in their study of children. Those who have no idea of arrested development will not be likely to undertake the careful and delicate observations which explain why certain children stop growing at various points in different studies and require patient and persevering effort on the part of the teacher to help them over their mental difficulties. The neglected child who lives the life of a street Arab

has become cunning and self-helpful, but at the expense of growth in intellect and morals. Child-study should take up his case and make a thorough inventory of his capacities and limitations, and learn the processes by which these have developed. Child-study in this way will furnish us more valuable information for the conduct of our schools than any other fields of investigation have yet done.



DR. GEORGE F. FRENCH.

Dr. George F. French, who died July 15 in Minneapolis, was born in Dover, October 30, 1837. Upon graduation from Harvard Medical school, he entered the United States army, it being then in the early part of the Civil War. He went to Alexandria, Va., where he was made assistant surgeon and placed on the personal staff of Gen. U. S. Grant at Vicksburg. Later he was attached to General Sherman's command, and placed in charge of organizing field hospitals. When Sherman took his memorable "March to the Sea," Dr. French was with him as surgeon-in-chief to the First Division, Fifteenth Army Corps. He resigned from the army in June, 1865, and was breveted lieutenant-colonel one month later, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Portland, Me. In 1875, he was appointed instructor of physiology and lecturer in dermatology in the Portland Medical school. He was one of the original staff of the Maine General Hospital. He removed to Minneapolis in 1879. In 1886 he became professor of gynecology in the Minneapolis Hospital College. He was appointed president of the State Examination Board in 1887, and in 1890 he was president of the Minnesota Academy of Medicine.

BENJAMIN F. QUINBY.

Benjamin F. Quinby died suddenly at Goshen, Ind., July 17. He was born in Concord, and was educated in the old celebrated academy at that place. He was 62 years old. Mr. Quinby went to Chicago in 1853, and for several years was engaged in the real estate business. For the past twenty years he had been connected with Fuller, Fuller & Co. Before going to Chicago, Mr. Quinby engaged in the wholesale grocery business, and then went to Philadelphia, where he remained some years. He was very active in scientific matters, and was one of the oldest and most active members, and at one time president, of the Illinois State Microscopical society of Chicago. He was also a member of the Academy of Science of Philadelphia, and also of the Royal Microscopical society of London.



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THE AMERICAN-IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

By John C. Linchan.



HAT this is an age of societies, colonial, revolutionary, racial, and otherwise, goes without saying, and the very newest in existence is the one made the subject of this article. It was organized in Boston, in the historic banqueting room of the Revere House, on the evening of January 20, 1897. The object of the formation of the society is well put in its constitution. "Believing that the part taken in the settlement, foundation, and up-building of these United States, by the Irish race, has never received proper recognition from historians; and inspired by love for the republic, a pride in our blood and forefathers, and a desire for historic truth, this society has met and organized.

Its mission is to give a plain recital of facts, to correct errors, to supply omissions, to allay passions, to shame prejudice, and to labor for right and truth. While we, as loyal citizens of this republic, are earnestly

interested in all the various phases of its history, we feel that we should be false to its honor and greatness, and recreant to our own blood, if we did not make a serious effort to leave to those generations which will follow us, a clearer and better knowledge of the important work done by men and women of the Irish race on this continent. People of this race born on Irish soil, have been here from the first, prompted in their flight by the motives common to all emigration, dissatisfaction with the old order of things, and the resolve to obtain a freer and better life in the new land, under new conditions.

And so we have come together—natives of Ireland, American sons of Irish immigrants, and descendants of immigrants, even unto the seventh, eighth, and ninth American generations—to duly set forth and perpetuate a knowledge of these things. In the days to come that lie in the womb of the future, when all the various elements that have gone, and are going, to make the republic

great, are united in the American—the man who in his person will represent the old races of earth—we desire that the deeds and accomplishments of our element shall be written in the book of the new race; telling what we did, and no more; giving us our rightful place by the side of the others. To accomplish this is the

index of the course that will be followed.

There will be no antagonism of the other races that are blended in the American of to-day, but there will be an earnest effort to have placed on record the part taken in the establishment of this nation by natives of Ireland and their descendants. From the earliest period, so far as there is any record, colonists and immigrants to Ireland, as well as their descendants, whether Scandinavians, Saxon, Norman, or otherwise, became in time "more Irish than the Irish themselves," just as their descendants here, from the very first, have been American of the Americans. They, as well as the descendants of the Gaels, loved Ireland, and that love found expression in the names of the towns founded by them, in this, as well as in the other states of the Union.

They loved each other, and their friendship shaped itself in the formation of societies bearing names peculiar to the land of their birth, which they organized in communities whose residents differed from them in blood. The historian of Antrim wrote that when Rev. Mr. McGregor and his associates came to Nutfield, there were many more of the same race and faith remaining in Boston. There they built their first church in 1730. It was known for years as the Irish Presbyterian church. The historian mentioned said that its first pastor was the Rev. John Moorhead, but he did not mention this fact, viz.: that in 1737 these same people, all bearing names of the same character, and nearly all of the same creed as the first settlers of Nutfield, met on March 17, St. Patrick's Day, and



Rear-Admiral Richard Worsam Meade, U. S. N.

First President of the American-Irish Historical Society.

purpose of this our organization; it is a work worthy of the sympathy and aid of every American who can rise above the environment of to-day and look into the broad future. Fidelity, truth, honor, are the watchwords of such a purpose, and under their noble influence should our work be done." This is a broad platform, and its unanimous adoption is an

celebrated Ireland's national holiday by organizing a benevolent association called "The Irish Society."

None but Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen, or their descendants, were eligible to membership. Among the charter members were the father and uncle of Gen. Henry Knox. The General and his son were members and did not sever their connection with the society when the General removed to Maine. The Rev. John Moorhead was one of the first to join it after its formation, and for a hundred years after, it bore on its roll the names of the leading Irishmen and their descendants resident in Boston. The seal of the society bore the arms of Ireland.

Its annual anniversary has always been held on St. Patrick's Day, and for over a century a Catholic and a Protestant clergyman, representing the two creeds of the Irish people, have been present as guests of the society. James Boyd was its president in 1837, and delivered the centennial address on the occasion of its one hundredth anniversary. He was a Presbyterian. In his address he alluded to the sentiment, which was then finding expression among some of the descendants of the founders of the society, that their ancestors, although born in Ireland, were not Irish; but for himself, and for the society, he repudiated such statements. The founders of the society were Irish, and it was a vain effort to rob them of their nationality. He was Irish, as they were; and he was speaking on their behalf, as well as on his own. The spirit of this good man was transmitted to his son. Eighteen years later, in 1855, the first and only Know Nothing gov-

ernor of Massachusetts, disbanded four companies of the state militia, composed of men of Irish birth or parentage, on the ground that they could not be trusted with arms, on account of their nationality. Col. John C. Boyd, son of the ex-president of the Irish Society, was a member of the governor's staff. He was a prominent merchant, and was



Hon. Edward A. Mosely.

Secretary Interstate Commerce Commission.
President-General, Washington, D. C.

well known in business and social circles.

On the day following the publication of the order disbanding the companies, he sent a letter to the governor, resigning his position, for the reason that being of the same nationality, he, too, was unworthy of the place to which he was appointed. The governor promptly replied, informing him that his order was aimed only at those Irish who were of the

Catholic faith, and not at men like him who were Protestants. Colonel Boyd published the governor's letter, and his own reply, which insisted on the acceptance of his resignation, as he considered he was as Irish as those who were Catholics, and resented the insult to his nationality.

When the Civil War broke out, Governor Gardner not only failed to respond to the call for troops, but allied himself with the party which was opposed to its prosecution. The men whom he had driven out of the state militia were among the first to enroll themselves in the ranks of the Irish Ninth Massachusetts, one of

blood at Malvern Hill in June, 1862.

When President Andrew Jackson visited Boston, the Irish Society gave him a reception. President Boyd delivered the address of welcome, and alluded therein to their common origin. In reply, the distinguished visitor said he had always been proud of the country and countrymen of his father, and most devoutly prayed for the day when Ireland might enjoy the blessings of freedom which she so richly deserved through the sacrifices made for liberty by her sons. Colonel Boyd, however, was not the only American of Irish origin to resent the action of Governor Gardner.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was then in command of the Sixth Massachusetts. He refused to comply with the order, one of the companies being attached to his regiment, and was removed from his position. In him the newly arrived immigrants from the land of his ancestors always found a staunch defender, ready at all times to return with interest any attack made on them on account of their nationality. These facts are all matters of record; the roll of membership of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston is the evidence; yet how much credit does the Irish race receive therefor from modern writers? Not a word. There is nothing in the writings devoted to New Hampshire history for the past forty years that would lead the reader to infer that there were any Irish people in the state before the Revolution; yet our records make mention of them almost from the first. Darby Field, who came here about 1631, is styled "An Irish soldier for discovery." He is credited with being the first white



Thomas Hamilton Murray.

Editor of the *Tribune*, Pawtucket, R. I. Secretary-General.

the first three years' regiments, which was led to the front by the gallant Colonel Cass, who commanded one of the disbanded companies, and who sealed his loyalty to his adopted country with his life's

man to ascend Mt. Washington. The first of the Shannons, one of the early families of Portsmouth, was a Dublin man. The Vaughans went from Ireland to Wales, and from thence to America. Col. David Dunbar, who was lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire when Belcher was governor, was an Irishman, and his superior, who did not love him, frequently reminded him, as our records show, of his nationality in not very endearing terms. Pierce Long came from Limerick to Portsmouth before the Revolution, and established a mercantile house there; his son, Col. Pierce Long, commanded one of the New Hampshire regiments of the Continental line, was a member, later, of the executive council, and represented his state in the national congress.

Joseph Ryan, a native of Ireland, was Governor Wentworth's secretary before the Revolution. Another, Benjamin Gile, was one of the first settlers of Newport, and for years its most prominent citizen. Maurice Lynch and Tobias Butler, both natives of Galway, were among the first settlers of Antrim. Both are mentioned in the town history as being well educated. Annis, who, according to Harriman, erected the first house in Warner, was born in Enniskillen, Ireland. The historian says Great Britain, but the town mentioned is in Ireland, and Annis is but another form of Ennis, Innis, or MacGinnis. On an old slate gravestone in Canterbury Centre is an inscription which tells its own story. It is written by the person whose ashes rest there, and who died in 1820. It runs about as follows: "Hibernia gave me birth, Columbia nurtured

me, Nassau Hall taught me; I have fought, I have taught, and I have labored with my hands; and now the earth possesses me in her bosom. Kind friend, draw near, and take heed, for to such must thou come



Hon. John C. Linehan.

Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire.
Treasurer-General.

likewise." The stone was placed there in memory of Capt. Henry Parkinson, quartermaster of John Stark's regiment, an Irishman, a soldier, a school-master, and a farmer.

Since the institution of Memorial Day, his grave is decorated each year by a detail from William I. Brown Post 31, G. A. R., of Penacook.

Who has not read of the Irish school-masters of New Hampshire over a century ago? They receive honorable mention in the records of the Massachusetts Historical Society, but the present generation knows them not. They are spoken of as being of good family and well educated.

Among them were Maurice Lynch, Tobias Butler, Benjamin Gile, Edward Evans, Humphrey Sullivan, Patrick Guinlon, John Sullivan, and Henry Parkinsson. The sons of John Sullivan have made their mark in



Thomas B. Lawler

Librarian and Archivist, Worcester, Mass.

their day and generation, as well as their descendants, but until lately they have not been credited by New Hampshire writers to Ireland. Dr. Quint, who delivered the address at the dedication of the Sullivan monument, was the first to place it squarely on record. The services of the Sullivans alone would entitle Ireland to honorable mention in our state papers.

The founder of the family taught school here for over half a century. One of his sons, John, was the only major-general from New Hampshire in the Continental army, one of our first presidents, attorney-general, the first United States judge, and one of

the greatest men, all round, the state has thus far produced. Another son, James, was governor of Massachusetts, attorney-general, historian of Maine, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, etc., etc.; and the two remaining sons, Daniel and Eben, were captains in the Continental army,—the first of the two dying in the service. One of his grandsons was governor of Maine; another, United States senator from New Hampshire; the descendants of James have been, and are, among the wealthiest and most influential families in the old Bay State. Col. Hercules Mooney had command of a regiment in the Revolutionary War, and with him, of lesser rank or serving as privates, were many whose names, like his, denote their origin. These are but a few of the many whose names can be found in our state records. The McClearys occupy an honorable position in our history. If any one doubts their nationality, an examination of any city directory to-day will prove that ninety-nine out of every one hundred men bearing that name will be found to be Irishmen or their sons. As much can be said of Murphy, of Duffee, or of Duffy, with or without the Mac. These latter names are Irish of the Irish, and have been in evidence in the state for over a hundred and fifty years.

What names are more common to-day among Irish people in New Hampshire than Kenny, Kelly, Hart, Connor, Gilmore, Moore, Neil, Bradley, Martin, Healy, Haley, Garvin, Quigly, Sweeney, Sullivan, Casey, Pendergast, Mooney, Cleary, Coleman, Connell, Kean, McLaughlan, Cogan, Barry, Driscoll, Leary, Fitz-

gerald, Manahan, Looney, Jordan, Sexton, Moloney, Linehan, McMahon, Quinn, Carroll, Lynch, McCormick, Murphy, Duffy, McGowan, Butler, Roach, McCall, McGill, Flynn, Connolly, Donnelly, Mullen, McDermott, Hogan, etc., etc. Yet there is not one of those names, as well as many more as Irish in appearance, that will not be found in our state records from 1631 to the outbreak of the war for independence.

In Colonel Hazen's Congress's Own Continental regiment alone, there were eleven companies composed almost wholly of men bearing Irish names. Four other companies in the same regiment were composed entirely of French Canadians. Fault is found in Grand Army circles with certain school histories of the United States for the manner in which they treat the Civil War, but Americans of Irish origin can find a more serious cause for complaint in the same works, for in mentioning the various races contributing to the population of this country before the Revolution, no credit is given to the Irish at all, yet Ramsey, who was an active patriot, a member of the Continental congress, and the author of the first history of the United States, said, that, from Ireland, the United States to the date of his history, about 1787, or 1790, received the major part of its emigrants. Ramsey was the son of an Irish Presbyterian, and born in Pennsylvania. His history was published by Matthew Carey of Philadelphia, a Catholic and a native of Ireland. The latter was the father of the well-known Henry C. Carey, a writer on political economy. In Pennsylvania, the situation before

the Revolution, so far as the affiliations of the Irish people were concerned, was about the same as in Boston. "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," a convivial association, was organized some years before the Revolution, in Philadelphia.

Before its institution, the Irish merchants of that city had organized "The Hibernia Fire Bucket Brigade" for mutual protection.

This was merged into the new society, but the formation of the company was kept intact, existing even to this day under the name of the "Hibernia Fire Engine Company." This company has always affiliated with the society of which it is a part. During the Civil War it was the nucleus of two full regiments which



T. Russell Sullivan.

Great-great-grandson of Gov. James Sullivan.
Of the Executive Council, Boston.

were sent out fully armed and equipped by the society. To "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" belonged the leading Irishmen of the Quaker city, Catholic and Protestant. There were many of the former, for that colony was the most tolerant of



Hon. Joseph Smith.

Of the Executive Council. Secretary Board of
Police Commissioners, Lowell, Mass.

the thirteen. The membership numbered about eighty-three, and nearly every man was engaged in one capacity or another in the war for independence. (General Washington was an adopted member.) Among them were Commodore John Barry, "The Father of the American Navy"; Gen. Stephen Moylan, commander of the Dragoons; Gen. Edward Hand, adjutant-general in the Continental army; Gen. John Hogan, Gen. Henry Knox, Gen. Anthony Wayne, Gen. Daniel Morgan, and many others of lesser rank, and with them were George Meade, the grandfather of the hero of Gettysburg; his business partner, Thomas Fitzsimmons, who was the last of the signers of the Constitution to die; Blair McClenachan, whose statue is one of the four at the base of the Trenton battle monument; Thomas McKean, and many others who were eminent

in civil life. Owing to the arrival of many Irish emigrants after the Revolution, large numbers of whom were in needy circumstances, the society was changed from a convivial to a benevolent association, in order to extend aid to their destitute countrymen; and its title changed to that of "The Hibernian Benevolent Society," which name it bears to this day. The first president of the new society was Thomas McKean, in his day one of the most prominent men in the country. In 1887, during the celebration of the centennial of the Constitution in Philadelphia, this society gave a reception and banquet to the visiting governors. The presiding officer was ex-Governor Curtin, who was of Irish parentage. In Pennsylvania, men of his blood made their mark early. James Logan, William Penn's first governor, was born in Ireland. The library in existence to-day, bearing his name, is an index of his character. All of these facts are good illustrations of the labor to be performed by the new society. Ordinarily, the mention of the institution of a Masonic lodge in New Hampshire in 1770, or thereabouts, bearing the name of St. Patrick, would be taken as an indication of the presence of men of Irish blood; or the demand of Stark's rangers at Fort William Henry, on March 17, for an extra ration of grog, to celebrate St. Patrick's Day properly; or the toast given at the banquet in Wyoming to Sullivan and his victorious troops, on the return from the campaign against the Six Nations; namely, that "The kingdom of Ireland merits a stripe in the American standard;" or the fact that of the five generals holding

command in this expedition, two, Sullivan and Clinton, were of Irish parentage, and Hand and Maxwell, of Irish birth; the fifth was Light Infantry Poore, of New Hampshire; or the fact that during the Revolutionary period, John Sullivan was governor of this state; James Sullivan, of Massachusetts; Thomas Burke, a native of Galway, governor of North Carolina; George Bryan, a native of Dublin, governor of Pennsylvania; Edanus Burke, a native of Galway, first chief justice of Georgia and South Carolina; Pierce Butler, a native of Cavan, first United States senator from South Carolina, and many others, whose names are on record; men like Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina, signers of the Declaration of Independence; and of Daniel Carroll and Thomas Fitzsimons, signers of the Constitution; and of John Carroll, the first Catholic bishop in the United States.

Last, but not least, the gallant O'Brien, of Maine, whose blood flowed in the veins of the fearless John P. Hale. Surely, here is material enough to justify the organization and encourage the members of the American-Irish Historical society. The membership already numbers over 300. Many of them are men of national repute, and all are men of character. They comprise Americans of the eighth generation, as well as natives of the Emerald Isle. There is no religious or race test; Catholics, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, etc., both lay and clerical, are enrolled in its ranks. The first president-general of the society was Rear-Admiral Meade, U. S. N., retired, of Philadelphia,

Pa., a nephew of Gen. George Gordon Meade, and a great-great-grandson of the founder of the family in this country. He died at Washington, D. C., May 4, 1897, deeply regretted. The present officers are,—President-General, Edward A. Moseley, Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.; secretary-general, Thomas Hamilton Murray, editor *Pawtucket Tribune*; treasurer-general, John C. Linehan, Concord, N. H.; librarian, Thomas B. Lawler, Worcester, Mass.; executive council, in addition to the foregoing, Robert L. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas Dunn English, Newark, N. J.; James Jeffrey Roche, Boston, Mass.; Maurice F. Eagan, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Joseph Smith, Lowell, Mass.; Thomas J. Gargan, Boston, Mass.; T. Russell Sullivan, Boston, Mass.



James Jeffrey Roche.

Editor of the *Boston Pilot*. Of the Executive Council. Massachusetts.

Twenty-four states are already represented in the membership of the organization, extending from Vermont to Utah. No tests, other than that of character and devotion to the society's objects, shall be applied to membership. Among the state vice-presidents are, for Maine, James Cunningham, Portland; New Hampshire, T. P. Sullivan, Concord; Massachusetts, Osborne Howes, Bos-

District of Columbia, J. D. O'Connell.

The society is constructed on a broad and liberal plane; it is non-sectarian and non-partisan; being an American organization in spirit and principle, it greets and welcomes to its ranks Americans of whatever race descent, and of whatever creed, who take an interest in the special line of research for which the society is organized.

As one of the principal objects of the institution of the society is the correction of what are considered erroneous conclusions regarding the early settlers in this country from Ireland, an analysis of the membership roll cannot help being of interest to all concerned in the subject.

Modern writers claim that the people who came here early in the eighteenth century from that country were pure Scotch, and that even the term "Scotch-Irish" is a misnomer, no Irish blood flowing in their veins. Conceding that those from the north of Ireland were of Scotch origin, and as such different in blood from the native Irish (a concession, however, which is not made, for every reader of history who is not blinded by prejudice must acknowledge their common origin), there were thousands of undoubted native Irish stock, not only from the north, but as well from the south, east, and west of Ireland, who had distinguished themselves in one way or another, but who have been classed, without discrimination, with the so-called "Scotch-Irish." A few illustrations will prove this. Many of the names of the members of the "American Irish Historical Society" who consider themselves of



Hon. Thomas J. Gargan.

Of the Executive Council, Boston.

ton; Rhode Island, M. J. Harson, Providence; Connecticut, Joseph Forsyth Swords, Hartford; New York, Gen. James R. O'Beirne; New Jersey, Hon. William McAdoo; Pennsylvania, Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland; Georgia, ex-United States Senator Patrick Walsh; Ohio, Rev. George W. Pepper; Indiana, Rev. Andrew Morrissey, president of the University of Notre Dame; Michigan, Hon. T. A. E. Weadock;

Irish descent, were borne by men who had aided in the establishment or maintenance of the Republic, and were among the most active promoters of the struggle which gave us independence.

Commodore John Barry, a native of Wexford, Ireland, is styled "The father of the American navy." This proud title has never been disputed. It is given him in the authorized history of that branch of the service. A braver man never trod the quarter-deck of a man of war, and all writers unite in saying that his private life was irreproachable. Rev. John E. Barry, vicar-general of the diocese of New Hampshire, represents the name in the society. Thomas Burke, a native of Galway, was the first governor of North Carolina after the adoption of the Constitution, and one of the most active patriots in that colony. Edanus Burke, a native of Galway, was the first chief justice of Georgia and South Carolina, and like his namesake one of the most active men in his colony. There is a tradition that both were graduates of St. Omers, the Irish college in existence in Paris during the penal days. It will not be amiss to state that the colonies had a warm friend in the English parliament at the same time, in the person of the Hon. Edmund Burke. Mr. J. Edmund Burke, superintendent of schools in Lawrence, is the representative of the name in the society.

Morris O'Brien, a native of Cork, Ireland, came over long before the Revolution and settled in Maine. He and his seven sons took part in the capture of the first British vessel after the outbreak of hostilities. Two of the sons, John and Jeremiah, were

commanders of vessels of war, one of which was named the *Hibernia*, and distinguished themselves during the struggle. Capt. Jeremiah O'Brien was living in 1840. He had command of the expedition in which his father and brothers participated, and an account of it, taken from his lips, was published in the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Genealogical Society. The youngest



Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Member of Executive Council.

brother was the second in command under Jeremiah. He was mortally wounded during an engagement with a British vessel, dying at the age of twenty-three. His daughter, Mary O'Brien, was the mother of the Hon. John P. Hale of New Hampshire, one of the most uncompromising foes of human slavery. The descendants of Morris in Maine have never dropped the O'. They have been and are among the most substantial citizens of the Pine Tree state.

George Bryan, a native of Dublin, Ireland, was the first governor of Pennsylvania after the adoption of the Constitution, and was prominent in the cause of freedom; like Hale,

Bryan, who sat in the same congress with William. All three were attainted of treason, but they lived to see the humiliation of the government, which would, had it possessed the power, have hanged them. Rev. Michael O'Brien, of Lowell, is one of the representatives of the name on the roll of the society.

Major-General Hugh Brady, a native of Pennsylvania, of Irish parentage, entered the United States army as ensign in 1792. He fought in the Indian War under Wayne, and served with distinction in the War of 1812. He was complimented for gallantry at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Niagara. He was promoted to a brigadier in 1842, and to major-general in 1848. He served continuously nearly sixty years. The society's representative of the name is Col. James D. Brady, of Meagher's Irish Brigade. He was born in Virginia of Irish parents, but when the war broke out he came to New York and enlisted in the Union army, becoming colonel of the 'Sixty-third New York before the struggle ended. He has represented his native state in the national house since the war, and now resides in Washington, D. C.

Col. Pierce Butler was a native of County Cavan, Ireland, and a son of Col. Pierce Butler, who represented that county in the Irish parliament. He came over before the Revolution, an officer in the British army; later he resigned his commission and located in South Carolina. When the Revolution broke out, he espoused the cause of the colonists, and when liberty was secured and the government established, was chosen the first United States senator from the



Thomas Addis Emmett, M. D., of New York.

Grandson of Thomas Addis Emmett, and grand-nephew of Robert Emmett, the Irish martyr. "When my country takes its place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

he was a determined opponent of slavery.

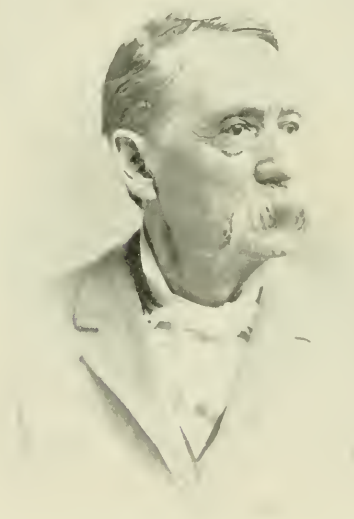
Jonathan Bryan was a member of the Royal Council in Georgia. He cast his lot with the patriots and with them shared in the privations and glories of the war. No one in that colony took a more active part in the struggle. Associated with him was William O'Bryan, who was a member of the first provincial congress, July 4, 1775, and who bore an honorable part in the contest. On the adoption of the constitution, he was chosen one of the first two state treasurers. Still another was Hugh

Palmetto state. His descendants have always been prominent in the South. One of them, Hon. M. C. Butler, of Charleston, S. C., is a member of the society. He was a major-general in the cavalry branch of the Confederate army, and represented his native state in the national senate. It is doubtful if a name can be found in the annals of America that has had so many distinguished representatives in all the walks of life, and the ancestors of nearly, if not all, came from Ireland.

Michael Kearney was treasurer of the colony of New Jersey early in the eighteenth century, and from that time the name has been prominent in that state. Gen. Stephen Kearney was a gallant officer of the regular army and the first or about the first United States governor of California. General Philip Kearney, who fell at Chantilly, was of the same family, and the idol of his men. Commodore Laurence Kearney was another. The name is represented in the roll of the society by Mathew J. and Michael J. Carney of Lawrence.

O'Connor, one of the most ancient, as it is one of the most honorable, names in Ireland, has been on the New Hampshire records from the earliest times. Thomas O'Connor came to New York in 1801. He was a writer of marked ability, and a distinguished journalist, but his reputation was dimmed by that of his celebrated son, Charles O'Connor, who was, at the time of his death, admittedly at the head of the American bar. This state has had no more valued sons than those bearing this name. One of them, Col. Freeman W. Conner, commanded the Forty-fourth New York in the late war.

Mathew Carey, a native of Dublin, Ireland, came over just after the Revolution. He established a publishing house in Philadelphia, which was in its day one of the most substantial in the country. The first history of the United States, written by Ramsey, the son of an Irish Presbyterian, in 1787, was published by Carey, who was an Irish Catholic. Henry C. Carey, the celebrated writer on political economy, was his son. He can well be called "The father of the American principle of protection," filling the same place in his day that was in our own time filled by Horace Greeley. In many ways both men were alike, being warm lovers and



Hon. Thomas Dunn English.

Ex-Member of Congress. Vice-President, New Jersey.

good haters. J. J. Carey of Lawrence represents the name in the society.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, "the first citizen of Maryland," needs no

eulogy. He put up the largest stake in the contest, for it is said he was its wealthiest son. His descendants have been among the best, governors, judges, statesmen, and soldiers. He was the last of the immortal signers to die, living long enough, until 1832, to see the government firmly established. His cousin, Rev. John Carroll, who was associated with Franklin in the mission to the Canadian French in 1775, was the first Catholic bishop in the United States, beloved by people of all creeds, and an intimate associate of the immortal Washington.

Another cousin, Daniel Carroll,



Hon. Ignatius Donnelly.

Ex-Member of Congress, from Minnesota. Vice-President.

was one of the signers of the Constitution, a wealthy man, one of the committee appointed by congress to select the site of the city of Washington, and the national capitol is located on what was then his home-

stead. No family in America has borne a more honorable record than this representative of one of the great old Irish clans. Several are on the roll of the new society, among them Hon. Hugh J. Carroll, ex-mayor of Pawtucket, R. I. A great-grandson of the signer, John Lee Carroll, has been governor of Maryland in our own day.

James Kavanaugh came to Maine before the nineteenth century. He was a prosperous merchant and lumberman in Damariscotta. His son, Hon. Edward Kavanaugh, was president of the Maine senate, governor of the state, and minister to Portugal. The parochial school in Portland was the gift of his daughter. Michael Cavanaugh of Washington represents the name on the records of the society.

Edward Callahan was a wealthy planter and a prominent man in the vicinity of Richmond, Virginia, in 1765. His name appears beside that of George Washington on a deed, printed in the Calendar state papers. His homestead, "Callahan's Station," in Virginia, was the scene of many conflicts during the Civil War. His descendants are numerous and influential in the "Old Dominion." Rev. Dennis O'Callaghan of South Boston is one of the representatives of the name in the society.

Corcoran, the well-known Washington banker, was of Irish parentage. Few men, aside from George Peabody, amassed more wealth, or were more liberal in expending it. The city of Washington is in possession of many valuable monuments of his bounty and munificence, not the least of which is the art gallery bear-

ing his name. Hon. John W. Corcoran represents the name in the society.

Capt. David Donohoe was in command of an armed vessel, fitted out by the "Massachusetts Bay" at the time of the French and Indian wars, prior to the Revolution. His name received honorable mention in the colonial papers of that state, as well as in those of New Hampshire. The name is borne by three members of the society, one of whom is Patrick Donohoe, the venerable founder of the *Boston Pilot*.

Dr. Hugh Egan was a reputable physician and surgeon in Ipswich, Mass., early in the eighteenth century. He died in 1739. Rev. M. H. Egan, of New Hampshire, and Prof. Maurice F. Egan are representatives of this good old Irish name.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett of New York, one of the first members of the society, is the grandson of Thomas Addis Emmett, whose monument stands in St. Paul's churchyard on Broadway, New York. The family needs no eulogy. The name of Robert Emmett, his granduncle, will forever be dear to the heart of every son of the Emerald Isle, and the transfer of the name to America has not diluted the blood, for the modern Emmetts are at the forefront in every movement for the elevation of the race from which they sprung. Two of the family were staff officers in active service during the Civil War.

Col. John O'Fallon was a gallant officer in the United States army, and one of the founders of the city of St. Louis. His name is one of the most familiar among the first settlers of that city. He was General W. H.

Harrison's chief of staff at the Battle of Tippecanoe, and served with credit through the War of 1812. Hon. Joseph D. Fallon of Boston, one of the municipal judges, is the society's representative of the name.



T. P. Sullivan.

Vice-President, New Hampshire.

Brigadier-General John Hogan was one of eighty-three men who held the rank of general in the Continental army, and rendered valiant service to the cause of independence. Rev. J. Hogan represents the name.

Major-General William S. Harney, like General Brady, spent a lifetime in the regular army. He held the rank of brigadier at the outbreak of the Civil War, but was too old for active service. Three of the name—Patrick, Herbert, and Thomas Harney, of Lynn,—represent the name.

The name of Kelly is to-day one of the most common borne by Americans; so numerous are those who bear it among the "natives" that its

bare mention ought to be sufficient. "Darby Kelly" appears among the rate payers of Exeter early in the eighteenth century. He is described as a "bright, witty Irishman." His son was one of the first settlers of New Hampton. The original homestead is now in possession of Hon. Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, who is married to one of his descendants. Captain Warren M.



Rev. Andrew Morrissey.

President University of Notre Dame. Vice-President, Indiana.

Kelly, of the Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, who, it is claimed, commanded the first company to enter Richmond after its fall, and General B. F. Kelly, of West Virginia, who is credited with raising the first Union regiment and with winning the first Union victory south of Mason and Dixon's line, are both descendants of Darby Kelly and natives of New Hampton. John Kelly was one of the first settlers of

Newbury, Mass., building his log-cabin there in 1635. The name is represented on the society's roll by Lieutenant-Commander J. D. J. Kelly of the battleship *Texas*.

When a man of Irish blood desires to witness an inspiring sight, let him go to Gettysburg and look at the monument placed there to mark the position at the stone wall held by the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania. The inscription reads that on that spot, in repelling Pickett's charge, Colonel Dennis O'Kane, his lieutenant-colonel, major, and adjutant were either killed or mortally wounded. The name of Kane stands high in the annals of America. Elisha Kent Kane a generation ago filled the place now occupied by modern Arctic explorers, and whether in the form of Kane, Kean, Keown, Cowan, McKean, or McKeon, men who have borne it have been distinguished in all the walks of life. John P. Kane, of Lawrence, is the society's representative.

William H. Keating was an Irishman who went to France and received a commission in the French army. He came to the West Indies with his regiment, and at the outbreak of the French Revolution he resigned and came to this country, settling in Philadelphia. His oldest son married the daughter of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers. Another son was professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and the founder of the Franklin Institute. His nephew was the director of the Gettysburg hospital after the battle, and his son accompanied General Grant in his tour around the world. The family has been eminent in every generation. Patrick M. Keat-

ing of Boston is the representative of the name in the society.

Blair McClenachan—the gaelic form of Lanahan, Linehan, or Lenihan, with the prefix Mac—was one of the prominent merchants in Philadelphia at the time of the Revolution, and a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He gave £10,000 to the fund for the relief of the Continental army. He was one of the founders of the first bank in the United States. He had command of the city troop of Philadelphia at the Battle of Trenton, and his statue is one of the four grouped around the base of the battle monument erected a few years ago. He lived to a great age, and was one of the most respected men in the city and state. Four of the name are on the society's membership roll, among them John C. Linehan, the treasurer-general, and Rev. T. P. Linehan.

Thomas Lynch, a native of Ireland, was one of South Carolina's first settlers, and one of its wealthiest planters. He first introduced the cultivation of rice into America. His grandson of the same name was one of the immortal signers, and his descendants have always been among the most progressive and useful of the citizens of the Palmetto state. The name is also noted in Virginia and the southwestern states. The term "Lynch law" is attributed to Col. Charles Lynch of the latter state, who is credited with hanging over one hundred Tories during the Revolution. Maurice Lynch, well educated, and described as a fine penman, was the first town clerk of Antrim, and with him was Tobias Butler, both, for a wonder, classed as Irish without the prefix. Three rep-

resentatives of the name are on the society's roll, among them General John J. Lynch and Rev. Robert F. Lynch of Portland.

Count Dillon was one of D'Esteraign's generals at Savannah. During the siege his regiment, of the celebrated Irish brigade in the French service, was with the expeditionary corps. It is worthy of note that the descendants of the defenders



Rev. George W. Pepper.

Of the Methodist church, Cleveland. Vice-President, Ohio.

of Derry and Limerick, whose fathers had fought on opposite sides in Ireland, were in the Revolution in America arrayed side by side against the government that had made them exiles. Captain Moses Dillon, of El Paso, Texas, represents the name in the society.

Robert Meade, a native of Ireland, came to Philadelphia early in the eighteenth century, founding a mercantile house, which was managed

at the time the Revolution broke out, by his son, George Meade. Few families in America have made such a record in the character of their descendants. The firm of Meade & Fitzsimmons contributed £10,000 to the fund for the army. Richard Worsam Meade, the son of George, was one of the most opulent merchants in the city of Philadelphia. He established a branch house in

was permeated with love for the race from which he had sprung, and this feeling of affection for the land of his fathers found vent in a history of his family, which is in possession of the "American Catholic Historical Society" of Philadelphia. Few families in America can show such a record for five generations.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, the business partner of George Meade, was prominent in civil affairs throughout the struggle for independence. He was one of the signers of the Constitution, and, like Charles Carroll, was the last of his associates to die. Both Meade and Fitzsimmons were members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the Hibernian Society, both were Catholics, and the first president of the latter organization was Thomas McKean, a Presbyterian, which is an index of the fraternity then existing on this side of the ocean between Irish Protestants and Catholics.

Murphy or MacMurphy has been one of the standard names in New Hampshire since the beginning of the eighteenth century. John McMurphy was for years the leading man in



Hon. Patrick Walsh.

Ex-United States Senator. Editor *Augusta Chronicle*.
Vice-President, Georgia.

Cadiz, Spain, and was for eleven years United States naval agent for that port. His son, Richard Worsam Meade, was the oldest brother of General George Gordon Meade—the hero of Gettysburg—and the father of the late Rear Admiral Richard Worsam Meade, the first president of the "American-Irish Historical Society." When Admiral Meade accepted this position, he wrote an inspiring letter, every line of which

Londonderry after its settlement, and his descendants have been among the most substantial people of the state since then. Capt. John Murphy had command of a privateer from Rhode Island during the Revolution. James Murphy, a native of South Carolina, was governor of Alabama from 1825 to 1829, and also represented that state in Congress. In his day he was the most influential man in his adopted state. Archi-

bald Murphy was an eminent jurist and educator in North Carolina, and Isaac L. Murphy was governor of Arkansas. A recent classification of names in Ireland places Murphy in the front rank numerically; it is, therefore, enough to make an Hibernian smile to read of such men as being of "Scotch-Irish" origin, with not a drop of Irish blood in their veins. Among the representatives of the name in the society is Hon. John R. Murphy of Boston.

Col. James Mullaney was quartermaster-general of the United States army in 1808. He was born in New York of Irish parentage. Rear Admiral James R. M. Mullaney was his son. When the admiral died, in 1887, it was said of him, "No government or people ever had a more gallant or faithful servant, as gentle and kind as he was faithful and brave." Moloney, which is another form of the same name, was represented early in New Hampshire. A member of the family who went West, Richard Moloney, represented Illinois in the national house of representatives. M. J. Moloney of Lowell represents the society.

In the records of the city of Somersworth, mention is made of the engagement of Hercules Mooney to teach school in 1723. His son, Col. Hercules Mooney, had command of a New Hampshire regiment in the Continental army. He had seen service in the colonial wars before, and his name bears frequent and honorable mention in the state records.

One of the many Irish schoolmasters in New Hampshire was Mr. William Donovan, who was following his profession in the town of Weare in 1773. He is credited with being

a man of superior educational ability; while in New Boston Judge Jeremiah Smith studied Latin with him. The name is well known in the South, having gone there early. Maj. W. H. Donovan of Lawrence, of the Ninth Massachusetts, S. M., with nine others of the same name are members.

Col. Thomas Donegan was governor of the colony of New York under



Hon. Thomas A. E. Weadock.

Ex-Member of Congress. Vice-President, Michigan.

James II. None of the colonial rulers bear a better reputation. He was born in Limerick, and bore the title later of Earl of Limerick. The society's representative of the name is P. E. Donigan of Lawrence, Mass.

Col. Andrew Donnelly was in command of the Virginia troops at Greenbriar in 1781. One of his subordinates was Maj. Owen Connolly. Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, and James Connolly, of Colorado, are the

society's representatives of these two old Celtic names.

Maj.-Gen. Thomas Conway, a native of Ireland, and an officer in the French service, held the position of major-general in the Continental army. His unfortunate connection with the conspiracy to displace Washington terminated his career in America, but all writers give him credit for being a brave but impulsive man. William McConway of Pittsburg, Pa., represents the name.

Col. Thomas McLaughlan was one of New Hampshire's Continental soldiers during the Revolution. Dr. Henry McLaughlan of Brookline, Mass., represents the name.



Gen. James R. O'Beirne.

Past President Medal of Honor Legion. Vice-President, New York.

Florence McCarthy was one of Boston's leading business men long before the eighteenth century. His descendants for a hundred years later were among the most substantial res-

idents of Massachusetts. Of the twelve persons specially mentioned by Washington, on his death-bed, to attend his funeral, two were "Mr. McCarthy and family and Mr. McLanahan and family." McCarthy's Virginia battery was one of the most famous in the Confederate service during the Civil War. Among those bearing the name in the society is Charles McCarthy of Portland, Me.

John McDonough, a native of Ireland, came to Maryland in 1755. He was with Washington in the ill-fated Braddock expedition. His son John became one of Baltimore's most opulent merchants. He went to New Orleans in 1800, where he accumulated great wealth. He founded the town of McDonoughville. At his death he left \$200,000 to New Orleans and Baltimore for the support of free schools. Major Thomas McDonough, born in Ireland, was an officer in the regular service. His principal distinction was in being the father of Commodore Thomas McDonough, the hero of Plattsburg, one of the most brilliant victories of 1812. Rev. M. C. McDonough of Portland, Me., represents the name.

CConnell or McConnell figures in the annals of New Hampshire early, especially in its military resources. Col. Samuel McConnell was a soldier of the French and Independence wars. It is also common in Pennsylvania since the beginning of the eighteenth century. The genius of Daniel O'Connell added new lustre to it in the home of the race. J. D. O'Connell of Washington represents the name in the society.

Gen. Bennett Riley, of Irish parentage, born in Virginia, entered the regular service in 1813. Like Har-

ney and Brady he spent a lifetime in the army. He was the first territorial governor of California, succeeding Kearney, who was military governor. He reached the full rank of major-general. Luke O'Reilly of Washington is the society's representative.

Owen Sullivan, son of one of the defenders of Limerick against William III., came over here in 1723. He located in Berwick, Me., and for over half a century taught school in New Hampshire. Major-General John Sullivan, a major-general in the Continental army, a governor of his native state, a United States judge, attorney-general, and one of New Hampshire's most useful and brilliant sons; James Sullivan, governor and attorney-general of Massachusetts and historian of Maine; Capt. Daniel Sullivan, and Capt. Eben Sullivan of the continental line, were sons of the schoolmaster, and his descendants have been prominent in professional or business circles down to our own day. Men bearing this name have been identified with the history of the country for considerably over a century. Jeremiah Sullivan, a native of Virginia and a graduate of William and Mary College, held the rank of major in the War of 1812. Algernon S. Sullivan, one of the most brilliant members of the New York bar, and Gen. Jeremiah C. Sullivan of the Union army were his sons. Ten of the name are members of the society, among them T. P. Sullivan of Concord, and T. Russell Sullivan of Boston. The latter is the great-grandson of Governor James Sullivan.

Maj. Ferdinand O'Neale was a noted dragoon leader under Greene

in North Carolina, and distinguished himself in the campaign against Lord Rawdon. John Belton O'Neil, in his day one of the most brilliant men in the state, was



Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland.

Medal of Honor Soldier and United States Pension Agent, Philadelphia. Vice-President, Pennsylvania.

born in South Carolina, in 1793, of Irish parentage. He filled many positions of honor, among them that of chief justice of his state. Gen. John McNeil, of New Hampshire, was a distinguished soldier in the War of 1812. Walter Neale was the first governor of New Hampshire. Gen. Edward O'Neal, of Alabama, was one of the brigade commanders in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and later governor of his state. The name, either as Neale, O'Neil, or McNeil, has been identified with the history of North America almost from the first settlement. Hon. Joseph O'Neal of Boston represents the society.

Joseph Ryan was provincial secretary of New Hampshire before the Revolution. Like Kelly, the name is quite common among Americans of the old stock. J. P. Ryan of Lawrence is one of the members of that name.

Col. John Fitzgerald, who lived in Alexandria, Virginia, was Washington's favorite aide. He served throughout the war; later he was



James Cunningham.

Vice-President, Portland, Maine.

mayor and collector of the port of Alexandria. His record as a soldier or a civilian is a proud one, fully up to that made by many of his name in Ireland. Edward Fitzgerald was one of the first settlers of Boscawen. Coffin, the town historian, credits him with being of Irish birth, well educated, prosperous, and influential. His descendants, now known as either Fitz or Gerald, are numerous. His blood flows in the veins of some of the best American

(Scotch-Irish of course) families in Merrimack county. There is a tradition that the Blackwater river was named by him after the stream bearing the same name in Ireland, on whose banks it is believed he was born. Oh, tell it not in Windham, that in one instance, at least, a Fitzgerald married a Morrison in Boscawen, and strange to say, the union was not only productive, but no degeneration of stock followed. The name Fitzgerald is pretty well Americanized to-day. It is borne by the only duke in Ireland, but here it has been distinguished without titles. Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, of New York, was a gallant officer in the Civil War. Patrick J. Fitzgerald of Haverhill, Mass., is the society's representative.

Dr. Hunter McGuire, of western Virginia, was a noted surgeon and physician three quarters of a century ago. His son, of the same name and profession, was Stonewall Jackson's chief surgeon, and one of the most distinguished of his class in the Confederate service. He attended the great Confederate when he received his death wound. His representative in the society is John E. McGuire of Haverhill.

According to "O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees," the Gaffneys are an offshoot of the princely house of the Maguires of Fermanagh. Hon. Charles B. Gaffney of Rochester represents his name in the society.

Gen. James Moore, of the Continental army, was, it is said, a lineal descendant of the heroic Roger or Rory O'Moore, of the Rebellion of 1641. One of the first governors of the Old North State was his ancestor.

None bears a more honorable mention or is more frequently met with

in the South, or Southwest, than the name borne by Ireland's national bard. The Moores are among the most numerous of the many family names transplanted here from Europe, and with very few exceptions the original immigrants bearing it came from Ireland. Col. O'Brien Moore of Washington represents the society as a life member.

Among the brave men mentioned by Colonel Donelson in his diary, who went on an expedition to Tennessee in 1779, was John McCaffrey. Hugh McCaffrey of Philadelphia is the society's representative.

A member of the provincial council of Tennessee in 1776 was David Hickey. Michael J. Hickey of Haverhill is on the society's roll.

Capt. Bryan McSweeney, a native of Ireland, was one of the first settlers of Holderness. He is given frequent and honorable mention in the state records. He fought in the French and Indian wars, and was a captain in the Continental army. With Michael Dwyer, a fellow-countryman, he was one of the town officers. Hon. Edward McSweeney of New York represents the name in the society.

Among the names of the persons to whom Pickett's "History of Alabama" is dedicated, is that of Benjamin Fitzpatrick. He was governor and a member of the United States senate from that state, and during his life an influential man. His representative in the society is Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, of Brown, Durrell & Co., Boston.

Mathew Byrne was one of the pioneers of Alabama mentioned in Pickett's history in 1791. With him were the families of Phelan,

Kilcrea, Donley, McGrew, Caffrey, Riley, Fleming, and Maher. The latter was a wealthy Indian trader. The society's representative of the first mentioned is Gen. James R. O'Beirne, a gallant officer of the Civil War and a medal of honor soldier. He resides in New York.

Michael Walsh, born in Ireland, in 1763, came over after receiving his education and became a famous instructor in Massachusetts. He was engaged at Marblehead academy at its institution in 1792, where Judge Story was one of his pupils. Harvard gave him a degree in 1803. He was the author of a "Mercantile Arithmetic," 1801, and a "New System of Bookkeeping," 1826. The name Walsh or Welch is a very common one in Ireland; like the others mentioned, it is now pretty well Americanized, having been here from the first. Hon. Patrick Walsh, editor of the *Chronicle*, Augusta, Ga., and ex-United States senator, is the representative in the society.

James Smith, one of the immortal signers of 1776, was a native of Ireland. Hon. Joseph Smith of Lowell, Mass., represents not only the name, but as well the Irish Presbyterian element, and would resent the idea that he is anything but a plain Irishman without the prefix which so many American descendants of Irish Smiths love to dwell upon. Gen. Thomas A. Smythe, a native of Cork, Ireland, one of the last commanders of the Irish brigade, and the very last general officer killed in the Civil War, was another worthy representative of that name.

Gen. Roche de Fermoy held a commission as brigadier in the Continental army. He was a descendant

of the Irish Roches who went to France with the "wild geese." One of the representatives of the name in the society is James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the *Boston Pilot*. His brother was one of the United States naval officers lost at the time of the great tidal wave in Samoa, a few years ago.

Among the governors of Irish birth, or of direct Irish origin, during the colonial or revolutionary periods, were David Dunbar and John Sullivan, of New Hampshire; Thomas Dongan and James Clinton, of New York; James Sullivan of Massachusetts; John Houston, John Martin, and Peter Early, of Georgia; John McKinley, Thomas Collins, John Collins, and Joseph Haslett, of Delaware; John Hart of Maryland; James Logan, George Bryan, William Moore, Joseph Reed, and Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania; James Moore, John and Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina; Mathew Rowan and Thomas Burke, of North Carolina; and William Welsh and William Patterson, of New Jersey.

Ramsey's "History of the United States" has been mentioned. When it was written, it is evident that the author looked to those of his own blood largely, for material aid. A list of the subscribers to the work is printed in the first edition, and among them are the following names, most assuredly Irish enough, so far as appearance is concerned: New York—Thomas Addis Emmett, Mathew Carroll, Philip Whelpley; Delaware—Katherine Mulligan; Maryland—James Doyle, J. W. McFadden, Charles O'Neil, John D. Foy; Washington, D. C.—John Boyle, Andrew Boyle, Daniel Fagan, Andrew Flem-

ing, William Hickey, John McLeod, William Macklin, Bernard O'Neil, John Riley; Virginia—William Carroll, Edward Cunningham, Patrick Gill, John McDermott, John McBride, M. Sullivan, Francis D. Rioridan, Peter Horry; North Carolina—H. H. Cannon, John Carey, J. M. Patrick, John Cowan, A. C. Gurley, A. H. Ginley, Hanson Kelley, John Carney, James McElhinney, J. A. Moore, John McDonald, Hugh McGuire, A. D. Murphy, Harvey Bryan; South Carolina—C. T. Butler, Lydia Bryan, N. C. Cleary, Bartholomew Carroll, Richard Cunningham, Catherine Fitzsimmons, Christopher Fitzsimmons, Daniel Flood, Richard Fair, Andrew Flynn, Harriet Horry, Thomas Horry, Peter Murphy, Richard McCormick, Samuel Nolan, Cornelius O'Driscoll, Dennis O'Driscoll, Henry O'Hara, Thomas N. Egan, Peter McGuire, John Murphy, Joseph Kelly, Patrick Noble, John Belton O'Neil, John McComb, Timothy Dargan; Georgia—Patrick N. Carns, Richard Bolan, Patrick Catlin, John Logan, Robert Malone, Daniel Murphy, J. S. Bryan.

It may not seem necessary to take up space for the insertion of the foregoing names, but for obvious reasons it is essential. It will be noticed that nearly one half of the entire number were from South Carolina, and right here it seems to be proper to mention that at the Battle of Bull Run in July, 1861, at one time during the engagement, the Sixty-ninth New York, the members of which were nearly all of Irish birth, were confronted by the Eighth South Carolina, the officers of which must have been largely of Irish origin. The colonel was E. B. S. Cash, Lieut-Col. J. W.

Henagin, Quartermaster, Capt. J. C. McClenaghan, and Captains Harrington, Hoole, Flood, and McLeod. The battery attached to the regiment was commanded by Captain Shields, and his first lieutenant was McCarthy. Colonel Corcoran of the Sixty-ninth New York was taken prisoner by Adjutant B. H. Burke of the Thirtieth Virginia Cavalry, a case of "Greek meet Greek."

In no one of the original thirteen colonies were men of Irish origin more prominent than in the Palmetto state. In addition to Edanus Burke, the first chief justice, and Pierce Butler, the first United States senator, mentioned, James Moore, a descendant of the gallant Rory O'Moore, was governor in 1700-'03 and in 1719; John Rutledge in 1775-'78 and 1782; Edward Rutledge, 1799-1800; George McDuffee, 1834-'36; Pierce M. Butler, 1836-'38; Patrick Noble, 1838-'40; B. K. Hannegan, 1840-'42; William Aiken, 1844-'46; A. G. Magrath, 1864-'65; James L. Orr, 1866-'69. John C. Calhoun, vice-president of the United States, was the son of Patrick Calhoun, an Irish emigrant. When the question of secession was proposed to the citizens of Mississippi, none opposed it more strenuously than the Hon. William L. Sharkey, of Irish birth and of the Catholic faith. When the ordinance was adopted, he withdrew to his plantation. He was advanced in years. He was so universally respected that he was in no way molested. On the triumph of the Union cause in 1863, the United States government drew him from his retirement and made him the first provisional governor of his adopted state. He was later, after the war, chosen the first United

States senator. This venerable man is mentioned in "McGee's Irish Settlers in America," written over half a century ago. His brother, Patrick H. Sharkey, was one of the wealthiest planters, as well as one of the most influential men in the state. The last Confederate governor of Alabama was Harris Flannegan, an American, four or five generations removed from Ireland. A careful comparison of all the above with the membership roll of the society will prove the kinship of both.

The historian of the Shannon family in New Hampshire said that the name is the modern form of the Gaelic Shannahan. The first to arrive in New Hampshire, George Shannon, long before the beginning of the eighteenth century, was a brother of the lord mayor of Dublin, Ireland. Rev. Edmund T. Shannahan, of the Catholic University, Washington, is the society's representative.

When Col. David Dunbar was lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire about the middle of the eighteenth century, he established several colonies of his countrymen in Maine. His first town he named Cork; it is now Bath. Among those who came over was a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. John Murray. He is mentioned in the records of the Massachusetts Historical society as a man "with a kindly Irish heart." Around him at the same time were the O'Briens, Higgins, Donnells, etc. Thomas H. Murray, secretary-general, is the representative of the society.

Phelan is one of the oldest names in Georgia. A standard history of that state was written by one of that name. Hon. John J. Phelan of Bridgeport is one of the representatives.

Henry Grady, whose eloquence electrified thousands and whose early death brought sorrow to the entire country, was of the same stock of the clan O'Grady.

Among those who fell at the Battle of Fort George under command of Sir William Johnson, was Captain McGinnis, of New York. Hon. E. D. McGuinness, mayor of Providence, is a member of the society.

Michael Hoban, an Irishman, was the architect of the White House in Washington, a pretentious mansion at the time it was built.

James McHenry, a native of Dublin, a graduate of Trinity college and a representative of one of the most ancient Munster clans, the McEneirys—modern McHenry, McNairy, or McNeary—came over here before the Revolution. He was a brigadier-general in the Continental army, Washington's military secretary, one of the first secretaries of war, if not the first, and Fort McHenry in Baltimore is named for him.

Brannan or Brennan is one of the pioneer names of America. Samuel Brannan was one of California's first settlers. One of the principal streets in San Francisco is named for him. Maj.-Gen. John M. Brannan, a West Pointer, was a distinguished Union officer during the Civil War. Michael Brennan, of New York, and J. F. Brennan, of New Hampshire, represent the family. Thomas Dolan, of Irish descent, of Philadelphia, is the leading manufacturer of woollens and worsteds in America. Patrick J. Dolan of Cleveland, O., represents the society.

Cochrane is a name distinguished in the annals of Great Britain, Ireland, and America. It was known

either in its present or ancient form in Ireland, or the highlands of Scotland, long before the Saxons came to England. Gen. John Cochrane, of New York, president of the New York branch Sons of the American Revolution, is the society's representative.

It seems unnecessary to allude in this article to the part taken by men, whose Irish origin will not be questioned, in the late war. Sheridan was of Irish parentage on both sides. This fact is of common knowledge. Grant, through his maternal ancestors, had in his veins the blood of the Kellys and the Simpsons, his mother and grandmother bearing those names, and both of Irish extraction. Vice-Admiral Stephen Rowan was born in Ireland. In the navy he was second only to Farragut. The latter had a Spanish father, and if a name is an index of nationality, his mother, Elisabeth Shine, of North Carolina, must have been of Irish descent.

It is needless to go any further. What has been written is sufficient to prove what has been said at the outset. The great majority of the names given are unmistakably Irish in character, but the men who bore them were no more or no less Irish than thousands of others who came from Ireland, and who bore names in appearance not Irish,—men either paternally of English, German, French, or Scandinavian origin, but who were, so far as blood is concerned, no different from the others, for the Irishman of the past century is made up of all the races planted in Ireland. Armstrong, Morgan, Maxwell, Reed, Knox, Clinton, Montgomery, Wayne, Lewis, Thompson, and Ir-

vine, who were of Irish birth or parentage, generals in the Continental army, or Stewart, Blakely, and others who had distinguished themselves in the navy, were as thoroughly Irish as Sullivan, whose mother's name was Brown, or Barry, who came from the centre of the "English pale." If the descendants of the Saxons who had settled in Scotland became Scotch, why cannot the offspring of the same people settled in Ireland become Irish? This thought is worthy of consideration for those who can see objects but from one standpoint.

Nearly every town historian in New Hampshire claims that the people who came here from Ireland before the beginning of the nineteenth century were of Scotch origin, and to quote one of their eloquent advocates, "they were English in tongue, Irish in nothing," or to use the words of another, who bears a name as Saxon as Muldoon: "The 'Scotch-Irish' were different from the Irish in blood, language, morals, and religion," and this statement was made with the presumption that the Scotch were of Saxon origin.

But right here is where they differ from all standard writers of works devoted to the early history of the two countries, Ireland and Scotland, and as well from the Scots themselves, who glory in their Gaelic ancestry. A Pan-Celtic gathering of the Scots residing in the Dominion of Canada was held in Toronto last September. There were present representatives of nearly every name borne by those who came here from the north of Ireland, yet they sang the praises of their Gaelic ancestors, their Celtic origin, and the inscriptions hung around the walls of the

banqueting room were in Gaelic, among them the famous Irish "Cead Millafultha." A full account of this meeting, copied from the *Toronto Globe*, was published in the *Concord Evening Monitor* the same month. That there are Americans of the *same* opinion as to the origin of the Scotch-Irish, the following extract from an address delivered before the annual Scotch-Irish convention a few years ago, by Alexander McClure of Philadelphia, is evidence. There is to-day no better-informed writer on this, or any other subject, than this veteran newspaper man, in whose veins runs the same Gaelic blood. He said:

"Some of our more thoughtful historians or students of history will pretend to tell you when the Scotch-Irish race began.

"I have not heard even our Scotch-Irishmen who have studied the question do the subject justice. No such race of men could be created in a generation; no such achievements could be born in a century. No such people as the Scotch-Irish could be completed even in century after century; and while you are told that the Scotch-Irish go back in their achievements to the days of John Knox, John Knox lived a thousand years after the formation of the Scotch-Irish character began. It was like the stream of your western desert that comes from the mountains and makes the valleys beautiful and green and fragrant, and then is lost in the sands of the desert. Men will tell you that it disappears and is lost. It is not. After traversing perhaps hundreds of miles of subterranean passages, forgotten, unseen, it is still doing its work, and it rises again before it

reaches the sea, and again makes new fields green and beautiful and bountiful. It required more than a thousand years to perfect the Scotch-Irish character. It is of a creation single from all races of mankind, and a creation not of one people nor of one century, nor even five centuries, but a thousand years of mingled effort and sacrifice, ending in the sieges of Derry, were required to present to the world the perfect Scotch-Irish character. If you would learn when the characteristics of the Scotch-Irish race began, go back a thousand years beyond the time of John Knox, and find that there was a crucial test that formed the men, that perfected the Scotch-Irish character after years and years of varying conflict and success, until the most stubborn, the most progressive, the most aggressive race in achievement was given to the world. Let us go back to the sixth century, and what do we find? We find Ireland the birthplace of the Scotch-Irish. We find Ireland foremost of all the nations of the earth, not only in religious progress, but in literature, and for two centuries thereafter the teacher of the world in all that made men great and achievements memorable. For two

centuries, the Irish of Ireland, in their own green land, were the teachers of men, not only in religion, but in science, in learning, and in all that made men great. She had her teachers and her scientists, men who filled her pulpits and went to every nation surrounding; and it was there that the Scotch-Irish characteristics became evident which afterward made them felt wherever they have gone. Those Irish were teachers of religion, and yet as stubborn for religious freedom as were the Scotch-Irish.

"Catholic, they often refused obedience to the Pope. They were men of conviction; they were men of learning. They were the advanced outposts of the progressive civilization of that day, and the cardinal doctrine of their faith, down deep-set in the heart, was absolute religious freedom, and they even combated the Vatican in maintaining their religious rights." [Colonel McDowell, of Virginia, said in the same convention that when the Scots came to Ireland after the Reformation, they but returned to their old home.] With this eloquent extract, the introduction of the American-Irish Historical society to the public is concluded.



BRINGING WATER FOR THE WOMEN FOLKS TO WASH.

By Clara Augusta Trask.

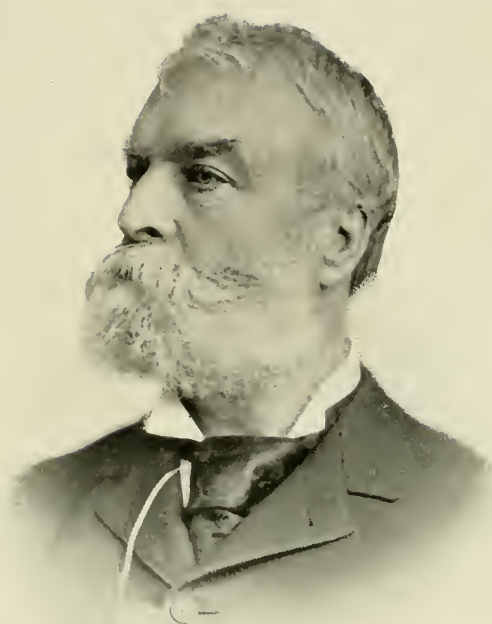
In the days when I was young, and all the world seemed made for me,
And life was one long round of joy, and I was glad and free—
When I lived upon the farm high-perched upon the breezy heights,
Where eagles screamed in hoarse discord, and winged their dizzy flights—
The days were full of sunshine warm, the nights were sweet with sleep,
And I brushed the dew-drops from the grass with bare and restless feet.

I liked to fish the leaping brooks for fish I hoped were there,
I liked to climb the highest hill to seek the spruce gum, where
The pointed firs and spruces laid their tops against the sky,
And the flying squirrels brought their stores when winter time drew nigh,
And when the maples shed their blood, what joy it was to tramp
The crunching snow, and gather sap, and bring it to the camp!

But I dreaded, oh, I dreaded, when Monday was at hand,
And Father roused me early, with the autocrat command—
“’T is time to stir yourself, my lad! Be lively, now, I say,
When I was young, boys did n't doze the forenoon all away!
Get up this minute, and come down—say? Do n't you hear me, Josh?
Get up, and draw the water for the women folks to wash!”

Oh, the old well 'neath the branches of the sycamore's green shade,
With its mossy curb and sloping sweep a charming picture made—
And the water, clear, pellucid, at the bottom cool and dim—
But it needed lots of muscle to draw it to the brim;
And, as slowly I went outward, sharp I heard the cry of—“Josh,
Hurry up, and bring the water for the women folks to wash!”

Oh, the floods of water that it took to make those garments clean!
Oh, the weary pails and pails I dragged across that back yard green!
Oh, how leaden crawled the sluggish hours from half past five till nine,
When those diabolical “white things” were swinging on the line!
And sometimes, now, I hear in dreams, the voice that called me, “Josh,
Get up, and bring the water for the women folks to wash!”



Mr. G. W. H. H. H. H. H.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ARMSTRONG.

By Henry Robinson.



THE life of George Washington Armstrong has caught and reflected much sunshine. He is a widely known, highly respected, and eminently useful citizen, an affable, unassuming, and yet very important factor in the round of momentous affairs. He is one of those discerning philosophers who has found the world a fact rather than a fancy, and has gone to work cheerfully and legitimately to make the best of it. He is a thoroughly cultured, wholesome, handsome, sound-hearted gentleman, a genial, ideal, up-to-date man of the old school of small beginnings, patience, persistence, rounded and honorable success. Not that he is in the "sere and yellow leaf,"—far from it, for old age is a relative term, and such men as George W. Armstrong never grow old. In years, he is only sixty-one, but in varied experience a thousand, and he has an inestimable fund of native good sense, bigger even than his very considerable material wealth, acquired with the most commendable industry, devotion, and enterprise.

Biography is prone to find her favorites amongst what are sometimes styled the higher callings,—the pulpit, the law, literature, and politics,—but the upright, broad-gauged, practical business manager is an essential column of support in the arching temple of our comprehensive civilization. Scientific and

classical learning are only the superstructure. Around this pillar of strength cling and cluster all the vines of poesy and fine art. The men who produce things and move things are the giants of priority and power. They are the rightful masters of mankind.

It is said of Bonaparte that he was the idol of common men, because he had in transcendent degree the qualities and powers of common men.

George W. Armstrong came of a proverbially sturdy and resolute race, a worthy people,—modest, plain, prepossessing,—whose instincts, vocations, and aspirations were honorable, a sterling ancestry capable of true heroism, with a generous spirit of self-sacrifice, and yet with a force and determination of character suggestive of moral grandeur.

Had Mr. Armstrong ransacked the universe in search of the most desirable place in which to be born, he would have chosen Boston, Mass., where he first saw the light, August 11, 1836. Such, however, was the original association and is the present relationship between the two states, and such are Mr. Armstrong's properties and interests and his attachment for the people in the Granite state, where he has his attractive summer home, on our own Winnepesaukee, and where the hills and dales, lakes, and streams, have for him such an enthusiastic infatuation, that we are glad to have acceded to us the right, in common with our sis-

ter commonwealth, to be especially proud of his charming personality and to be benefited with the public in general by his commendable usefulness.

Indeed, Windham, N. H., had been the ancestral home of his family since 1722, or before, when his migrating ancestor, Charter Robert

David Armstrong, who married Mahalia Lovering. The former was a native of Windham, N. H., who became a resident of Boston in 1825, and worked at ship-building until 1850, when he became sick, and died in 1851, leaving only a very small estate. Miss Lovering was a native of London, N. H.



"Glenockie"—Summer Residence of George W. Armstrong, at Centre Harbor.

George received his education in the public schools of his native city, Boston. He was a bright pupil at the "Old Hawes Grammar," of which he still entertains many pleasant memories. Of its "association" he has been president, and continues an influential and active member, and a contributor financially to its support.

Armstrong of Londonderry, N. H., first landed on American shores.

In the romantic Lowlands of Scotland, near the English border, lived the historic and powerful clan, Armstrong, for many fleeting centuries, the entertaining story of which has been graphically told by Hon. Leonard A. Morrison, in an early number of this magazine. Offshoots of this clan, during the seventeenth century, joined the Ulster plantation in Ireland, and, later, one of them, Robert Armstrong, appeared here in New Hampshire. On this side, Mr. Armstrong is of Scotch blood. On his mother's side, he is a direct descendant of a brother of the Pilgrim governor, Edward Winslow, of the Plymouth colony.

The names of his parents were

The school life of Mr. Armstrong was clouded by the illness and death of his parent, and his active continuous business life began of necessity when he was only fourteen years of age, and for many years he maintained a brave, unflinching, and exceedingly creditable struggle against the current of events. He was well equipped, however, with a robust physique, a happy disposition, a remarkable resolution, an indefatigable courage, an integrity that never has been tarnished, and a wonderful tenacity of purpose which has characterized his whole career.

He was a penny-postman in South Boston in 1850. This was when the boy found himself without anybody to provide for him. He could go to school no more, but must work, as

other boys worked, for a living. He made up his mind that he could deliver letters and other things to people. This was long before the days when a man in Boston, on his way home in the evening, could drop a letter in a little red box attached to an iron pole, on a corner of a city street, and drink his coffee at breakfast next morning while he reflects that a man in New York is reading his letter at his breakfast. Somebody suggests that it was perhaps in those days that George Armstrong conceived the notion that people would be glad to have things carried to them even more promptly, and that they would be willing to pay for the delivery, for in after years he became rich in conducting an extensive project of this kind.

His next business venture was that of a newsboy, and to this day he is pleased to be recognized as the "veteran newsboy," and it is safe to say that there is not a newsboy in any city or running on any railway train in the United States, who knows the story of the early life of Mr. Arm-



Dining-Room at "Gilnockie."

strong, who is not his warm admirer, champion, and friend.

He was first employed on the South Boston *Gazette*, the *Sunday News*, and his field was especially along the sidewalks of State street. This was in 1851. He also had charge of filing the papers in the Democratic reading-room in Congress square. This and his State street work occupied his time until the spring of 1852, when he became a railroad newsboy under George Bailey, who controlled the business of the old Boston & Worcester road. His work began at five o'clock in the morning and ended at nine in the evening. His daily time of service was greater than now,

although at present his, as employer, is the greater responsibility.

An acquaintance of Mr. Armstrong tells the story that not long ago, when he was traveling on a crowded train, he fetched some water to a thirsty woman, who meeting him a few weeks later reminded him of the incident by him forgotten. She



Hall at "Gilnockie."

complimented him on his skill as a water boy, and his wife, who was near, said nobody should wonder at his skill,—it was forty years before that he had started in the business, being the original “water boy” of the railroads.

In the capacity of newsboy on the road, Mr. Armstrong remained nine years, rendering faithful service. In 1861, he left the newspaper route between Boston and Worcester, and was employed in the dining-room in

after two months at the brake, he was promoted to be baggageman. This is one reason why Mr. Armstrong has so strong a sympathy for the large class of employ  s that have to do with baggage. At the expiration of a second two months he was again promoted, this time to a conductor’s berth, and the trials, troubles, tribulations, and triumphs of a conductor he will remember always. He held the position one year, or until July, 1863.



Miss Ethel and Master Robert Armstrong.

the Boston station of the road until spring. Thus he obtained practical experience in a railway restaurant, and it is undoubtedly true that he was as loyal to his duty then as he was before and has been invariably since. But he was a young man, and desiring to do a man’s work, he secured a situation as brakeman on the same road over which he had traveled so many years. Thus it may be seen that Mr. Armstrong has something in common with every brakeman in the land.

His advancement was rapid, and

His love for the newspaper business had not deserted him, and this year he bought a half-interest in the business which he had helped build as a boy. The proprietor at the time was H. L. Whiting; the enterprise had grown to considerable magnitude. In 1870, he succeeded to the entire business, and added to it the dining-room in the Boston station.

In 1865, he bought King’s express business, which was confined to the Boston & Worcester road. He immediately changed its name to Armstrong’s Transfer, and began the

work which the new name implied. With two coaches and a Berlin carriage, he transferred between the Boston & Worcester station and the railway stations at the North end of the city. Railway baggage was conveniently checked from one station to another, with other features for the accommodation of persons who journeyed by railroad. Passenger-coaches became valuable adjuncts to the fast-growing system.

In 1882, he organized the Armstrong Transfer company, and became its president. All New England realizes the capacity and facility of this wonderful system, its promptness, efficiency, correctness, and freedom from friction.

In 1869, Mr. Armstrong bought the news business of the Fitchburg railroad, and, in 1877, extended it over the entire Hoosac Tunnel line. In 1875, he extended his restaurant and newspaper business over the Eastern road, being proprietor of the dining-rooms and news-rooms in Boston, Mass., Portsmouth and Wolfborough Junction, N. H., Portland, Me., and at Springfield, Pittsfield, Palmer, and South Framingham, on the Boston & Albany. Later, he acquired control of these departments over the entire line, and over the whole system, with only few exceptions, of the Boston & Maine. The news department of the Fitchburg road, the restaurants and news business of the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn road, and the restaurant business over part of the Old Colony, were afterward united to his rapidly broadening territory, which now includes hundreds of miles of railway lines, in various directions, being one of the best managed and equipped,

as well as one of the largest companies in the service of the public.

Mr. Armstrong has copied from no other system, and his methods of conducting all branches of work are simple and original. He is uniformly courteous, and requires the same courtesy from his employes to the great public upon whom he depends for custom. His employes may be found almost everywhere, and their number runs up into the hundreds in the express, newspaper, and dining-room branches of his comprehensive management.

While Mr. Armstrong is one of the busiest of busy men, he nevertheless finds time to give attention to many things outside his regular work at the head of the great concern of which he is the originator and founder. He is a director as well as an owner in various corporations, including different large railroad companies. He has read widely in general literature, and exercises a very scholarly taste in his selection of books, of the merits of which and their authors he is an uncommonly good judge. He also has a fondness for and fine appreciation of statuary, paintings, and other works of art.

He is a superior converser, a very entertaining companion, and an affectionate friend, who has drawn many hearts to him in lasting regard. His early friends are still his friends, and many of them are of high standing and influence.

With an impressive presence, he is sweet-tempered, gentle, and graceful; one of his missions in life seems to be to be friendly with everybody. No better type, no higher standard of a business man can be found in New

England, or one more public-spirited or with a finer sense of honor.

He is not what might be called a club man, although he belongs to several associations, being a life member of the Bostonian society, and a member of the Beacon society of Boston. He is affectionately devoted to his family, and it is at his own hearthstone that he takes the greatest pleasure. On December 10, 1868, he married Miss Louise

line, Mass., where he with his accomplished wife and unmarried children live on a very pretty estate, it being one of the wealthiest and loveliest suburban towns in the United States.

Mrs. Armstrong's father, Dr. Reuben Greene, is the well-known physician of Boston, who retired from the active practice of his profession fourteen years ago, and now devotes himself to the care of his real estate, diverting himself now and then with



The Armstrong Buckboard.

Marston, of Bridgewater, N. H. She died, February 17, 1880; and on December 12, 1882, he married Miss Flora E., daughter of Dr. Reuben Greene, of Boston. His children are Mabelle, born February 21, 1870; Louise, born October 22, 1871, died December 22, 1876; Ethel, born June 7, 1884; George Robert, born December 10, 1888. Mabelle married Frank Edward Shepard, their home being in Denver, Col.

Mr. Armstrong resided in Boston till 1875, when he removed to Brook-

authorship, being a clear and original thinker, and a strong, lucid writer. He is also the father of Dr. Frank E. Greene of Boston and of our own Col. J. Alonzo Greene of Long Island, on Lake Winnepesaukee, where he and his brother, as well as Mr. Armstrong, have valuable estates, and who have done much to beautify and improve the country.

Mr. Armstrong may be seen almost daily, through the summer season, about his grounds at "Gilnockie," his elegant resort at Centre Harbor,

consulting with his men, in building roads, erecting and repairing buildings, giving the same attention to detail that has marked his whole career. It is not an infrequent thing to see him on the quarter-deck of the steamer Mount Washington,—not in the pilot-house, but chatting with the captain, each giving his opinion to the other, as to how far a certain buoy may be out of place, or where a new warning signal should be located, his analytical and discerning mind being never at rest in its concern for the welfare of others. Only little, if anything, escapes his sagacious observation, and whether as newsboy, or baggageman, or conductor on the train, or railroad manager and magnate, or proprietor of the news and dining branches at passenger stations throughout New England, or in his family circle, he is the same considerate, sympathetic, superior man, that has won the highest respect and regard, not only from those who hold him near and dear, but from the great traveling public whom he has served so long and so faithfully.

Miss Ethel, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, is an intelligent girl, of agreeable temperament and prepossessing manners. Her brother, Master Robert, is a lively and interesting lad, in whom is centered much of hope and promise. They attend the public schools at Brookline, and Mr. Armstrong is a champion of the public school system. When he was a public school boy himself at Boston, the month of August was then given for a vacation, and his mother was wont to send him to their old home in New Hampshire to spend it, and it was then that he learned to delight in the scenery, to

enjoy the invigorating atmosphere, to love the people whose friendship and esteem he has ever since cherished. His mother, a noble old lady, is a member of her son's family, being now eighty-seven years of age, but with her cultured intellect unclouded, and in a wonderful physical preservation.

The ease and grace with which Mr. Armstrong meets those who have occasion to call upon him have caused much favorable comment. He possesses a happy union of faculties, a thorough knowledge of human nature and of its possibilities and worth, born of long experience and hard knocks. He is tolerant, conservative, kindly in his opinions, and charitable in his estimates of his fellow-men. In his presence, while one feels perfectly at home, there is a consciousness of a great reserve power, a fertility and resource far beyond the average individual; but his great genius is his capacity for concentration, for work, and his grandest forte in life has been his fidelity to the interests of his employers, his persistence in doing well whatever he has in hand. But existence for him is far from being monotonous, the swinging of a door to and fro on its hinges, for he has a versatility of intellect, an adaptation to society, an appreciation of wit, humor, and anecdote, a fondness for romance, which have relieved the tedium and broken the monotony of large business responsibilities. By an admirable regularity of habit, he has been enabled to carry the great stress upon him, with a calmness of spirit, a complaisance of mind, a mental and physical equipoise worthy of universal emulation.



Centre Harbor, from Garnet Hill.

CENTRE HARBOR.

By Clarence Johnson.

"Should you go to Centre Harbor,
As haply you sometime may,
Sailing up the Winnepesaukee
From the hills of Alton Bay,

"Into the heart of the highlands,
Into the north wind free,
Through the rising and vanishing islands,
Over the mountain sea,

"To the little hamlet, lying
White in its mountain fold,
Asleep by the lake, and dreaming
A dream that is never told."

—*Whittier.*



The Whittier Pine.

SHOULD you go to Centre Harbor to-day you will find "the little hamlet," "white in its mountain fold," still dreaming, only semi-conscious of the toiling, struggling world vaguely known to exist beyond the hazy veil which softens the distant view across the beautiful lake. You probably would not sail "from the hills of Alton Bay," but by steamer from The Weirs. Having gone to Centre Harbor, you would soon insensibly yield to the influence of the peaceful somnolency which seems to pervade every

nook and cranny of the place, and join in the sweet sleep, the soothing dream, which bring rest alike to weary muscles and overwrought brain. The only break in the quiet of the "little hamlet" is when the steamer from The Weirs comes puffing and snorting to the dock, and delivers her load of passengers and baggage and freight. On these occasions there is a sort of half awakening. Na-



Residence of D. W. Coe.

tives and summer boarders appear at the wharf to welcome the coming and speed the parting guests; and then the steamer goes on its noisy way, and the incident is merged into the "dream that is never told."

All this makes Centre Harbor the ideal resort for the city workers. Here is rest, absolute rest, where the shriek of the locomotive is never heard, where the electric trolley never slays the unwary, where the



Centre Harbor in 1842.



Across the Lake, from Senter House.



The Moulton House.

hum of the factory is unknown, but where Nature at her best is on every hand to solace, to cheer, to rehabilitate. Here the shattered nerves insensibly regain their tone, and health and vigor come while you dream. In your dream are visions of delightful sails on the lake, of bathing in its clear water, of strings of black bass, of drives through shady roads, midst scenery so grand that it seems enchantment rather than dreamland,



The Congregational Church.



The Village Square.

and last, but not least, of a pleasant, kindly, hospitable people.

O city folk, shake from your feet the dust of pavement, leave behind you the crowded thoroughfares, the superheated masses of stone and brick, the never-ending lines of trolley cars, the heavy carts rattling over cobble pavements, the endless noises which distress you by day and rob

you of sleep at night,—leave these far behind you, go to Centre Harbor, in the “heart of the highlands,” and for a time forget the troubles and vexations of life in that region of almost perfect peace.

Centre Harbor is not sleepy and dreamy from old age, nor are there any signs of decay or deterioration. The dwelling-houses are all kept in

good repair, the grounds are neatly cared for, and the many summer cottages add a pleasing variety to the general architecture. The delightful conditions referred to by the poet are the result of location and environment. The silent grandeur of lake and mountain scenery has had its inevitable effect on the characteristics of the people.

In a business sense, the town is alive, for its business is the care of summer visitors, and its very quiet and somnolence are among its chief attractions. Centre Harbor is really



Steamer Mt. Washington.

youthful, as towns go, for though its first settler, Moses Senter, came here in 1763, it was not incorporated as a town until December 7, 1797, and its first town meeting was held on March 12, 1798. It was set off from New Hampton, the location of the present village having been known as "Centre-harbor" for some years previous to its incorporation.



The Senter House.

The first petition for incorporation, made in 1788, was signed by Benning Moulton and fifty others, but was not granted. The signers of the second and successful petition were Ezekiel Morse, C. Sturtevant, John Pain, John Hawkins, Chase Robinson, Jesse Sturtevant, John Sturtevant, Hosea Sturtevant, Amos Pain, Jr., Stephen Hawkins, John Knowles, A. B. Glines, Nehemiah Lee, Benning Moulton, Daniel Page, Moses Morse, Hugh Kelsea, Joseph Kenney, Daniel Norris, Robert Kelsea, James Tebbetts, Caleb Towle, Perez Sturte-



Residence of Frank H. Morse.



Residence of J. S. Graves.

vant, James Little, W. Robinson, W. Pain, William Berry, Jonathan Robinson, Joshua Pain, Jeremiah Towle, Pelham Sturtevant, Joseph Moulton, J. M. Pain, Abel Morse, Moses Kelsea, Smith Cram, Joshua Norris, Benjamin Sturtevant, John Pain, Jr., Isaac Morse, James Towle, Wadleigh Cram, Joseph Senter, E. Chamberlain, C. Hawkins, Stephen



The Currier Cottage.



The Sheafe Cottage.



Red Hill, from the Meredith Road.

Kenney, Amos Pain.

There has been some controversy as to the proper spelling of the word "Centre" and its derivation, some contending that it should be "Senter's" harbor, from the name of the original settler, instead of "Centre" harbor, from the fact that it is the centre of three lake harbors, Moultonborough harbor being on the east and Meredith harbor on

the west. The late Hon. Isaac W. Hammond of Concord, who was considered an authority on state historical matters, prepared a paper on this subject, which was printed in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, of February, 1881. After a learned and exhaustive discussion, he concludes as follows: "First, that there was a land-



Residence of J. A. Grant.

ing on the lake called Centre Harbor some years before the town was set off, and so called because it was the centre of three harbors; second, that the town took the same name when it was incorporated . . . ; third, that the gentleman who engrossed the act of incorporation was not guilty of the sin of ignorance . . ." The present writer does not contend that the dispute is settled by this conclusion of Mr. Hammond, for the champions of "Senter's" are probably of the "same



The Lake House.

opinion still," only much more so. There is no doubt, at any rate, that Mr. Moses Senter of Londonderry was the original settler, and that with his wife and family he braved and overcame all the trials and privations of a frontier existence.

For many years before the construction of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad, Centre Harbor was an important point of travel, being the half-way station on the once well-known Concord and Fryeburg stage route. The old tavern oc-



Residence of Frank B. Stanley



Residence of Dr. W. A. Page.

cupied the site of the present Moulton House, and many famous men enjoyed its hospitality while en route to or from the mountains. In those days probably two thirds of the mountain travel came this way. The trip from Concord to Fryeburg, eighty-four miles, was made in one day, which was then considered remarkably good time. The stage route was for many years owned by

1860, when he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Mr. S. F. Emery, its present proprietor. In 1868, the house was remodeled and enlarged, and later other enlargements and additions were made, resulting in the present commodious structure. The house has always retained its old-time popularity both for transient guests and summer boarders. For the encouragement of forestry, it may be said here that in front of the Moulton House

is a row of stately elms, among the finest shade-trees in the town, which have been set out by Mr. Emery during the past thirty-eight years.

The Senter House is one of the largest and finest summer hotels in New Hampshire, and is second to none in point of location and surroundings. Built ten years ago, it is modern in design and equipment, combining elegance and comfort in a



Glimpses from "Gilnockie."

Jonathan S. Moulton, who also owned the tavern at Centre Harbor, on the site of the present Moulton House. In 1848, the tavern was purchased by his brother, John H. Moulton, and was kept by him until

marked degree. This is the new Senter House. Samuel Senter, son of the original settler, Moses Senter, made his house on the farm now known as the Coe place, a sort of wayside inn some seventy-five years

ago. Then he built a small house on the site of the present tennis court, and "kept tavern" there for some years. He was succeeded as landlord by his son-in-law, John Coe, and he in turn by his son, Curtis S.

Woodbine Cottage, C. H. Sanborn, proprietor; Locust Cottage, B. F. Kelsea, proprietor; Brown Cottage, Mrs. B. F. Kelsea, proprietor; Bay View House, Mrs. G. N. Emery, proprietor; Fairmount Cottage, Mrs.



A Bit of Shore.

Coe, who sold out to G. W. Gilman and James L. Huntress. Later, Mr. Huntress became sole proprietor, and under his management the Senter House was made one of the most popular and profitable summer hotels in the state. After his death, his widow and sons continued to run the house until it was destroyed by fire in 1887. The present splendid structure was built by a stock company in season for the business of 1888, and has since been conducted by various managers. Its present landlord, Mr. Charles B. Turner, has had much experience in the business, and is making such a success that with the return of prosperity the Senter House promises to be one of the most frequented resorts of the state.

Besides the hotels there are many smaller boarding-houses, where city visitors fare as well, if not so luxuriously, as at the more pretentious establishments. Among them are the Cambridge house, kept by R. D. Green, whose guests are mainly from Cambridge, Mass., and vicinity;

M. J. Ames, proprietor; Mountain View House, M. J. Goodwin, proprietor; Maple Cottage, A. S. Moulton, proprietor; and cottages where boarders are taken, kept by Mrs. A. M. Graves and Charles Green. All of these have fine grounds, are neatly kept, and are filled each season with desirable guests.

Many wealthy city people own cottages in Centre Harbor, and others rent them for the season. Among these are Mr. George W. Armstrong, whose cottage "Gilnockie" is referred to in another article in this number; the "Sturtevant farm," formerly Whittier's summer home, and now occupied by Dean George H. Hodges and family, of Harvard University; "Pine Hill," Josiah Sturtevant's place, where Rev. Mr. Greenleaf of Somerville, Mass., occupies a cottage; Guy E. Cram's farm, Centre Harbor Neck, near Squam lake; the old Sutton estate, now owned and occupied by J. A. Grant and family, of Everett, Mass.; "Alpine Park," where M. K. Kendall of Everett,

Mass., and A. W. Berry of Peabody, Mass., own and occupy fine cottages: "Pinecroft Cottage," occupied by F. E. Stevens, the well-known educator of Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Briars," owned and occupied by John D. Bates of Boston, and noted for its deer park, fish pond, etc. All of these cottages are well built and of modern architecture, while many of them are very elaborate and costly.

The only business of importance in the town, aside from summer visitors, is the Goodrich Brothers' sawmill, and the general stores of Morse & Stanley and F. L. Towle. The former is the old established business place, Mr. Frank H. Morse having been connected with it for twenty-five years. The present partnership was formed eight years ago, since which time the business has continued to be very prosperous. Mr. Towle has been proprietor of the other store about a year, although it has been established four or five years.

The Congregational is the only church in town, the present edifice having been built in 1838. The membership at that time numbered eleven persons, viz.: Moses Morse, Jeremigh Towle, Ward C. Sturtevant, Dorothy Sturtevant, Olive Emery, Anna M. Batchelder, Lucetta Sturtevant, Lavina S. Coe, Lois Morse, Sally T. Paine, and Caleb Towle. Among the present membership of sixty are several descendants of the original founders. Since its establishment in 1838, services have never been suspended, and the church continues its prosperous and useful work under the direction of its present pastor, Rev. J. A. McKnight.

The schools of the town have been systematically managed, and although the number of pupils does not warrant the establishment of a high school, yet the opportunities for a substantial English education are not lacking. The Centre Harbor Library association, established in 1890, now circulates 800 volumes, furnishing a great addition to the educational facilities, as well as lighter reading to while away spare hours.

The only secret society in town is Winnipiseogee Tribe, No. 25, Improved Order of Red Men, Charles E. Goodrich, sachem, which has about fifty members. The organization is strong and prosperous, and occupies a commodious and well-appointed hall.

The amusements of summer visitors are many and enticing; boating on the beautiful lake, catching magnificent strings of black bass and other fish, playing lawn tennis on the splendid courts, driving over the shady roads, visiting other near by resorts, attending hops and lawn parties; and when tired of all these, sitting quietly on the broad veranda, or lounging in the inviting hammock under the trees, and passing the hours in silent communion with Nature, and in lazy, contented introspection. So calm, so peaceful, so beautiful is it during the long summer days, that at Centre Harbor even the most active intellect may emulate the example of an old friend in Weare, who declared that he sometimes "went for weeks at a time and never thought nothin'." You do not have to think while at Centre Harbor. You only have to be comfortable and contented, hungry and happy.

WINNIPESAUKEE.

By George H. Evans.

Smile of the Great Spirit, oft to thee
My heart in longing turns to see
Thy rocky shores, and bending willows,
And sunny calms, and heaving billows;
And oft on mem'ry's pictured scroll,
Clear-graven stand thy moods of soul.

I see thy waters, clear and bright,
Fling back to sky Aurora's light,
Or mellow lie, as the day grows old,
In purple haze and streak of gold,
And calmer and more restful yet,
When 'neath thy hills the sun has set,
And shadows o'er thy bosom glide,
Like phantom ships on mystic tide,
And moonbeams shimmer in dreamy spell
On every gently murmuring swell.

Then, weary with the day's toilsome care,
I fain would seek thy peace to share,
And drink deep drafts of renewing life,
And patience and hope in daily strife,
And from the strong, deep calm thy depths within,
New strength to work, and wait, and win.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

II. Attack at Springfield Landing.

Springfield Landing is six or seven miles distant from the nearest point to Port Hudson, and was somewhat further from General Banks's head-

quarters. It was the landing place for the various supplies intended for our troops who were then besieging Port Hudson.

At the time of which we are writing, early in July, there were im-

mense quantities of quartermasters' and commissary stores, ammunition, and medical supplies piled along the shore of that landing, awaiting transportation.

For the purpose of protecting those supplies, the men of the Sixteenth, commanded by Captain Hersey, together with the One Hundred Sixty-second New York, were detached from the main army, and Captain Hersey was appointed provost marshal.

Confederate scouts, though appearing at no point in large numbers, constantly had been hovering along the road between the Landing and Port Hudson, which ran for a larger part of the distance through a well-wooded and deserted country. The Confederate colonel, J. L. Logan, a bold and dashing officer, was raiding in our rear and doing no little mischief. In his report to General Johnson, he said, "I will range around through the country, and whenever an opportunity offers, will strike the enemy."

Still, an attack by Logan at Springfield Landing was hardly expected, and certainly had not been provided for. Accordingly, on July 2, at nine o'clock in the morning, our men were treated to a genuine surprise. Indeed, for a few moments there was consternation among them. A regiment of Texan rangers, sometimes called "bush whackers," under command of the Confederate Colonel Powers, numbering from two to four hundred, though seeming to our startled men to number several thousands, without a moment's warning dashed in among our troops, taking temporary possession of all supplies. They came from the southwest, and

with such boldness that the men on the picket line, belonging to the One Hundred Sixty-second New York, supposed at first that they were our own cavalry.

Not a shot was fired by our men until they had been surrounded. As soon as the mistake was discovered, the colonel of the One Hundred Sixty-second New York with a resolute effort attempted to rally his men, but all to no purpose, at least so far as getting them into shape to repel the attack was concerned.

But his courageous efforts and energetic commands appear to have been of important service, for the Confederates, fearing that the New York men were being ordered into position to cut off their retreat, and suffering somewhat from the men of the Sixteenth, who after the first surprise had begun to fire upon them, escaped almost as suddenly as they had come upon us.

In Colonel Irwin's report to General Banks we were gratified to find this acknowledgment: "The provost guard, commanded by Capt. A. J. Hersey, Sixteenth New Hampshire, made a fight from behind the levee and drove the enemy off, killing three, including a captain, and wounding five of their number. Captain Hersey's loss was three wounded, three prisoners, and one missing."

The enemy remained within our lines scarcely more than twenty minutes. They set fire to a large quantity of clothing and garrison equipment, but the bulk of the stores was saved. Colonel Logan's report, sent to Richmond, that he had "burned all the enemy's stores, destroyed a hundred wagons, and killed and wounded a hundred and forty men,"

was of course a Confederate falsehood. The facts were, that they had taken but twenty-five prisoners, only three belonging to the Sixteenth, and they were released within a few hours. Only one of our men, Private Johnson of Company G, was killed.

The audacity of that raid, the little damage done, with the opportunity of doing much, the firmness with which our men (with two or three exceptions) stood their ground, especially those of the Sixteenth, judging from Irwin's report to Banks, and the precipitate flight of the enemy are matters of congratulation.

We shall be justified, perhaps, in adding at this point another complimentary announcement made to General Banks by General Irwin. It came about in this way:

A few days after that attack, a detachment of dust-covered Federal cavalry under a dim light dashed into our lines at Springfield Landing. The contrabands under our charge, of whom there were almost a multitude, began the cry, "The rebs! The rebs are coming!" This was echoed by hundreds of others, and created a panic; there was a wild rush of negroes, teams, teamsters, and frightened soldiers. Speaking of that affair, Colonel Irwin in his report to Banks says, "At the bluff they were stopped by the bayonets of the Sixteenth New Hampshire, which formed with great promptitude behind the levee."

III. Defense of Fort Butler at Donaldsonville.

It will be remembered by the reader that at the time the Sixteenth left Butte á la Rose, many of the men, being too enfeebled to proceed with

the regiment to Port Hudson, were left, some at Brashear City, others at Algiers, while the larger part were taken to New Orleans and placed in a roomy but not very inviting building, that in former days had been used as a cotton press.

Still, the men, having suitable food and fairly good nursing, and being protected from rain and malarial poisons, had really no grounds for complaint, and many of them, owing to their life-long temperate habits and their naturally vigorous constitutions, rallied, as they had at other times, surprisingly quick, and felt themselves ready for service, though really far less qualified for it than they imagined themselves to be.

Not many days had passed after their arrival at New Orleans when there came a most pressing call for our men and other convalescents to go up the river to Donaldsonville, which was then threatened by the enemy, there being at the time no other available troops that could be had for its defense. Eighty men of the Sixteenth, as Comrade J. P. Heath, Company B, who was among the number, reports, answered the call.

It ought to be said, however, that Comrade H. L. Johnson, of Company H, who also was among the number, thinks there were fewer of our men than the estimate of Comrade Heath indicates, and we rather incline to the opinion of Johnson. The exact number is perhaps of no material importance, though the number of the volunteers from our regiment, as compared with that from others, must have been large.

Unfortunately, the roster made by Sergeant G. P. Cotton, of the Six-

teenth, to whom on leaving New Orleans for Donaldsonville was given the command of all the convalescents from the various regiments, cannot, since his death, be found, though every effort has been made to secure it. Comrade Johnson, after these many intervening years, is able to recall with certainty the following names:

Sergeant, George P. Cotton; corporal, Lewis F. Davis; privates, Leonidas J. Avery; Charles G. Davis, James W. Cross, Nathaniel D. Farnsworth, Ranson Handy, Joseph P. Heath, Ezra F. Jonnson, Henry L. Johnson, George P. Jones.

It is, perhaps, no matter of surprise, but it certainly is a matter of regret, that only these names of the men of the Sixteenth can be enrolled among those who defended that fortification. The only full record, as we have said, is lost, and most of the men are long since dead.

Donaldsonville is on the Mississippi river, at the confluence of the La Fourche bayou, and is about equidistant from Port Hudson and New Orleans. Owing to its location, it figured, first and last during the several campaigns in Louisiana, as a place of considerable strategic importance.

Quite early in the war it was determined by the Federal authorities to fortify it, and accordingly a fort was built and named Fort Butler in honor of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, whom the people of the Southwest hated more intensely than they did any other, because he was disposed to handle well-known Confederates without gloves.

The fortification was remarkably well built, and commanded the ap-

proaches on all sides. Fort Butler had been garrisoned late in June, 1863, by portions only, of two companies of the Twenty-eighth Maine under command of Major J. D. Bullen.

Our convalescent recruits of the Sixteenth had been at Donaldsonville scarcely a week when the Confederate General Thomas Green, of Texas, a very clever leader and fighter, who had been raiding that part of Louisiana since the reoccupation of Teche country by the Confederates, appeared in the rear of Fort Butler with his Texan troops, who were rough clad, excepting those who were dressed in the uniforms of Union soldiers, probably taken in their raids on Brashear City; but though roughly clad, these Texans were brave and resolute fighters. On the afternoon of June 27, under a flag of truce, General Green demanded an unconditional and immediate surrender of the fort.

Major Bullen thereupon called together the garrison, and, while they were standing about the flagstaff, asked whether the flag should be pulled down or left hanging. "It was one of the boys of the Sixteenth," says Comrade Heath, "who, speaking for the rest, said, 'Never pull it down; let it hang!' The Major then replied, 'It shall hang there as long as there is a man of you left to defend it.'"

Fortunately, at that juncture, a transport steamer from New Orleans, having on board a few officers and men who were returning to their regiments at Port Hudson, called at Donaldsonville. They were informed of the situation, and Major Bullen asked if there were any commis-

sioned officers on board who could be spared to assist in the defense of the garrison against the expected attack. Two lieutenants volunteered and the steamer departed.

A few moments later General Green was informed of the decision of the garrison, H. sent back word to remove the non-combatants immediately, and added "no prisoners will be taken."

Five hundred of his men, meanwhile, had volunteered to take the fort by storming it. They made the attack a little past one o'clock on the morning of June 28.

The first assault was on the stockade at our left, and though we were exposed to the raking fire from the enemy's sharpshooters who were posted on the opposite side of the bayou, still the stockades at that point were gallantly and courageously defended by our men, the larger number of whom were from the Sixteenth.

The second attack, thirty minutes later, was on our right. That assault was determined and fierce, but the position was heroically defended, the larger number of defenders at that point being from the state of Maine.

It was in that attack that one of the lieutenants who, on the way up the river the day before, had volunteered to stop over, was killed by a bullet through his neck, and the other one a little later was mortally wounded by a large shot that passed through his face, nearly severing his tongue; he was removed to New Orleans that afternoon.

In the fight Sergeant Cotton was hit by a bullet just over his heart, but his roll book deadened the force. The sergeant carried for some time

the mark of the shot where the bullet struck; the bullet, together with his roll book, as evidence of his narrow escape, were frequently shown to his comrades and friends.

While the second attack was in progress, some of our Sixteenth men who were almost too sick to keep their feet, showed, nevertheless, their fighting qualities, for without orders they crawled along the embankment to the position held by the men from Maine, and helped to defend that point from the enemy, who were doing their utmost to carry it. The firing continued until daylight, when it slacked for the most part, and the main body of the enemy apparently withdrew.

During the fighting that night, as afterwards it was ascertained, some of the Sixteenth men had used from seventy to eighty rounds of ammunition.

The ill-fated Major Bullen before his death made the following report of that first day's fighting:

"At half-past one a. m., June 28, our pickets were fired on by those of the enemy, and during their retreat the guns of the fort and those of the gunboat *Princess Royal*, under command of Captain Woolsey, opened on the approaching enemy. But their forces moved steadily forward, and in a short time Captain E. B. Niel, to whom I had entrusted the defense of the left entrance to the fort, received a terrible fire from the enemy, who came up on the opposite bank of the Bayou La Fourche to a point where they could fire on his flank, which was wholly unprotected; but the gallant captain and his command endured the fire without wavering, and replied with vigor, which, with

the assistance of one of the guns of the fort, drove them back in disorder.

"Almost simultaneously with the attack on our left, the enemy made a vigorous assault in front of both entrances of the fort with a large force. On the left they were bravely repulsed by Captain Neil. Captain Thompson, to whom I had given the defense of the right entrance, after a severe engagement under great disadvantages and with a number many times exceeding his own, was compelled to withdraw to the inner works, where the captain and his command with the greatest desperation fought the enemy, who in large numbers had succeeded in getting within the outer works.

"During the hot fire on the left, Lieutenant Murch, of Captain Thompson's company, was in command of one of the reserves and was ordered to support Captain Thompson, which he did with the greatest energy, and after an hour's struggle was killed. Here also Lieutenant Perry was severely wounded.

"My force was so small that the reserves had now to support Captain Niel, and now Captain Thompson, as the case demanded. After an engagement of three hours and a half, some twenty-five of the enemy at the left surrendered, and more than one hundred on the right. A majority of those who succeeded in getting within our outer works made their escape, leaving a little more than one hundred.

"I cannot speak in terms of too high commendation of my gallant officers and my brave men, who fought against so great a superiority of numbers with unaccountable energy and endurance.

"Of the enemy, we have buried more than fifty that we gathered up just without and within our outer works. Twenty-five of their wounded we found where we gathered up their dead. The remainder were borne away by the retreating forces. The number must have been large. Two deserters came in yesterday, and stated that the enemy acknowledged a loss of 500, killed and wounded."

Not long after completing this report, the major, who had incurred the displeasure of some of the men, was treacherously shot by one of his own soldiers, Private Francis Scott of Company F, First Louisiana regiment, who at the time was somewhat under the influence of liquor. Scott was at once arrested and sent to New Orleans, where he was tried and shot for his crime.

General Green, finding that his 500 volunteers were not sufficient to capture the fort, and enraged at his losses, massed his entire force, numbering at that time nearly fourteen hundred men, and followed cautiously down the banks of the river in confidence of making the capture.

But, fortunately for us, the very night on which the attack was planned, one of the Federal gunboats, watching for a movement of that kind, discovered the whereabouts of the Confederates, and under cover of the fog got in position and gave them a broadside that caused a general stampede.

Those of the enemy who were still in position to fight us, together with others who from time to time had joined them, finding that the main body of their comrades had retired during the night, waved a white flag at daylight. They were asked,

"What is wanted?" and replied, "We wish to surrender." They were required to lay down their arms where they were. They then filed into the fort and gave their names. Though they did not know the fact, and it is well for us that they did not, yet they numbered more effective men than those to whom they had surrendered themselves prisoners.

After looking about for a few moments and seeing scarcely any troops, they asked, "Where are your men?" "Oh, they are at breakfast; some of them have gone for water and others are secreted where they can fix Green if he makes another attack." Those were falsehoods, but were told on the fallacious ground that in war all things are fair.

There can be no doubt that if the weakness of the garrison really had been known, those men would not have surrendered. They had been completely fooled during the day and night by fictitious commands like these: "Colonel Smith, move your regiment to the left and hold your fire till the enemy are in easy range." "Colonel Littlejohn, keep a sharp lookout and be ready with your command to make an assault." Many such orders were given to regimental and company commanders who had no existence except in the imagination of the Yankees who held the fort and gave the commands.

Fortunately, soon after the Confederates had surrendered, a small gunboat, *No. 2*, which formerly was the blockade runner, *Princess Royal*, came down the river and relieved us of our prisoners. Then our boys breathed easier, for up to that time they had been in mortal dread lest those

Texans, discovering the weakness of the garrison, would spring upon and disarm the guards, and have the fort and its defenders in their own hands.

General Green's plans meantime were unknown. The fear was that he would return at any hour with perhaps an additional force, and if so, our men, though slightly reinforced, June 29, by a few men from the Twenty-eighth Maine and the Louisiana First, who compensated for the loss to our forces during the fighting of the previous day and night, could not seemingly have held out if there had been another assault. And what made matters still worse for us was that the enemy had planted batteries on the river both above and below Donaldsonville, which quite effectually cut off all transport navigation unless attended by gunboats.

In that critical condition of affairs, our men from June 28 to July 9 were kept on duty almost continuously, day and night. They slept behind the entrenchments with muskets in their hands, and even cooked and ate their rations with their equipments on.

And yet, strange and odd as it may seem, those more than half-exhausted and almost imprisoned troops on the morning of July 4 resolved to fire the national salute. Accordingly, they arranged a protection for the gunners and began the firing.

With almost every discharge, the Confederates, who were lying right under the guns on the other side of the embankment, would utter their oaths at the patriotism of the "damned Yankees" who were suffocating them with smoke and deafen-

ing them with the din of the cannon. The entire salute, however, was fired, which doubtless gave the impression to the enemy that we had an ample supply of ammunition left and plenty of strength to use it.

It may well be questioned if the Confederate troops ever met such a determined resistance, coupled with so much out-and-out bluff as that which confronted them at Donaldsonville.

It was some time during that Fourth of July that the officer who succeeded Major Bullen as commandant of the fort, expressed in the presence of some of our Sixteenth boys a desire for certain information that in vain he had sought to obtain.

One of the youngest of the number offered to make the attempt to secure it. The commander in reply chaffed the volunteer a bit, owing, perhaps, to his extreme youthful appearance. "What can you do?" was the question of the commander. "Anything you say," was the quick reply. "I wish, then," said the officer, "you would find where General Green is, and what he is going to do." "I will," replied the boy.

The commander scarcely expected that such a foolhardy attempt would be made, and dismissed the matter from his mind. The next morning very early the youthful soldier visited the officer's tent with the information that Green was in a certain farmhouse, giving the location, and that he was intending to attack the fort at one o'clock that day. The officer laughed. The young soldier remarked, "Would it not be well for you to get ready?"

The officer studied for a moment the face of the boy, and became

thoughtful. Shortly after the foregoing conversation, matters were put in readiness for an attack, and at one o'clock every available man was in position. Hardly had that been done, when Green, who doubtless had reasoned that at that hour the garrison would be easily surprised, suddenly appeared and began the attack. To his astonishment and dismay, he found that our men were fully prepared as if expecting the attack, and so successfully met it that he fell back to consider what next to do.

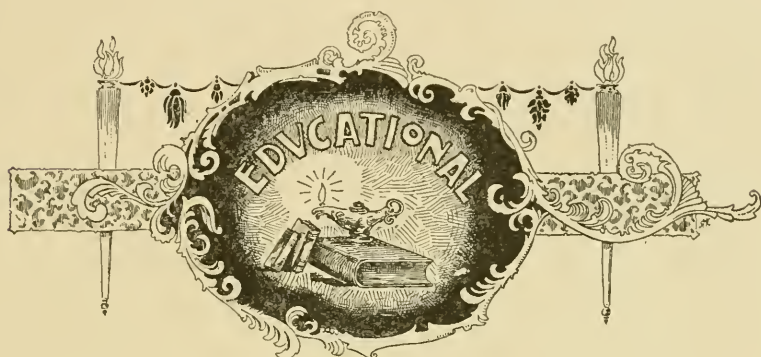
The facts were these: That Sixteenth boy, of whom we have spoken, soon after his conversation with the commanding officer, and after dark, passed through our picket lines, and by a "piece of good luck," as he says, though evidently by sheer daring, discovered the farm-house where were stopping General Green and his staff.

He hung about, and by creeping under fences, climbing trees, and by other devices and adventures, that seem almost too incredulous for any one to believe, obtained the desired information, and actually overheard the words of General Green while he was planning the attack for the next day, and among other things heard him say, "I will enter that fort if I have to cut my way with an axe." Green probably, when using those words, had in mind the cutting of the upright timbers that formed the stockade that greatly had bothered his men in the previous assault. After getting this information, our young volunteer returned, passing through the enemy's and our own picket lines, reaching the fort some time before daylight.

We would be glad to give the name of that youthful hero, of course now well on in years, but he has emphatically requested the historian to withhold for the present its publication.

NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[To be continued.]



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

OVERWORK.¹

By A. H. Campbell, Ph. D.

This topic may suggest some very general questions which we shall not care to discuss in this paper. For example, Are we as a nation overworking, or working under too great pressure? Are our professional men overworking; our business men; the fathers and mothers of the family? Questions of this character have a general interest, but the question we are to consider is: Is there overwork in the schools? As this question seemed too broad, and as a leading superintendent in an adjoining state has lately investigated one phase of this, "Are Our Teachers Overworked?" I decided to limit my investigations to the work of the pupils and to the public schools.

The charge of overworking students is sometimes made against the special fitting schools for colleges, and often against Normal schools.

I have in the past made many investigations of such charges and never yet found one substantiated by fact; not one case of breaking down from overwork has been found to exist among students simply fulfilling the requirements of the schools. I have known students to fail in their work and break down from the worry incurred in attempting to perform two years' work in one, but the violation of physical laws was the primal cause, even in such cases.

Students break down from attempt-

¹Address before the Merrimack Valley Teachers' Association, at Nashua, N. H., May 1, 1897.

ing to save time for study which should be devoted to sleep, rest, or recreation. I have known students to fail physically because of starving the body to save expense, when boarding themselves, and from taking cold bites when they felt like eating, instead of having properly-prepared meals at regular times;—an expensive kind of economy, a wasteful saving of time.

It sounds very poetical to talk about burning the midnight oil, and forgetting hunger, pain, and weariness in the thirst for knowledge, but it shows also a lack of common sense. It may be good sentiment, but it is poor policy. Nothing is saved by cheating the stomach of needed nourishment, or the brain and nerve of needed rest. Nature's laws are inexorable, and demand a penalty for every violation.

When any such failure occurs—no matter what may be the cause—a hue and cry is raised against the school for overworking its students.

Without indulging farther in generalities, I come to the special phase of the subject investigated,—the overwork of children in our public schools. This topic may be still farther limited by leaving out of the account the rural schools, in which the complaint of overwork of pupils is seldom or never heard. The reasons for this are obvious. The shorter terms and brief time for recitations preclude the possibility that teachers will overwork pupils, while the more healthful environments and vigorous out-of-door exercise tend to develop stronger constitutions in the country-bred boys and girls.

As I did not wish to deal merely with generalities, or simply express an individual opinion, I decided to investigate the matter as fully as the time would allow and to report the result of

my investigations. To this end I prepared a series of questions, as follows

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR SIR: Please give your opinion in answering the following questions, and oblige by returning promptly. Yours truly,

A. H. CAMPBELL.

1. Are the children of your city overworked in the public schools?
 2. If so, what is the cause, and who is responsible for it?
 3. If not, why is the charge so often made against the schools?
 4. How many cases of serious injury from overwork have come under your observation?
 5. How large a per cent. of the so-called cases of overwork are due to worry? To the neglect of caring for bodily health? To outside attractions—parties, late suppers, etc.?
 6. Should children below the high school study outside of school hours? If so, how much?
 7. How many hours should high school students work, including recitations?
- Name. Position. Location. (Please make any further remarks below.)

These I sent to superintendents, teachers, and physicians of New England, and of the larger cities in all parts of the United States. I have received reports from all the larger cities of New England, and from many others, a sufficient number from which to draw a fair conclusion in regard to the matter investigated. The first inquiry was: Are the children overworked in the public schools? Only four affirmative answers to the question have been received.

Of the physicians who reported, three, only, said "Yes," and hold the board of education responsible. One decidedly modified his statements in answering later questions, for he writes that "Eye strain and bad hygienic surroundings have much to do with the students' condition, and undoubtedly too much of the serious injury is ascribed to over-

study." Another says: "Your questions open up a wide field of thought and investigation. In a word, I would say that I believe a great many children of American families, who are well when they first attend school, break down somewhere in the course, by being pushed too hard in their studies." The other physicians answered "No."

Seventy-five per cent. of the superintendents answered this question with an unqualified "No." The others qualified their answers with such expressions as: "I think not," "Few, if any," "Not as a class," "The average pupil is not," "No, excepting in the college preparatory course, for which the college is responsible." The writer of this last says: "It is hardly possible to do in the high school in four years the work required in fitting for college. The course should be extended to five years." Eighty per cent. of the teachers said "No," or "I think not." Others qualified the negative with "not in general," "only exceptionally," "excepting a few in high schools." One gave an unqualified "Yes," and assigned as the cause, "poor teaching."

One superintendent of large experience says: "The overwork insanity seems to have disappeared around here. We cannot get our pupils to work as much as is good for their health."

A physician writes: "The system of examinations in our public schools (New York and Brooklyn) is very bad and is more responsible for the complaints than the system of study. There is a 'cram' and a rush and feverish excitement connected with it that is responsible for much that is called overwork. The effect is bad, especially on girls."

A Boston teacher writes: "My belief, briefly stated, is that the teacher,

not the pupil, is the one who overworks, and must do so to make up for the lack of ambition in the average city child, as compared with the average city committee. The teacher is ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Some of the excessive burden is due, I suppose, to recent enrichment of courses (but not of teachers) with no curtailment anywhere, and the day no longer than it has always been. The pupil is all right; he will always take good care not to cheat himself of any play time, or put in any work time, unless absolutely driven to it. The exceptions to this rule are, I take it, pretty rare anywhere, and in that special constituency with which I am familiar, would compare in frequency with the traditional angels' visits."

The superintendent of the same city says: "If the children in the public schools of this city are overworked (which he does not believe to be the case generally), the teachers are the cause of such overwork, and are responsible for it."

Another says: "My experience shows that those pupils are said to be overworked by study whose parents require them to do no manual labor, but rather incline to do for them instead of asking them to do for themselves." One says: "There are a few cases of overwork, for which the city is responsible in not having a competent medical inspector of schools."

The answers to the second question, "If so, what is the cause and who is responsible for it?" have been largely included in my report of the answers to the first. One teacher thus explains the situation: "Parents do not coöperate with teachers to secure due application from all pupils. The ambitious

ones are allowed to do too much; the lazy ones are allowed to waste their time." Another says there are two causes: "First, peculiar temperament of pupils—strain actually too great; second, outside work or interests, *e. g.*, music, society—parents responsible."

The third question: "If not, why is the charge so often made against the schools?" called out the greatest variety of answers.

About one half the teachers and superintendents claim that the charge is not made in regard to the schools over which they have supervision.

A large number attribute the charge to "misinformation," "misapprehension," "ignorance of the school work on the part of the parents," "for the want of a better excuse," "as a convenient scapegoat." One teacher says: "The charge is made, I fancy, sometimes as a scapegoat for the deficiencies of children, and sometimes by parents out of pure ill will." Another writes: "I think the charge is often made against the schools for the reason that one such case counts for more than a thousand cases in which children are not overworked." Others: "A growing laxity in parental authority and undue sympathy for their children." One teacher says: "Teachers ask for too much, not expecting half. The pupil tells outside how much he is expected to do; thus public opinion."

A superintendent attributes the charge to unthinking and indiscriminating criticism. Recently in one study in one class in the high school, undue lessons were required and at once complaint against the whole school system was loud and frequent. A remedy applied to that one class stopped the talk. Another writes: "Mentally weak pupils are thus ex-

cused by their parents. All disgruntled citizens use the schools for such purposes. It shows lack of home training." Still another: "Perhaps because people are more ready to believe that the ill health of their children is due to something wrong in the schools than to their own folly." Other reasons given are: "Children are not trained by their parents to consider school work the main business of school-days. The claims of school generally give way to other claims. When the resulting backwardness overcrowds the pupil, it is dishonestly attributed to too great demands of the school, instead of to the neglect of its legitimate demands. In the great majority of cases the charge of overwork lacks honesty or intelligence." Another: "Many parents whose children have to leave school on account of ill health, are inclined to ascribe that ill health to overstudy, the fact being that the children are unable to study on account of ill health, not that their health is poor because of overstudy; the ill health is usually due to other causes. Many children are indisposed to study, or are lazy; and many parents mistake that indisposition or laziness for a sign of ill health, and let their children drop out of school." One says: "It is a fact that children get fatigued in school, but not from overwork. Such fatigue is due often to foul air, to mechanical, uninteresting teaching, and to lack of intermissions."

The fourth question was: "How many cases of serious injury from overwork have come under your observation?" The teacher who answered "Yes" to the first question gives the number of cases that have come under his observation as thirty. He has taught school above twenty years.

The physicians who claim that children are overworked in the public schools cannot tell how many cases they have had, but say "Several," "Usually one on hand," "No means of knowing," "Thirteen in one year." A principal writes: "I think that something like one out of ten of my pupils use their minds to the detriment of their bodies or their health." Another one writes: "In all my experience of twenty-seven years, I do not recall a single experience of serious injury from overwork."

Two or three others say "Very few"; one, "Not any, except to eyesight"; while all others claim "Not any." Half of the physicians report "Not any"; one says: "Perhaps half a dozen cases every year, and these as a rule have some physical defect as an exciting cause. The neurotic cases are in the majority in children (particularly girls) from ten to fourteen years of age." The others report "Very few cases."

Eighty per cent. at least of the supervisors report "None," or "None for several years"; ten per cent. report "A few cases"; one reports "Six or seven cases in fifteen years"; another, "Two in twenty-three years."

The fifth question consisted of three parts: First, "How large a per cent. of the so-called cases of overwork are due to worry?" second, "To the neglect of caring for bodily health?" third, "To outside attractions—parties, late suppers, etc.?"

There is perfect agreement with all parties investigated in placing the main responsibility for the so-called cases of overwork in the schools upon some

one or all of these agencies combined. There is great diversity of opinion as to which should carry the lion's share. The larger burden is generally ascribed to the outside attractions—parties, late suppers, etc., to which several add music and other mental work, with the outside strain accompanying social entertainments and church festivals, in the performance of which the school children are depended upon for the bulk of the work. With several, "Laziness or a dislike for study" is appointed to bear a portion of the responsibility. One says: "Ten times as much harm is done by worry as by overwork."

The prevailing opinion, I find, varies with the social customs of the community and the principles upon which the school system is organized.

In those places where the gaining of an education is considered the essential and legitimate business of school children, very little complaint is made of the "outside attractions." Wherever promotion depends upon rank obtained by written examinations, and the qualifications for graduation are determined in the same manner, "worry" is the cause assigned for most of the physical breaking down of pupils.

One only of those writing ascribed the majority of cases of ill health in pupils to neglect in caring for the body; all others assigned to this cause a small per cent. of the cases.

It is very probable that the system of physical examinations and oversight of the health of pupils by competent physicians on boards of health has had much to do in diminishing sickness caused by neglect of bodily health.

[To be concluded.]

NECROLOGY

WILLIAM L. FOSTER.

Judge William Lawrence Foster was born in Westminster, Vt., June 1, 1823, and died at Rye beach August 13. He studied law at Harvard and began its practice at Keene, removing to Concord in 1853, and there residing until his death. During Polk's administration, he was postmaster at Keene, from 1849 to 1853 clerk of the state senate, and for several years prior to 1856 state law reporter. In 1869, he was appointed a justice of the supreme judicial court, and in 1874, upon the remodeling of the judiciary, was made chief justice of the circuit court. Two years later, when another change was made, he was appointed one of the seven justices of the supreme court, and retained that position until 1881, when he resigned. In 1862 and 1863, Judge Foster was a member of the legislature; since 1884, one of the United States commissioners for New Hampshire; from 1879 to 1887, a trustee of the state library, and for many years the president of the board of trustees of the city library. As regards style of composition, Judge Foster's opinions were the finest ever delivered in New Hampshire, and will long be regarded as models.

JOSEPH SHATTUCK.

Joseph Shattuck was born in Blackburn, England, February 10, 1849, and died by his own hand in Nashua, August 14. He was a manufacturer of confectionery, but was most prominent as a Mason, having attained the thirty-third degree in that order and having held the most important offices within the gift of the order in this state.

LUTHER G. JOHNSON.

Luther G. Johnson was born in Concord, November 13, 1813, and died at Minneapolis August 12. He was one of the founders of Minneapolis, starting the first furniture factory in the northwest at St. Anthony Falls in 1854. Later, he was engaged in general trade in that city.

DR. N. R. MORSE.

Dr. Nathan Ransom Morse was born in Stoddard, February 20, 1831, and was educated at Tubbs academy, Washington, and at Amherst college. He studied medicine at Harvard and the University of Vermont, and practised in Salem, Mass., from 1865 to the time of his death, August 5. He was professor of diseases of children in the medical department of the Boston University from 1874 to 1879, and was one of the founders of that institution. He was secretary of the Massachusetts Hospital Medical society during 1878-'79; edited Volumes IV and V of the society's transactions; and was its orator in 1874.

GEORGE S. HALE.

George Silsbee Hale was born in Keene, September 24, 1825, and was educated at Phillips Exeter academy and Harvard university, being graduated from the latter institution in 1844. Studying law in the Harvard law school, he was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1846, and from that date to the time of his death, July 27, practised his profession in Boston. He was counsel for the Worcester railroad and later for the Boston & Albany, and devoted himself largely to equity and trusts. He was president of the city council of Boston in 1863 and 1864 and was a delegate to the international arbitration commission of 1896. He was for several years president of the American Unitarian association, and was also prominent in other organizations on various lines.

DR. W. H. W. HINDS.

Dr. W. H. W. Hinds was born in Chichester, August 1, 1833, and died at Milford July 29. He was an army surgeon in the Twelfth and Seventeenth Massachusetts regiments and since the war had practised at Milford. He had been a member of the legislature and of the state senate, and was prominent in secret societies.

CHARLES S. TURNER.

Charles S. Turner, a native of Bethlehem, died at Worcester, Mass., August 8. He entered the railroad business when 21 years of age, and was soon made general agent of the railroad line and steamboat company with offices in Worcester. He remained in that position for fifteen years, and then became superintendent of the Worcester & Nashua Railroad company, which office he held for sixteen years, when he was made president of the consolidated Worcester, Nashua, & Rochester Railroad company. He retired from active service after four years, and since that time he had lived quietly in Worcester.

JUDGE S. W. ROLLINS.

Judge Samuel W. Rollins was born in Somersworth, April 11, 1825, and died at Meredith July 25. He was graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1846, and was admitted to the bar in 1849. He practised his profession in Farmington and Alton for three years each, and in 1855 came to Meredith. He was county solicitor for five years, and assistant United States assessor for ten, and judge of probate for twenty-two years.

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GLIMPSES OF TURKEY IN ASIA.

By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.

DOVERTY and suffering are about the most vivid impressions that remain upon the mind after a visit to the Asiatic possessions of the sultan, and there one sees enough of these to last for a lifetime.

Smyrna, the principal city of Asia Minor, is large enough and foreign enough, so that the pleasant habits of the Turk are not very much in evidence, although even there it is necessary to have had a certain amount of previous training in order to enjoy the strange sights without being sickened by the cruelty and disgusting filth that are discernible on every side. In this place, as in every port in the Orient, we find a very mixed population, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Italians, French, with some few inhabitants and many travelers of other nations. In Smyrna the Greeks far outnumber the Turks, and for that reason the place has been

anxiously watched for an uprising during the late war. Probably the Greeks did not feel confident enough of support from their countrymen to try a revolt that might bring punishment in its track, the Turk being



St. Paul's Gate—Tarsus.



A Type of Levantine Beauty.

very expert in that direction when inclination and opportunity serve.

Smyrna, being the most prosperous city of the Orient, has the largest and most complete bazaar in that region, and it is here that the interest of the traveler is centered. Imagine a large town with very narrow and dirty winding streets, all roofed over, the houses at the sides being without front walls. The little alcoves thus formed are occupied by the merchants, and there are seen all sorts of interesting goods spread out in tempting array to draw out money from the unwary. The rugs are the most attractive feature, as well as the most expensive, and many very beautiful ones may be seen, at prices that seem very low when compared with those in this country. These people do not intend to lose the profit to be made upon cheap machine-made goods though, and many of the interesting Oriental

objects exposed for sale have been imported from the factories of Lyons or of some other European city. When it comes to "ways that are dark" and "tricks that are vain," the "heathen Chinese" is not in it with the merchant of the eastern Mediterranean.

In these bazaars one has to exercise constant caution, to avoid being flattened by a camel, either by being stepped upon or by being crushed against a wall. These beasts are always connected in series, to borrow a term, the halter of each being secured to the harness of the one preceding, and the whole string being led by one man, who rides a horse or a donkey and leads the first camel. As one of the beasts fills up the entire passageway, the streets being very short, and as there are often twenty or more in a *caravan*, the bazaar is filled with camels roaming



Alexandretta or Iskanderun.



Beilan.

about in an apparently utterly irresponsible frame of mind. Their soft feet make absolutely no noise, too, and it is far from pleasant to the novice to look up suddenly and find one of the beautiful (?) heads towering above one, and to realize that nothing but great nimbleness and dexterity will save one from the huge sandbagging feet. It adds zest to one's wanderings, though, and I believe we go abroad in search of novelty.

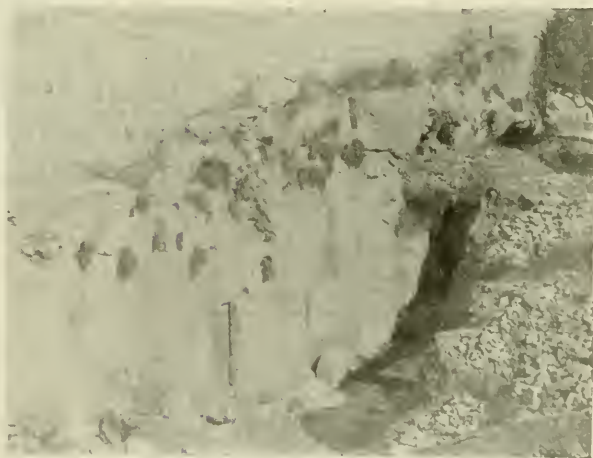
And then the dogs! Oh, the dogs! Nobody dares kill a dog in a Moslem country, but there is nothing to be said against scolding, wounding, or maiming them—anything short of actual death—and as the native is about as gentle minded as our own Indian, the condition of the hordes of dogs may be readily imagined. It is beyond description.

Beyrout, in Syria, is the next city in importance to Smyrna, and is

principally interesting as being the seaport of Damascus, to which place it is connected by a railroad, the concession for which was obtained from the Turks, like that from Jaffa to Jerusalem, by much patience and bribery. Beyrout is also the site of a large American college, where a practical education is given to such youth of the country as desire it and can afford the exceedingly moderate

fees that are required. I believe that a large amount of free instruction is also given. It has an especially fine medical department, and very many young men take that course and go out into the country to try to reduce the frightful amount of ophthalmia and other diseases of filth that ravage the country.

Leaving Beyrout and coasting north, we depart from the beaten track of the tourist and get into a part of the world where nobody ever goes if he can help it, and finally



The New Tomb of Christ, Jerusalem



Latakia Harbor

reach the village of Alexandretta, or, as the natives call it, Iskanderun. This is the seaport of Antioch and Aleppo, and large quantities of licorice root and pistache nuts are brought down to the sea here to be exported. Considerable crude copper is also brought from thirty days' travel or more in the country, the mode of conveyance being on horse, donkey, or camel's back. A railroad has been planned from Alexandretta to Antioch and Aleppo, but as yet the necessary



Not up to his Task—How the Turk Rewards Failure.

permission has not been granted from Constantinople, and nobody knows when it will be, if ever. There is, however, a very fair carriage road in its place, which runs up through the town of Beilan and the mountain pass of the same name.

It is a very interesting drive from Alexandretta up this road about fourteen miles to the top of the pass, whence may be seen the lake of Anti-

och and the sites of several of the very early Christian churches. It was while on this drive that I observed the artless method in which the Turkish officials transport the



Soli.

troops from one place to another. A regiment had been landed from a troop-ship at Alexandretta the night before, on their way to Aleppo, and they had impressed every piece of live stock in the town that was capable of bearing a burden, as well as

every vehicle in sight. The unfortunate owners were at liberty to go along and bring back their property if they wished, and were allowed to work for the soldiers on the way. Failure to go meant absolute loss of property, and its return was not so very certain in any event. I saw one camel that, being rather young, was not up to his load, and in consequence, he got his throat



Jonah's Pillars



Bridge near Soli.

the eastward, where Jonah landed when the whale got tired of him. It must be the right place, they say, for there are two stone pillars there that mark it as such. Irreverent foreign investigators lean to the belief that these pillars are a part of an arch erected by Alexander the Great, in commemoration

cut and was left in the middle of the roads for the wolves to remove. We had to get out of our carriage and let it be hauled up over a side hill to get by the corpse. Of course the soldiers lived on the country on the way, taking anything that they wanted.

About the only historic point of interest near Alexandretta is a spot on the shore to



A Hamal or Porter, with His Load.



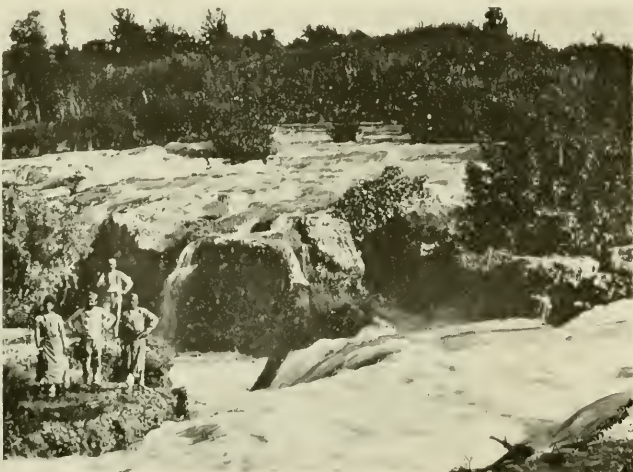
Jonah's Tomb—Tarsus.

of the Battle of Issus, which was undoubtedly fought somewhere in the vicinity.

The route by which Ben Hur returned from Rome to Antioch and his native land did not lead him through Alexandretta, for in those days the river Orontes was navigable to the city for ships of the size which they then knew, so the trade of the city all went by that road, passing to

the southward, by the site of the present town of Suediah.

Another town which vies with Alexandretta in general squalor and wretchedness is Mersina, a short distance to the westward, and on the northern side of the Gulf of Iskanderun. This place, which is also known as Mersine or Mersyna, is the seaport of Tarsus and Adana, the latter city being the seat of govern-

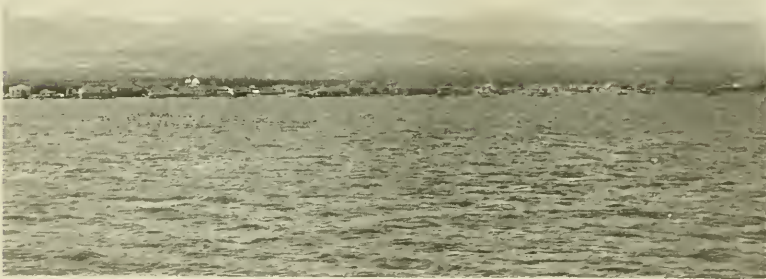


Falls of the Cydnus in Spring.

ment of the vilayet or province of Adana, ancient Cilicia, and is connected with them by a carriage road and railroad also.

Tarsus, having been the home of Saul, is now filled with sites to which his name has been attached. St. Paul's gate, an archway in an old Roman wall, must undoubtedly have been there at the proper time; therefore what is more appropriate than the name? St. Paul's well was known to have been his, because of recent years a tile was pulled out of

encamped when Cleopatra sailed up the river in her wonderful galley to lead him back to Egypt a captive to her charms. Among the falls of the river here, you are shown a basin hollowed out of the rock by the rushing waters where Alexander is said to have bathed just after the Battle of Issus, bringing on an illness which nearly cost him his life. The stream is icy cold, being fed by the snow on the mountains behind, the Taurus range, and this may well be true, although probably the bed of the



Mersina.

it bearing the inscription "Paul." The fact that he was known as Saul when he lived there does not invalidate this claim at all.

Tombs of Sardanapalus and of Jonah are also shown, the latter looking more like a closed-up bread oven than anything else. These men might just as well have been buried here as anywhere else, so the town may as well get what credit there is in it; and does. The river Cydnus is there, though, beyond a doubt, and the traveler can select for himself the meadow where Anthony was

river has changed enough since then to make the claims of any particular spot rather problematical.

About five or six miles to the westward of Mersina, on the coast, is one of the best preserved of all the ruins in this part of the country, Pompeiopolis. Unfortunately, although it is in such a good state of preservation, it has no particular history, and is therefore of no great interest at the present day. It dates back beyond history, and was destroyed and rebuilt many times by various people, the structure now remaining being

raised by order of Pompey the Great. It was from this place that Pompey, the fugitive, sailed for Egypt, there to meet his death. The town was also known as Soli, and it is now called Mezetlu or Hakmoon by the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Taxes are perhaps the most flourishing product of this much-misgoverned country, although I fancy that that crop is rather difficult to harvest, the ground having been already pretty thoroughly worked out. Everything is taxed, and the collection privilege is sold to the highest bidder, so that the condition of the people is beyond description. No native will do anything beyond let himself out by the day as a laborer, for if he tries any work by which he may improve himself he will be taxed more than one hundred per cent. on it. There are many instances similar to that in which the owner of a promising olive

tree was obliged to cut it down one year in which it did not bear, because it was his only source of revenue and when it failed him he had no way of paying the tax on it. When the Red Cross Society tried to help some of the sufferers by giving them donkeys with which to earn a living, the tax gatherers promptly came around and seized the beasts in default of payment of the tax on them, before the owners had an opportunity to earn anything.

Of course the country is in a terrible state, and one of the most fertile lands in the world is only advanced, in a spasmodic kind of a way, by a few foreigners, who work under the protection of their consuls, and who win their way by buying every Turkish official in sight, at exorbitant rates. Even the heavy hand of the Russian bear would be preferable to this.

A LATTER-DAY PIONEER—FRANK BOLLES.

By Mabel Hill.



NORTH of the Sandwich mountains, enclosed by a circle of sombre peaks, there once lay a beautiful lake. Centuries ago its outflowing stream, now called Swift river, cut so deeply between the spurs of Chocorua and Bear mountains that the greater part of the lake drained away into the Saco at Conway, leaving its local bed a fair and rich-soiled intervalle."

Brooding over this land of heights and hollows, the spirit of its monarch mountain, grim Chocorua, bows in mute sympathy with its sweet mis-

treß, the nestling lake. A joy has gone from them. Their friend and minstrel has passed their way for the last time. Seasons come and go without him, but the silent sorrow that pervades the forests and hill-sides neither wanes nor lessens. Well may Nature herself mourn for one whose gracious love of all her secrets inspired him to tell her story with a master stroke.

With the untimely death of the scholar and humanitarian, Frank Bolles, late secretary of Harvard University, a keen regret and actual loss was felt alike by the lover of

bird and wild flower, "the tramp of the open road," and the gentle student who would read of Nature rather than investigate her mysteries.

The far-reaching work that Mr. Bolles accomplished in connection with his office at the university in Cambridge has been made known to the world not only by those whose pens write with authority, but by the testimony of hundreds of grateful

has identified himself more successfully with the Granite state than the busy secretary of Harvard. Throughout his career, an intense love of outdoor life dominated his leisure hours. Recreation to him was not rest, but an enthusiastic passion for the country. All living creatures became his friends, and as intimacy with them gave him scientific knowledge of their natures, he was led most nat-



Frank Bolles.

Harvard students who knew his generous friendship,—a friendship whose impetuous sympathy gave him the key to the hearts of all men, because he could rejoice with those to whom joy came quite as keenly as he could enter into the grief of others.

It is not, however, this philanthropic side of Mr. Bolles's nature which gives occasion for this sketch. Perhaps no student of the haunts and habits of the "tenants" of the woods

usually into becoming their graphic biographer. Sketches developed as his excursions into the White Mountains became more and more frequent, and these articles were finally published together in the volumes known by the telling titles, "Land of the Lingering Snow," "At the North of Bearcamp Water," and "From Blomidon to Smoky," the last book covering not only life in the Chocorua valley, but describing most

vividly his interesting experiences in the ever beautiful Acadian region. These three books have given Mr. Bolles a reputation in England as an authoritative writer upon nature, as well as winning for him at Harvard the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Their literary merit is marked,—the style direct, yet graceful; above all is the practical knowledge, the vivid detail. We are amazed at the accuracy and clearness when we remember that the author's vocation was along quite different lines, and that the pastoral side of Mr. Bolles's nature was allowed its freedom only in his leisure hours.

A career so utterly unlike that of Henry D. Thoreau could produce only unlike results. The critics who have impulsively compared the two "naturalists" have no ground upon which to base their comparison. Thoreau loved nature for its influence upon humanity. Mr. Bolles was a worker for the sake of knowledge. A painstaking student of Nature, he became her painstaking biographer, differing materially in motive and method from the Walden hermit, whose paradoxical convictions were ever a handicap to his genius.

The one volume of poems from Mr. Bolles's pen claims for its author the poetic soul, as his prose work has claimed for him the scientific mind. "Chocorua's Tenants,"—a collection of spontaneous verses that tell the story of swallow, ovenbird, sparrow, or crow, as the chance reader may open the volume,—is an unpretentious work and yet one that demands a certain respect from the poet, critic, and ornithologist. Written as they are in the metre of "Hiawatha," the casual reader might perhaps question

a monotony in the form of the fourteen poems, but as one reads into the heart of the lines and catches their spirit, he will judge that Mr. Bolles chose wisely in following the older poet, who also told us a story of the woods and waters,—a story that still lives as one of the earliest treasures of our childhood.

"By the Saco, by the Bearcamp,
By the mad Pennigewasset,
Where, in winter, moaning tempests
Rack the forests, whirl the snowflakes,
Dwells, in grim and lonely glory
All the year, the sombre log-cock.
Would you seek him? Borrow owl wings,
Soft as darkness, light as lake mist;
Learn to tread the leaves with fox feet,
Like the hare to cross the snowdrifts,
Learn to burrow like the woodchuck,
Learn to listen like the partridge,
Learn to wait as does the wildcat,
Learn to start as does the red deer;
Wary, watchful, is the log-cock,
Man among his foes most dreaded."

This advice is but the echo of the man's own methods. He studied with alert observation and intense sympathy the habits, nay, even the very secrets, in the lives of the birds and animals which figure in his sketches. One cannot read a chapter in these annals of the forest before he knows something of Mr. Bolles's own power to watch, to listen, to wait, and to start. This added patience and precision, together with his sympathy and enthusiasm, make of him an accurate naturalist rather than merely a cold scientist. With no sentimentalism bedewing his pages, they are rife with suggestiveness of sentiment, and we can get at the poetic personal equation with which Mr. Bolles is endowed, although it is difficult to find a half dozen examples where the mood of the author influenced his pen. As an illustration of Mr. Bolles's infinite

patience in his nature work, his own account of the "sap-orchard" humming-birds will serve admirably. All summer the little ladies of the air had been the guests of a group of gray birches. One by one their season in the mountains had come to its close, and by September 1 Mr. Bolles writes that it seemed to him that the last "lady" had gone. "I had waited ten or fifteen minutes by the trees and she had not come, though the sap-suckers were busy at the drills in their accustomed places. Before finally giving her up, I thought that I would count a hundred slowly, and see if that form of incantation might not bring her to her trees. When I reached 'ninety-nine' and no bird came, I concluded that the exact date of her migration had been found, but as I said 'one hundred' there was a faint hum in the still air, and the dainty dipper appeared with her usual sprightliness."

How honest this confession of the boy-hearted man! He would count a hundred. Such words win us to the text, and we read with pleasant sympathy just because the human in the pages belongs to every one of us. Even in this one incident certain characteristics of the writer are marked,—his zeal to know precisely whether the "dainty dipper" had

really migrated; the poetical touch as he refers to my lady humming-bird by differing titles of dignity or affection; and his patience to wait yet a little longer after the silent quarter of an hour under the birch trees. Or again we see his indefatigable patience in such a situation as this: "Lying flat upon my back on my bedroom floor, with my head in the fireplace, pillowed upon the andirons, and my gaze directed intently up the chimney, I watched,

hour by hour, the strange domestic doings of two of my tenants." Hour by hour; only the poetic imagination that can dissipate physical discomfort would give such interest even to the student's work. Lying stretched out upon his back, the naturalist-poet's heart sang swallow-songs that give a new beauty to science and a closer un-



Bearcamp Water.

derstanding of its secrets. One feels that he knows the author after he has read Mr. Bolles's books, and he gets nearer to nature because of his fellowship with it. But in this instance it is not enough to know the author's mind. He must know the man. He must get close to that human side which was unusually rich in the warmest qualities—sympathy, candor, and kindness of heart.

It was, perhaps, in the neighborhood of the White Mountains, where

Mr. Bolles had his quiet summer home, that the richness of his own broad nature was best seen,—where the real self of the man was asserted most frankly. What Frank Bolles did materially for New Hampshire



The Red-Roofed Cottage.

merits as hearty recognition in its way as does his work at Cambridge, or his scientific interest in ornithology.

In the summer of 1883, this "Stroller of New England" became enthusiastic over the natural beauties in the vicinity of the Chocorua country. The great mountain dominates the region, across the level stretches lie the four beautiful lakes, forming, as he aptly puts it, a perfect St. Andrew's cross, and down the valley flows the river Chocorua, a tumbling stream that loses itself later in the greater water of the Bearcamp. At the north, ranging beside Chocorua, rise Paugus, Passaconaway, and Whiteface, four connected mountains, each stamped, however, with a strong individuality that grows more apparent as one becomes familiar with their scarred faces or wooded domes. South of this great fortification, in the town-

ship of Tamworth, lies the village of Chocorua, once known as Tamworth Iron Works village, and just beyond the little settlement, a mile or two farther up the river valley, Mr. Bolles built the red-roofed cottage at the end of the "ribbon road" which skirts one side of the eastern lake. The author in his sketches very often refers to this haven nestling under the lea of his favorite mountain. Indeed, throughout all the volumes enough modest reference is made to the "red-roofed cottage" to suggest the charm of hospitality. We can see the genial naturalist as he sat before the fire of "light wood," which crackled merrily in the big chimney place, or one catches a glimpse through the

sunny windows of the orchard, that reception-room where his feathered friends daily congregated. How tenderly this bird-lover spoke of the rights of these happy guests,—"It was to them that the land belonged, not to me,—a waif from the city."

It was during the summer of 1887 that Mr. Bolles took up his residence at Chocorua, and from that time until his unexpected death, what leisure he had to spend away from Cambridge was for the most part devoted to this new home and its neighborhood. Almost immediately he began to identify himself with the people of the district, and to venture into close fellowship with the village folk. He had an earnest desire to share the best things in life,—sympathy and knowledge. Never for a moment was Mr. Bolles looked upon as the intruding, encroaching city-comer. The spirit of manly coöperation,—the vigor of enterprise in de-

veloping only that which was for the advantage of all, the intense earnestness he showed in furthering the interests of the community, his whole attitude, in fact, towards Chocorua and its inhabitants gave him the freedom of the town and made him at one with the people, whose reserve and suspicious shrewdness is as marked as their proverbial Yankee sense.

Not only as the good comrade and kindly neighbor did Mr. Bolles take his place among the townspeople; as an active worker in the improvement of the village, he became interested in the library, which now contains a store of well-chosen reading matter; and very directly did his influence tell upon the erection of the library building. Not only was it his own project, but he drove from house to house, collecting subscriptions to found it, leaving in return a warm glow of enthusiasm in each home.

Election day brought the Cambridge man to the New Hampshire village polls with a keen excitement in the vital issues of town politics. The sketch entitled "Election Day" gives a capital description of the lobbying system in a country village, and the first episodes in the mysteries of the Australian ballot.

Among the Tamworth friends who became intimately associated with Mr. Bolles, was one whose rare though untutored mind ever proved a storehouse of interest to the college-bred man. No one in the Bearcamp valley better knows the blossoms in their seasons, the birds in their habitats, and the fish in their waters, than the unscientific yet widely experienced Sumner Gilman. For

hours together these two tramps of the forest scoured the country; the student gaining from the son of Nature intrinsic facts and theories which served the scientific worker better than text-book or glossary.

On the other side of the mountains which form the barricade between the valley of the Bearcamp and the Swift River intervale, in the township of Albany, lies another settlement, far more wild and primitive than the village of Tamworth. Passaconaway, a lonely hamlet of a few scattered farms and lumber camps, is situated in the palm of a hand whose fingers stretch out into long mountain spurs and ridges. The outlying district, which follows the Swift river on its way to the Saco, is a barren, smitten land. Now and then one passes a group of empty shanties, the only reminder of more prosperous logging days; and a half dozen dreary, abandoned homesteads, windowless, doorless, and weather-beaten, suggest a past of tragedy as



The Gate on the Ribbon Road.

well as of homely interests and domestic joy. The heartstrings tighten as one gazes into these eyeless ghosts of homes, and the whole region takes upon itself the sadness of the thought.

For more than forty years no out-

let southward from this valley has been passable for travelers. Only at the north, sixteen miles away, is an accessible neighbor-village for the settlers of Passaconaway. Mr. Bolles's own pen has given the picture of this hamlet after an excursion into its midwinter heart.

"By the road upon which the lake went out, man in time came in and founded in the bosom of the spruce-grown mountains a small but comparatively prosperous settlement. The township of Albany knows no priest or physician, squire or shop-



The Library Building.

keeper, and in its coat of arms, if it had one, the plow and rifle, axe and circular saw would be quartered with bear and porcupine, owl and grouse. From the head of the intervale the people are forced to travel nearly thirty miles to reach and bring home their mail and groceries. Though their only road to the outside is long and rough, they let no moss gather on it in summer, and no snowdrifts blockade it in winter."

On one of the many visits which Mr. Bolles made to the Albany intervale when following with rifle the sportsman's bent in summer, or in winter on snow-shoes penetrating the forest files with trapper's zeal, he

tells us of listening one night to the story of the original settlers in the valley,—for the most part lumber men,—and learning that through the dark passes of Paugus and Chocorua there had been at one time a road, or something answering to one, of which all trace had been lost after a mighty storm had swept into the opening, with hurricane and tempest, carrying with it a magnificent ruin. The thought instantly flashed into the mind of this humanitarian that the lost trail might be found and that once more communication might be opened between the neighboring townships, reducing at least a third the journey of thirty miles from the southern spur of Paugus to its northern wall.

Mr. Bolles tells the story of "Following a Lost Trail" in the volume, "At the North of Bearcamp Water." The smack of adventure, the charm of the wild country, and the excitement incident to cutting the new trail through "harricanes" and over ledges are described in a language peculiarly picturesque and vivid.

Nothing escapes his eyes, as he and his guide, together with Nathaniel Berry, an experienced farmer of Tamworth, push forward upon their exploring expedition. He notes carefully the vegetation; its decreasing variation as they penetrate into the forest; the increasing growth of the timber that covers the hillsides. No bird passes unnoticed; the absence of the squirrel is felt; the very workings of the insects he investigates as he follows the guide, or himself takes the lead in marking out the route. Mr. Berry had remembered from his boyhood that forty odd years before part of the trail had

been re-opened, and for three or four miles it was evident to their experienced eyes, accustomed to forest travel, that such must have been the case, for a continuous strip of lighter timber marked the probable course. Beyond this three miles of trail all was primeval forest growth, and there was nothing more for the exploring party to do but to "head north" and "spot the trees" as they pushed forward.

The "lost trail" is a pretty bridle path to-day, and the forest traveler may easily wend his way from Bearcamp to Swift river through the passes of Paugus and over the lower spur of Chocorua. The morning that Mr. Bolles opened his new-found path "a gay column wound its way through the forest, following the regained trail. Nearly a score of axes, hatchets, and savage machettas resounded upon the trees and shrubs which encroached upon the road. Behind the axemen came several horses, each bearing a rider as courageous as she was fair. If branches menaced the comfort of these riders, they were speedily hewn away; if the hobblebush hid hollows or boulders in the road, it was cut off at the root; if a ford or a bog offered uncertain footing to the snorting horses, strong hands grasped their bridles and they were led through to surer ground. The ridge was met and stormed, the 'harricane' was safely pierced, and the old lumber road was followed swiftly down to the grass land and highway of the Albany Intervale."

In talking not long ago with Jack Allen, the famous trapper of this region, and "the guide" whose companionship is often referred to by Mr. Bolles, the writer of this sketch

found a rare historian of the Albany country. While speaking of the naturalist and his love of the woods, the White Mountain sportsman emphatically declared, "Trailing 's an instinct. A guide's instinct 's a gift. If Mr. Bolles had n't been educated, he 'd have been the best guide I ever knew. But his brains spoiled his instinct. He never had the right chance to exercise it, and sometimes his reason would get to working and end it all."

The wild, unkempt landscape that stretches away to the south of Jack Allen's house was softened by the June shadows. All along the roadsides great masses of purple rhodora bloomed in mad extravagance, never more plainly making its beauty its "own excuse for being." In the cool pools the pitcher-plants grew in quiet content, and big dog-tooth violets nodded to each other from the grasses. The trapper himself was softened by the day, and spoke from the kindest recesses of the heart, while we stood in the sunshine, talking of the Cambridge man who had come for a brief time into the life of the little hamlet. A certain pride in the friendship of this New England "stroller" is a characteristic trait among the people of Passaconaway. Be it the goodly farmer's wife, or the little child "Diddy" of the sketches, or the rough-hewn trapper himself, one and all speak gently of the man who came into their midst as a friend and fellow-worker.

This pride is natural; there is that in the humanitarian which compels love. It is an instinct in man and child to seek sympathy, and to revere the blessings which come in an assurance of faith. The ever-ready

interest which Mr. Bolles took in his fellow-men was an unselfish interest; as in scientific work, his mental alertness gave him a keen insight into the lives of the Chocorna birds and flowers, so his moral alertness opened for him the pages of human nature, and he read man accurately yet affectionately. Well may the hearts of the Granite people soften with tenderness at the mention of their friend. This latter-day pioneer of New Hampshire's wildest mountains came among the quiet village folk and taught them that no barrier from an educational point of view need exist between man and man. He gave freely of his mind and heart. And in exchange he won the reverence that comes to him only whose strength is tempered by brotherly love.

BETSEY SLEEPER.¹

By Marian Douglass.

In the burned clearing of the wood,
 In its lone cabin's open door,
 With wistful eyes a woman stood,
 And, homesick, listened to the roar
 Of the loud stream, behind the wall
 Of the swamp hemlocks, thick and tall,
 As down the steep rocks, strong and free,
 It leaped in haste to reach the sea.
 "Would I could follow it!" she sighed;
 "Home lies the way its waters run;—
 The pleasant houses, and the wide,
 Green meadows glowing in the sun!—
 But here, what pleasure can be found?
 The lone woods closing all around,
 And not, in all this dreary place,
 To look in mine a woman's face!
 Strong hands, stout hearts, brave men, but oh,
 What man a woman's thoughts can know!"
 But as, desponding, she looked down,
 On the fire-blackened ground, anew,
 From the heaped ashes, golden-brown,
 She saw the young ferns peering through,
 And, by the door, before unseen,
 She spied some herds-grass growing green;
 The grass whose light plumes' purple hue
 Tinged the June fields her childhood knew!

¹ The first woman resident of Bristol, N. H.

Touched by the charm that memory lent,
 The weary soul to greet it smiled,
 And over it, delighted bent,
 With fondling words, as to a child ;—
 “ Grow tall and fair, spread far and wide,
 O little tuft of English grass !
 Send out thy roots on every side ;
 Grow strong, ere summer days shall pass !
 For, when thy slender blades I see,
 I seem again a girl to be ;
 The fields of Sandown bloom for me !
 A messenger from home thou art—
 Sweet little whisperer to my heart ! ”
 So all that weary summer through,
 A treasured thing ’t was joy to tend,
 The herds-grass, by the door-way, grew,
 The lonely woman’s voiceless friend ;—
 Still dear in thought, when, gray and old,
 Of “ settler’s life ” her tales she told,
 And never let unmentioned pass
 Her comforter, that tuft of grass.

DEATH.

By Fletcher Harper Swift.

Like careless children, we had strayed,
 My Love and I, one summer’s day,
 When on my breast she sank afraid,
 And, speechless, pointed to the way.
 I looked and shrank in helpless fear,
 Yet clasped her closer to my heart ;
 A demon voice shrieked, “ I am here ”—
 And blood-wet claws tore us apart.

I sat alone in stone-faced grief,
 When through the bitter shadows came,
 To whisper in my ear relief,
 A beauteous one of hidden name.
 He clasped me gently in his arms,
 He tempered every sobbing breath :
 “ Thy name, O Queller of alarms ? ”
 He answered, “ Some have called me Death.”



Richard Robinson

NAHUM ROBINSON.

By Clarence Johnson.



HE late Nahum Robinson, of this city, who died in office as warden of the New Hampshire state prison, October 11, 1896, was born in the neighboring town of Pembroke, November 10, 1829.

Mr. Robinson was one of those substantial, reliable, useful citizens in the community, whose life is worth more than a passing notice, one of those staunch, admirable men whose characters have made New Hampshire what it is, whose word was as good as his bond, and who never swerved in friendship or fidelity to duty.

He came of both Scotch and English ancestry. Tradition has it that his father's family, in which there were twelve sons and daughters, were all together only once, and then only for a few minutes. The elder children had left the homestead and gone out into the world before the younger ones were born.

On a memorable Sunday morning, June 23, 1833, Jonathan Robinson and Lucy, his wife, the father and mother of Nahum, attempted a reunion of the family, but hardly was the considerable circle completed when they were startled by the awful cry of "Murder! Murder!" It came from the premises of the nearest neighbor, and harrowed the hearts of all who heard it.

It was then that was perpetrated the brutal and historic murder of Mrs. Sally Cochran, by Abraham Prescott, an over-grown, eighteen-year-old, half-imbecile boy, who made his home with the Cochrans. He was afterward publicly hanged at Hopkinton. The first alarm given of that famous tragedy scattered the Robinson household never to meet again on earth.

Nahum's earlier years were given to attending district school and to agriculture, the substratum of all other pursuits. As he became a young man, he engaged himself as an apprentice to his brother, the late Henry Martin Robinson, of this city, and very thoroughly learned the trade of a mason and brick-builder.

There are disastrous years in the story of the material progress of Concord, years when the frequent general alarm of fire from a half-dozen terror-striking church bells meant the lapping out of a whole square, the devastation of thousands of dollars in real estate. The fire department, very largely in those days a volunteer service, struggled manfully throughout many a large conflagration, but the facilities for water and the appliances for extinguishing flames were far from their present efficiency. Upon the various ruins, however, were built the solid structures, the handsome business blocks that are such an auxiliary to

our success as a city, and such ornaments especially to our principal thoroughfare.

The chief builder in those days was Nahum Robinson, and such Concord capitalists as the late Nathaniel White and the late James R. Hill, who did so much to rebuild and improve our business community, relied very especially upon his integrity, skilful, practical knowledge, and indefatigable devotion. He was for

Board of Trade, the original Mechanics National bank, the former high school, St. Paul's school buildings, White block, Columbian block, Sanborn block, Morrill Brothers' block, Woodward blocks, etc., etc. He was the first building agent of the elegant United States post-office edifice, and superintended the construction of the railway passenger and freight stations, in this city, and also those at Laconia, and was, in



View of Main Street, Concord, looking South.

many years a faithful, diligent, practical worker and all-round mechanic, and he naturally developed into an extensive contractor, and a wise, conscientious, and sagacious superintendent of general building operations, not excelled in New England. The capital city is lined with lasting monuments to his unflagging industry and commendable enterprise. He was concerned in the construction of various blocks, residences, and other buildings, such as the

fact, continuously employed as regular builder for the Concord railroad company for a long time, being devoted exclusively to that branch of the interests of the corporation for ten years, throughout which he was held in uncommon respect and regard by the board of eminent directors and the heads of its several departments, as well as all the employés. Such private residences as those of Samuel S. Kimball and the late Charles Minot, in this city, and of

Benjamin A. Kimball, at Lake Shore park, and many more that might be mentioned in this connection, are substantial evidences of his superior workmanship and management, and of the high confidence in which he was held.

It was only four or five years ago that he spent a year in Worcester, Mass., upon urgent request, to overlook the construction of the great Harrington & Richardson pistol factory there, a building four stories high, 280 feet long, 60 feet wide, with an immense tower. So promptly and exceedingly satisfactorily did Mr. Robinson carry out the comprehensive specifications, and perform his responsible mission, that his employers and other prominent citizens of Worcester urged him earnestly to remain with them and make his home in that city, assuring him of much additional work; but no offers of pay or position, however generous, could induce him to remain permanently from the city of his home, to the interests of which he was always true and loyal, and with the development of which he had been so long and so closely identified, and in the steady growth of which he, although a proverbially modest and retiring gentleman, had been such an important factor.



Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.

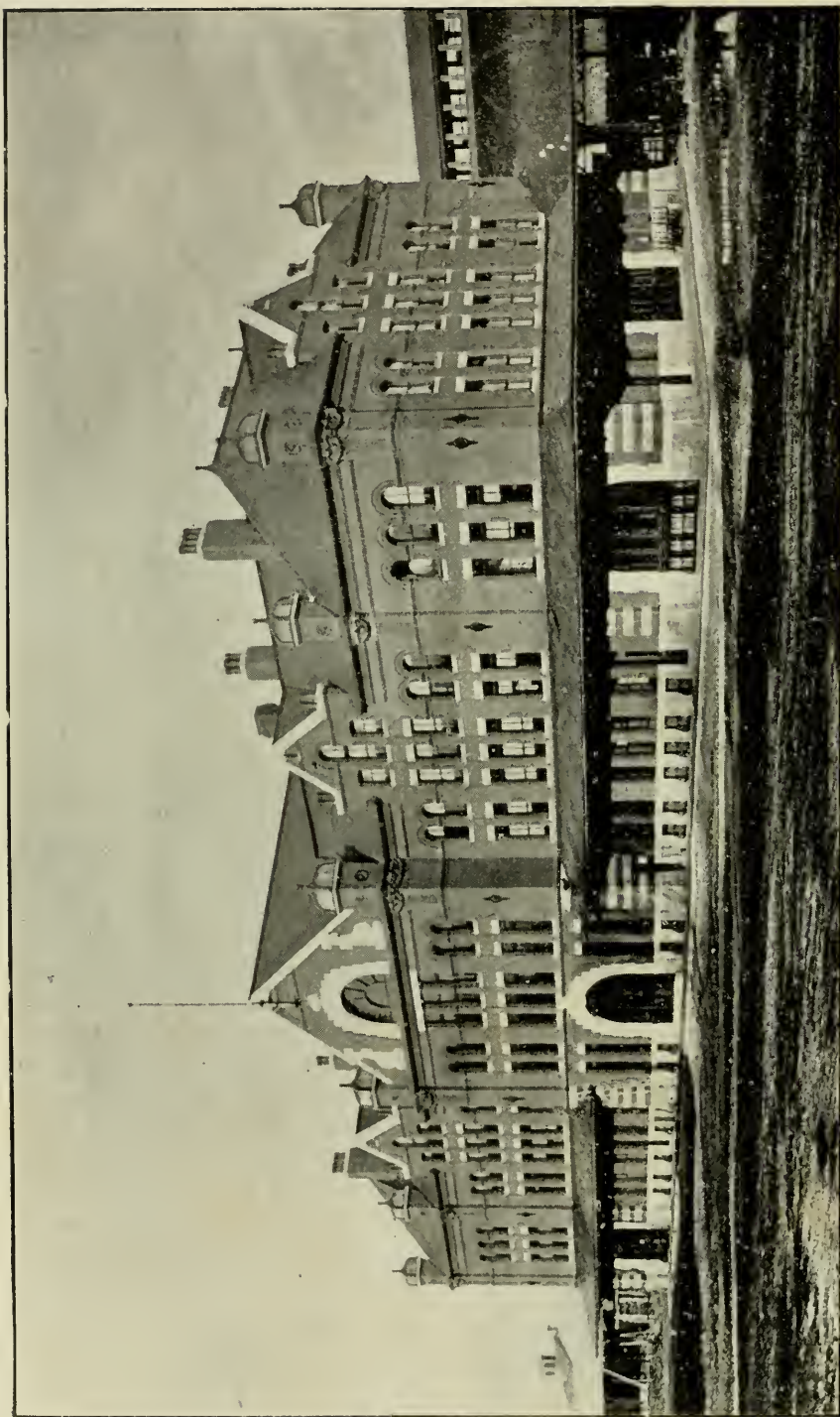


Residence of Samuel S. Kimball, Concord.

He superintended the building of our new state prison, and when, nearly three years ago, he was selected by John B. Smith, then governor, and by John C. Ray and Judge Frank N. Parsons, then of the council, as the best man to assume the management and control of the institution, it was the universal verdict that their choice was a good one.

Governor Busiel and his council gladly reappointed him warden, and his record at the head of the penitentiary is one of the very best. The discipline was, perhaps, less rigorous, but not less perfect; health, order, industry, excellent management throughout, and reasonable thrift prevailed in every department in detail.

The first year of his administration showed an almost incredible change of many thousands of dollars from the debit to the credit side of the financial status of the institution, making



Concord Railroad Passenger Station at Concord.

it much better than self-sustaining, while formerly it was a big annual expense to the state. The next year, with the increased rates allowed by the contractors for convict labor, the result was as gratifying. To the whole work of his responsible position the late warden gave his best qualities with unsparing diligence, treating the convicts gently and yet firmly, holding their esteem and confidence, and yet caring for their wants, and treating them as unfortunate men

that humanity is capricious and unreliable, that the more advanced forms of civilization are leading people into fickleness and insincerity, but, with the strong, noble men who are gone and who are fast going, who laid the foundation for our successes as a people, our happiness and our prosperity, there was nothing of the tinsel, nothing of the unsubstantial. They may have lacked something of fashionable veneering, but the structural timbers of their



Concord & Montreal Railroad Passenger Station at Laconia.

and women entitled to careful consideration.

Although of genial manners, good address, a wholesome presence, Nahum Robinson belonged to the steadfast old-school of standard citizenship about which there was no dross, on which there was no discount. He was a happy, companionable man, especially in his family and with his social friends, but resolute, trustworthy, and solid as a business manager. In this day and generation we sometimes get the notion

manhood were of well-seasoned oak. Those who have gone did up and closed a good life's work, and died like philosophers, with no reproach upon their characters, glorious examples of mortal stability, of splendid faithfulness, of valuable achievement.

Mr. Robinson was married once only,—to Mary Ann Lake, of Chichester, N. H. She was a refined and accomplished lady, of charming personality, a remarkably devoted wife and mother. They had only

one child, a son, who survives them, Hon. Henry Robinson, also of Concord, whose popular successes at the bar, and especially as a journalist, and officially as representative, state senator, postmaster, and mayor of his native city, were a great pride to his father, an indulgent and loving parent.

While Nahum Robinson never sought office, or prominence of any kind, and shrank instinctively from publicity and conspicuousness in

every form of dissipation a wide berth. His private life was simple, calm, painstaking and prepossessing; his temperament cheerful; his disposition very hopeful, charitable, and encouraging. The bent of his mind was eminently mechanical and practical, and yet he loved fun, and his dealings with his fellow-men were kindly, just, and tolerant, and unmistakably those of a master-hand. His great forte, his chief point of command, was as overseer of whole-



United States Post-Office Building, Concord

every form, his real merit was generally known, appreciated and acknowledged. He spoke well of all humankind, if he spoke at all. If the local waves of gossip were ruffled now and then, he never added to their turbulence. But he was an exceedingly apt and close observer of men and things, a diligent reader of the daily newspapers, and very intensely interested in current events, even to his last hours. He thoroughly detested shams, frauds, and akes, and from his youth up, gave

sale operations, and yet the minutiae of every enterprise entrusted to his charge came in for considerate attention. He was a student of human nature; his vision was clear, he saw things in their true light, and comprehended almost intuitively their workings and relative importance. His whole career was a consecutive commentary on the material making of the town and city of Concord, and, besides, he was the contractor elsewhere in the erection of various structures of wood, stone, and of

brick. When he was a journeyman worker himself, carrying up the corners of big blocks, it was his custom to allow his young son to lay a brick at some conspicuous point in the walls of each, and there are several such, here and there, in different prominent buildings of the state.

When Nahum Robinson passed away, United States Senator Chandler said feelingly of him :

"He was wise, energetic, strong. There was no weakness of character in him. He was careful about going

His management of the prison not only reflects great credit on his ability, but is an honor to the state."

Col. Thomas P. Cheney, of the prison committee of the executive council, pertinently remarked :

"We have all lost a strong and valuable man, one whom we could ill afford to lose, and whose place can hardly be filled."

Ex-Governor John B. Smith spoke earnestly in praise of Warden Robinson :

"I have never had occasion to be



New Hampshire State Prison, of which Nahum Robinson was Building Superintendent and Warden.

in, but stayed when he went in. A good citizen, a kind friend, a powerful associate has left me; they are departing so rapidly that I am sure from this cause, if from no other, that I am growing old myself, alas too fast !"

Hon. Charles A. Busiel, then chief executive of the state, testified to his credit in the following words:

"In the death of Warden Robinson, the state is deprived of one of its most faithful and efficient servants. He has performed with great care and fidelity the trust imposed in him.

other than proud myself of my appointment of him to the place."

The newspaper press generally eulogized Mr. Robinson, a Laconia paper saying :

"The residents of this city had occasion to know the deceased at his best, during the erection of our freight and passenger stations, in 1890 and 1891, as he scarcely ever failed to put in an appearance on the 'paper train' daily, from the laying of the foundation to the finish. Genial, whole-souled, and generous, Nahum Robinson is no more. And none

among the many to whom he was known will more deeply regret his taking from earth than the numerous friends he attracted during his temporary sojourn here."

I believe the theory to be correct that the places of such men are never filled. Every individual is cast in a separate mould, which is then broken. Other men will come, perhaps stronger, abler, worthier, more competent, who will start a new order of things, a better regime it may be, but that particular niche left vacant in the wall of time will remain so. The world will go on, knowledge and wisdom will spread their wings, there

will be improvements, advances, tremendous strides in invention and discovery, but our worthy ancestors will find no successors in the especial missions to which they seemed individually born, and so faithfully, self-sacrificingly and self-effacingly subserved.

As Victor Hugo might put it,—
 "Slowly they flicker out; now they touch the horizon; mysteriously the darkness attracts them. . . . Lo! at the other extremity of space where the last cloud has but now faded, in the deep sky of the future, azure forevermore, rises, resplendent, the sacred galaxy of the true stars."

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE PRISON.

By Henry Robinson.



IMPRISONMENT in ancient times was more especially to oppress and to wrong, rather than to restrict and to reform. The old idea of a prison was a secure and dingy fortress, in the impregnable masonry of the subterranean tombs of which to confine the troublesome subjects of despotic rulers, to isolate, torture, murder, the objects of envy, jealousy, and vengeance.

On the right-hand side of the choir-screen in St. Paul's, London, stands a handsome, full-length marble statue to the illustrious memory of John Howard, the great pioneer prison philanthropist, to whom unfortunate humanity is immeasurably indebted. The vessel on which he had embarked for a voyage to Lisbon, to view the effects of the earthquake,

was captured, and Howard was ruthlessly thrown into a French prison, the hardships of which awakened his realization of the terrible outrages that were being perpetrated in the name of justice. He became a radical prison reformer, and his soulful, intelligent, and comprehensive labors revolutionized the prison systems of the whole world. His great work was caught up by Bentham, who planned a prison that should be not only secure, but healthful, and as cheerful as would be consistent with the objects to be attained. The design was seized by Sir Samuel Romilly, who besought parliament in the project, and, in 1811, was erected the famous penitentiary of Millbank, which may be said to be the foundation stone in the enlightened regime of prison management.

Into this new, wide field of endeavor

or, pushed the Prison Discipline society, with such active, energetic members as Mr. Buxton and Mrs. Frye, whose names will go down to posterity as lasting lights to misguided men and women.

The record of progress in the construction and conduct of prisons, from the torturous dungeons, the noisome dens of disease and death, in the Dark Ages, to the beneficent industrial schools and sanitary reformatories of to-day, is an entertaining and instructive one, but too voluminous for repetition here. It is a history of persistent and indefatigable effort that has kept pace with the advancing column of Christian civilization, and has done more than anything else, except possibly the abolishment of slavery, for the emancipation, relief, and upraising of the human race.

The objects of imprisonment are theoretically (1) to protect the public from a dangerous individual, (2) to deter the criminal from further crime, (3) to reform him, and (4) to punish him; and it seems almost an anomaly that, of these purposes, punishment is the last and the least, for none except the court of heaven, an omniscient and an all-wise God, can undertake to award and apportion in exact and absolute justice, penalties to the mortals of earth, varied and different as we all are in our instincts, environments, temperaments, conditions, and circumstances. So veritable is this, that the truism, "There are worse men outside than inside prison walls," is a common saying.

The sanguinary real-life dramas of the Bastille, the Vincennes, the Châtelet with its ugly caverns, the

Conciergerie with its damp and dingy torture chamber, and the other infamous prisons of Old Paris, and even of Newgate, and of the Tower of London, and of many another dreadful fortress, with a record, black with brutality and wrong, if not red with crime, come down to us in marked contrast to the humane, healthful, and comparatively cheerful penitentiaries of to-day.

The prevailing policy of prison administration has been authoritatively defined to be a system of just and effective repression, a necessary safeguard to the peace, security, and good order of society, the principal problem being to isolate the convict, and to accomplish his reformation without sacrificing the principle of punishment; to test to what extent the voice of charitable humanity can be obeyed without weakening the act of correction and rendering it elusive by mitigation; how a just anxiety for the individual can be reconciled to the interests of society; how we can at the same time punish the malefactor and protect the community, by which means childhood and youth can be saved from the contagion of vice,—in a word, the criminal from the first relapse to evil.

M. Ferdinand Désportes, an accomplished secretary of the Société Générale des Prisons, and the author of "*La Science Pénitentiaire*," in his preface to that remarkable work, observes that such questions are calculated to arouse the solicitude of the Christian, the moralist, the philosopher, and the constant consideration of statesmen worthy of the name, and if anything can aid in the solution it is the tried experience of civilized

nations, the acquaintance with the examples they furnish, the counsels and suggestions of discerning men, who, in different places, have passed their lives in a profound study of these problems.

At the conclusion of his valuable contribution to penal literature, M. Désportes remarks that prison reform will succeed everywhere, because it will be everywhere desired. Our century, which has required and prepared for it, could see it fully accomplished. In a few years there will no longer be a people who do not comprehend that it is for their interest not only to arrest crime, but to dry up the source; not only to punish, but to render punishment useless; not only to construct prisons, but to empty them.

The international prison congresses have been powerful auxiliaries in carrying forward this worthy movement. The first assemblies of this kind were mainly European, and the opening one was held, in 1845, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. It consisted of eighty members, and the United States, England, France, Italy, Prussia, and some other countries were creditably represented. This congress adopted a resolution favoring cellular imprisonment, the revision of penal codes, and the establishment of patronage societies. The next year a second congress was held in Brussels, at which over two hundred members were present. The session continued three days, and the discussions were able and interesting. These congresses, which have been continued, have contributed inestimably to improvement in prison government, and in eradicating and mitigating the various evils and hardships which sub-

serve no legitimate purpose in the life of a convict.

I do not hesitate to say that the New Hampshire state prison has been as successful in its general management as any institution of the kind, wherever found. Not that the discipline has always been what it should be, and not that there has not been somewhat of wrong and error in the business management, but, taken as a whole, the care of the inmates and the conduct of business affairs there have been commendable.

The architect of a prison is nowadays instructed to design one from which escape is impracticable, the sanitation of which is as near perfection as possible, the areas and the avenues for light and air as ample as they should be, and everything made consistent with the best physical health and moral welfare of the prisoners.

It was at the very opening of our present century that our state began to feel the need of a prison. In 1804, Governor Gilman, in his message to the legislature, in June of that year, suggested the demand, and a committee was accordingly appointed to take into consideration the propriety of erecting such a structure, the committee to report to the next session of the general court a plan and estimates, and, agreeably to instruction, the committee responded, at the June session, 1805, with the desired information; but some obstacle interposed, and nothing further was done with the project until the June session of 1810. At that session, the committee to whom the subject was referred, made a report, which was adopted, that a prison be erected in Concord, under certain con-

ditions as to its location and construction. Mason and Woodbury, and other influential men of that day, favored the enterprise.

The committee nominated as commissioners to have charge of the construction, Benjamin B. Dowling, of Hopkinton, William A. Kent and Lieut. Jeremiah Pecker, both of Concord, and recommended the erection of a state prison and its appurtenances, to be begun in April, 1811. A site for it was selected in what was then regarded a remote region of the town, it being thought desirable to have it removed from the centre of business and of population. State street was not then laid out as a public highway, and it was necessary to build a road especially for the uses of the state prison, which was located near the junction of what at this day is a thickly-populated community. The lot originally comprised two acres and four rods, and was deeded to the state by Joshua Abbott, of Concord, for the nominal consideration of one hundred dollars. The overseer of the work was Stuart J. Park, who afterward superintended the building of the state house.

The prison was built of granite quarried from Rattlesnake hill. The section which afterward became known as the south wing was the first constructed. It was seventy feet in length, thirty-six wide, with walls three feet in thickness. In this the prisoners were confined. There were in all thirty-six cells, the dimensions of which were eight feet by nine, with the exception of six in the upper story for the accommodation of the sick, which were ten feet by seventeen. The yard was afterward fenced in by a faced wall of

granite fourteen feet high, surrounded by a range of pickets ten feet in length. The first cost of the building to the state, with the appurtenances, was \$37,069.76, but subsequent enlargements, from time to time, increased its cost to \$75,000. It was completed, ready for occupancy, November, 1812. The first prisoner committed to the institution was one John Drew, of Barnstead, N. H. He was committed for horse stealing, November 23, 1812, for five years. For several months he was



The Old State Prison.

the sole tenant of that grim and gloomy castle. He was pardoned May 15, 1816. "The first man!" exclaimed one of the early chaplains of the prison, "but what a sad train has followed and will follow!"

In the course of time, as the population of the state increased, the number of convicts also increased, and the capacity of the prison was not sufficient to give decent accommodations to the prisoners. On May 31, 1831, the number of inmates was 82, the whole number of cells being only 36. Cots had to be placed in the corridors and hall, and in the rooms

designed for the sick, very improper and exceedingly unsafe and inconvenient places. The legislative record shows that a special meeting of that body reported that the warden was under the necessity of crowding five or six, and in some instances seven or eight, into a cell during the night. An addition to the prison was imperatively demanded, and a resolution was passed June 18, 1831, appropriating \$3,000 toward that purpose, and authorizing the governor and council to appoint a suitable person to superintend its erection. Thus begun, the north wing, as it was styled, of the old prison was completed in 1833, containing 127 cells, and the prison yard was enlarged by moving the north wall further north. The expense of erecting and furnishing the north wing, and of taking down and rebuilding the north wall, not including the labor of convicts, reached \$12,000. Various changes were made, at different times, in the interior of the old prison and additions to the workshop, the details of which are no longer interesting.

But the original prison, enlarged as stated, became, after a series of years, again too small, and was in a dangerously overcrowded condition, so much so that it was obvious that it must either be still further enlarged, or a new one erected. It was not, however, until 1877 that an act was passed authorizing the erection of a wholly new prison, which was urgently demanded, not only by considerations of humanity and economy, but also for the advancement of the public interests, and for the protection and security of the public peace and public safety. This act authorized the governor, with advice

of the council, to appoint three commissioners to procure plans and specifications for the purpose, and carry forward the enterprise. The prison buildings, together with offices, workshops, and other appurtenances, were to be of sufficient capacity to accom-



Prisoners Marching in from Work.

modate and employ two hundred convicts. This act of authorization and empowerment is an elaborate and guarded one in its provisions. John Kimball of Concord, Albert M. Shaw of Lebanon, and Alpha J. Pillsbury, now of Tilton, were appointed commissioners, an uncommonly well-qualified and reputable board. They were formally called together, August 28, 1877, duly qualified, and organized by the choice of John Kimball as chairman and acting secretary. Nahum Robinson was subsequently chosen building superintendent. He was referred to in the final report of the commissioners as being a builder who came with a large experience,

and devoted all of his time to carrying out and furthering their plans and directions, watching all the details of the varied classes of work during its progress under different contractors, with commendable zeal, ability, and faithfulness, possessing in a high degree those traits which are necessary to carry on successfully large public operations, and deserving the thanks of those whom he served so satisfactorily and well.

The site of the present prison buildings, which present a familiar spectacle to the traveling public, is on the westerly side of the highway leading from Concord to Boscawen, distant one and one-half miles from the state house, the lot of land comprised in the premises being in the neighbor-

ley for more than ten miles. From the front can be seen the picturesque hills of Canterbury, Loudon, Epsom, Chichester, and East Concord with its beautiful village. To the west and north, nearby, are the celebrated Concord granite quarries. The track of the Boston & Maine railroad extends conveniently by level grade into the prison yard without crossing the highway. The premises are too familiar to people in general to warrant giving a detailed description. Briefly they include :

1. The warden's house, 57 by 48 3-4 feet, two stories high, contains 20 rooms, of sufficient capacity to accommodate the warden, deputy warden, and their families.

2. The central building, 54 by 66 feet, three stories high, is used for the warden's office, guard-room, chapel, hospital, lavatory, receiving-room, library, and cook-room.

3. The north wing, 247 by 46 feet, contains 248 cells for male convicts. Each cell is 8 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 7 1-2 feet high, and is furnished with furniture necessary for the convenience and health of the occupant. They are built of brick, cement, and iron, and ventilated by an 8-inch flue extending to the roof of the building.

4. The south wing, 80 by 46 feet, is used for cells for the female convicts, a dining-room for subordinate officers, matron's room, lodging-rooms, and kitchen.

5. The main building, comprising the central building and north and south wings, is located 125 feet from the highway, and stands 90 feet above the water in the Merrimack river. It is 381 feet long, built of stone, brick, iron, and wood, in a substantial manner, and covered with slate. All the walls on the outside of the building accessible to the male convicts are secured by heavy iron bars inserted in the brickwork.

A circular roadway and sidewalk leave the highway south of the warden's house, passing between the house and main building under the corridor to the main entrance, thence to the highway on the north.

6. The west wing, 75 by 45 feet, is one story high, and contains six solitary cells, wash-room, and steam-boilers used to heat the buildings and supply the cook-room with steam, and hot water for all parts of the prison.

7. In rear of the main building, and 115 feet from it, is located the workshop, where the



A Corridor of Cells.

hood of two thousand feet in length along the highway, and five hundred and fifty feet deep, containing twenty-one acres, and being situated near the electric and steam railway tracks. The buildings command a fine view of the Merrimack river val-

convicts are employed. This building is of brick, 280 8-12 feet long; a part of it is 50 8-12 feet wide, and the remainder 40 8-12 feet wide, two stories high, with a basement for storage and fuel. On the north end stands the chimney, 100 feet high, with two boilers of large size, and a steam-engine of 100 horse-power. This shop is warmed by steam. A line of shafting extends the entire length of both stories.



A Cell from the Outside.

On the west side of the main building is the prison yard, surrounded by a brick wall 20 feet high, on which there are three watch-towers and a gallery for the prison guards. There are two double gates opening into the yard, one on the north for railroad cars; the other on the south end, for carriages. This yard is 529 feet long and 267 feet wide inside, containing 3 1-4 acres. The brick buildings in the yard cover about 7-10 of an acre.

Josiah Minot was employed to prepare the legal papers for the transfer of the property to the state from the several owners, to whom damages were awarded as follows:

Moses B. Critchett.....	\$3,300.00
Ezekiel Reed.....	1,200.00
Hiram H. Chapman.....	800 00
Concord Granite Company.....	2,800.00
John B. Giles.....	275.00
Louisa Garland.....	83.00

These assessments and awards, duly made by the county commis-

sioners, were confirmed and allowed by the commissioners. Charles C. Lund and C. O. Foss, of Concord, were the civil engineers. Edward Dow and Giles Wheeler, also of Concord, were appointed architects, and after visiting several prisons and jails in New England, accompanied by the governor and council and the commissioners, a plan was agreed upon, and the architects were instructed to prepare proper drawings illustrative of the buildings proposed.

The whole cost of constructing and completing the prison, including land in inclosure wall, gates, and other fixtures, including workshops, heating and lighting apparatus, and the right of way to said prison, and all the charges and expenses attending the construction of the same, were limited to \$200,000. But additional appropriations for 64 cells not contemplated in the original plan and for the enlargement of the yard were made available to the amount of \$35,000, and the commissioners kept consistently within these appropriations, covering into the public treasury a cash balance unexpended.

The buildings were located in April, 1878, the ground was broken May 3, the same year, the warden's house and the main building were put up during the year, the shop in 1879, the yard wall and all completed in 1880.

The dedicatory exercises took place October 28, 1880. Thus the project that had its inception under the administration of Governor Benjamin F. Prescott, was completed under that of Governor Natt Head, the keys being delivered formally to the latter with appropriate ceremonies, he receiving them as the leading

official representative of the state. Amongst those present at the dedication, besides state officers, were ex-Governor Frederick Smyth, Judge Daniel Clark, George W. Nesmith, J. W. Patterson, J. E. Sargent, Dana Sargent, Dexter Richards, Dr. John W. Barney, Levi W. Barton, Superintendent Ray of the State Industrial school, and ex-Warden John C. Pilsbury.

A temporary platform on the east side and near the north end of the shop contained the gentlemen who were to take part in the exercises, the select quartette, and Col. William Kent, who was probably the only gentleman present who had witnessed the opening of the old prison, in 1812.

The principal address upon the occasion of the dedication of the new prison, as it was called, was made by Col. John George, and was a very apt and able one. He remarked that the institution stood as a monument to the enlightened liberality of our people, a credit to the ability of the commissioners who had charge of the work, and to the faithfulness of the state executives who had the supervision of it.

Contracts for the work had been awarded as follows, and the contractors had satisfactorily fulfilled their obligations:

Lyman R. Fellows of Concord, water-supply and drainage.....	\$2,780.00
Andrew J. Holmes of Concord (assigned to Charles H. Norton of Concord and J. M. Robbins of Lewiston, Me.), excavation, grading, culverts, and stone masonry for foundation.....	12,000.00
Granite Railway Company of Concord, L. Johnson, superintendent, ashler, quoins, sills, steps, and other cut stonework.....	3,478.00

Creesy & Noyes of Boston, brick masonry of all kinds.....	40,630.00
Albion H. Lowell of Manchester, iron doors, iron work for cells, for stairs, windows, and railings.....	10,841.00
Ford & Kimball of Concord, patterns, iron castings, consisting of cell tops, columns, plates, registers, etc.....	2,240.00
W. L. Dow & Co. of Newport, carpentry work, including plastering, painting, slating, plumbing, inside water- and gas-pipe, etc.....	37,800.00

The several contracts bore date, March 30, 1878.

Additional contracts were made to cover the enlargements, the parties being the same, the additional considerations being in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars.

The provisions of the law made it obligatory upon the commissioners to sell the old prison property. It con-



A Cell Interior.

sisted of nearly three and three-fourths acres of land, being about 295 feet on State street, extending westerly 575 feet, to Harrod's court. The old prison was built of granite, three stories high, 242 feet long, wings 36 feet wide, and a main build-

ing 44 feet wide, projecting 8 feet in front and 150 feet in length, with slated roofs. There were also a considerable storehouse and workshop, both of brick, a barn of wood, a yard-wall of granite, the wall being 800 feet long by 17 high, and 3 feet thick, covering 3 sides of the enclosure, in front of which stood the main prison building with wings.

As agent of the purchasers, Nahum Robinson and Oscar V. Pitman, I was



The Hospital.

recognized as the highest bidder at the sale, and the entire property was knocked off to me at \$16,050, the deed being executed to my late father and Mr. Pitman, who made the purchase as a real estate investment, the price being paid promptly into the state treasury. My first act in the premises was to secure as a relic the old ball and chain which had figured in the extended investigation of the prison management, being used as a punishment.

Nineteen hundred and ninety-three

persons were sentenced and committed to the old prison, and on the 30th day of November, 1880, one hundred and forty-eight were transferred to the new prison, and since then almost a thousand more have been committed thither.

The old structure was torn down, six or eight years ago, and the site of the main prison buildings is now occupied by handsome dwellings. The brick shops still remain, having been used for different mechanical purposes.

In June, 1811, the legislature, by joint resolution, appointed James Mason, John Goddard, and Daniel Webster, a committee to revise the code of criminal laws, and prepare various statutes for the regulation of the prison, in the recess, and report at the next session. In accordance with the report of that committee, the first act for the government of the prison was passed in June, 1812, and provided for the appointment, by the governor and council, of a warden and three directors. The directors were to have the employing of all the state employ  s at the prison, and the general supervision of its affairs.

In 1837, however, an act was passed by the legislature, taking the appointment of warden from the governor and council, and vesting it in the legislative body.

In 1870, the law was again changed, and wardens have since been appointed by the governor and council, as have the chaplains and prison physicians. The deputy-warden is the direct nominal choice of the warden, as are the matron, overseers, guards, and others.

The following is a list of the war-

dens since the establishment of the prison, with their terms of service :

Trueworthy G. Dearborn.....	1812 to 1818
Moses C. Pilsbury.....	1818 to 1826
Daniel Connor.....	1826 to 1829
Abner P. Stinson.....	1829 to 1834
John McDaniels.....	1834 to 1837
Moses C. Pilsbury.....	1837 to 1840
Lamson Cooledge.....	1840 to 1843
Samuel G. Berry.....	1843 to 1847
James Moore.....	1847 to 1850
Rufus Dow.....	1850 to 1853
Gideon Webster.....	1853 to 1855
William W. Eastman.....	1855 to 1859
John Foss.....	1859 to 1865
Joseph Mayo.....	1865 to 1870
John C. Pilsbury.....	1870 to 1880
Frank S. Dodge.....	1880 to 1887
J. Horace Kent.....	1887 to 1888
George W. Colbath.....	1888 to 1894
Nahum Robinson.....	1894 to 1896
Charles E. Cox.....	1896

Only two of the men who have filled the position of warden since the establishment of the institution, in 1812, are alive to-day, the survivors being James Moore, father of Postmaster Moore, of this city, now in his eighty-fifth year, a remarkable man for his advanced age, still in a good state of mental and physical preservation, and Joseph Mayo, now of Concord, Mass.

The salary of the warden is now \$2,000, and that of the deputy \$1,200; and they are provided with tenements belonging to the state.

That a penal institution can be self-sustaining, with due regard to the best interests of the prisoners, was demonstrated by the administration of Moses C. Pilsbury, during the two terms when the prison was under his control, and again during the incumbency of his son, John C. Pilsbury, for ten years, and subsequently under the management of Nahum Robinson.

The events at the prison which

attract the greatest public attention are the hangings. These, although largely private, excite a morbid curiosity, and anything pertaining to them finds eager listeners and readers. There have been nine executions within the walls, six of them at the old prison and the last three at the new state prison building.

In the capacity of newspaper representative, it became my duty to attend them all. They were as follows :

Josiah L. Pike.....	November 9, 1869
Franklin B. Evans.....	February 17, 1874
Elwin W. Major.....	January 5, 1877
Joseph Lapage.....	March 15, 1878
John Q. Pinkham.....	March 14, 1879
John B. Buzzell.....	July 10, 1879
Thomas Samon.....	April 17, 1885
James Palmer.....	May 1, 1890
Frank C. Almy.....	May 16, 1893

Pike's last days were redolent of roses, and he was ushered out of life with a surge of sentimental gush that scandalized the state, and aroused the stinging sarcasm of Mark Twain on our effeminacy. Women were allowed to make a fool of Pike. They prayed and sung with him, and held his hands, and patted his cheeks, and entwined his hair with their soft fingers, and fed him on confections, jellies, and other dainties too delicate for home consumption, until Pike, although he was the fiendish butcher of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, of Hampton Falls, a defenceless old man and woman, imagined himself a saintly hero, whose death at the end of the hangman's rope was to be little less than a martyrdom. He seemed to be the especial pride and delight of some ministers' wives and daughters, and yet, nevertheless, one fine day he had to turn his back on their profusion of pinks and lilies and hyacinths, had to leave his cell with

its wealth of bric-a-brac and ornamentation, the copious contributions of mistaken devotion, had to say a long good-by to his charming and tearful visitors, and face alone the dreadful fact of death, — forced to

he had to say in his cell, where the death warrant was read to him. The night before his death he sold his body to the prison physician, Dr. Albert H. Crosby of Concord, for \$50, for the uses of the medical de-



Warden Charles E. Cox.



Deputy Warden Samuel D. Robinson.



Dr. Edgar A. Clark, Physician.

jump this "bank and shoal of time" into eternity, as a penalty, with his hands stained with the life-blood of innocent fellow-creatures.

When he was "shuffled off," a change was made in the prison management, and murderers have not since been allowed ovations there, but have been kept in the strictest solitude possible. But Pike's execution was a sickening spectacle. The newspapers made only brief, if any, mention of its horror, but the rope by which he was hanged was too long, and when the drop fell, the feet of the condemned man struck with great force against the pavement below, and he had to be pulled up and strangled to death.

Old Evans was a snivelling, hypocritical, nauseating, old wretch, who brutally murdered Miss Josianna Lovering, at Northwood. He longed to sing or to make a speech on the scaffold, but was admonished to say what

department of Dartmouth college. Old Evans was greatly interested to know what the doctor intended to do with it, and was curious to learn if his bones would be wired together. The idea amused him. He was to be of some use after death, if not before. He would have been much pleased if he could have known what a sensation the finding of his carcass

one morning in the college chapel was to make. An autopsy was made of his brains. They were removed and his skull stuffed with shavings and replaced. Somebody remarked that if he had always had them in his head, instead of his vicious brain, he would have been more sensible

and less criminal. His son wore his clothes the afternoon next after the hanging and spent his money in bar-rooms.

Major's taking-off was the most affecting one. He was young, handsome, and intelligent. He appeared



Hall Officer Guy C. Marden.

upon the scaffold dressed in elegant black, attired as if for an evening party, except for obvious reasons he wore no collar,—the sheriff and his deputies tied the rope in its place. He looked for a reprieve even up to the last moment. I can see him now as he came through the guard-room, glancing nervously this way and that, hopeful until the very last. When the black cap was drawn over his head, shutting out forever the light, he swooned. Two resolute officers held him for a moment, and then dropped him through the trap. A physician, as is the custom on such occasions, stepped forward upon a stool, and counted and announced his pulse. At first his heart hardly beat. Then the pulsations increased to forty a minute, and immediately gradually fell off till life was pronounced extinct.



Frank S. Dodge, Late Warden.

expressed as to his guilt, and I was employed as attorney for an enterprising metropolitan daily to work up that phase of the case to its best advantage. I took several remark-

able affidavits, which, however, were never given to the public, inasmuch as Major had gone, and the late Attorney-General Mason W. Tappan thought that they might have some undesirable effect upon the trial of Joseph Lapage, the slayer of little Josie Langmaid. A hearing before the governor and council satisfied

me that Major was implicated at least, in the death of his wife, although the late Hon. George Y. Sawyer made a powerful appeal for the commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life. That was the most eloquent speech that I ever had the good fortune to listen to. When the great advocate closed, and sat down, the



George W. Colbath, Late Warden.



John C. Pilsbury, Late Warden.



Thomas A. Pilsbury, Late Deputy Warden.

Major died protesting his innocence. It will be recalled that he was charged with the poisoning of his wife, and his case makes one of the most interesting chapters in criminal history. Some doubt was

expressed as to his guilt, and I was employed as attorney for an enterprising metropolitan daily to work up that phase of the case to its best advantage. I took several remark-

man, that you believe him absolutely innocent?" The council chamber was as still as a tomb for a moment. Then Judge Sawyer rose with profound dignity, his eyes swimming in tears, and his voice choked with emotion. "I thank you for that question!" he said. "I thank God for it! Now I can say what heretofore I could not; now I can shake off the embarrassment that surrounded me as a hired advocate; and I can speak frankly and sincerely my own feelings and belief in this matter. I am an old man, almost eighty years of age, and with health already impaired. I cannot last long, and this is probably my last appearance before any tribunal, until that great tribunal before which we must all appear and answer, and I want to say, even if these be my last words on earth,—and they may be,—that I believe Major innocent! I believe him so, as God is my judge! I believe him so as I believe in my own existence, as I believe in my God!"

Then Judge Sawyer proceeded to explain that he had entered the case reluctantly, fearing the respondent guilty, but he had been convinced to the contrary. In all those confidential talks that he as counsel had held with his client, no suspicious word had ever passed Major's lips. Judge Sawyer was followed by Charles H. Burns, who made the ablest, the most convincing argument and narration of evidence that I ever heard him make, and that is saying a great deal, for I have frequently heard him in court and upon the rostrum. He was then a county-solicitor, and it was his duty to prosecute Major.

Still I think that Major's sentence would have been commuted if a mem-

orable visit had not happened. As soon as the impressive meeting adjourned, the governor himself alone visited Major in his cell at the prison. What occurred there then sealed his fate. If he had presented his own case as plausibly as did his leading lawyer, and had he been more respectful and less vengeful toward others, he would probably have been alive to-day, and possibly a free man.

When the sheriff notified Major that he should call for him in five minutes, the prisoner put his arms about the officer's neck and kissed him, assuring him that he was merely doing his official duty, and was not to be blamed.

The fatal drop opened glibly for the cat-like Lapage. It will be remembered that it was he who killed Josie Langmaid, at Pembroke. He, like Major, was given two expensive trials by jury, the first verdict having been set aside because of erroneous ruling by the court. The evidence against him at the best was scant, but his guilt was black as night. In his last hours he confessed, "Me kill girl!" His eyes shone like those of a frightened tiger, as he stood upon the scaffold. He passed for an illiterate Canadian-Frenchman, and so he was in book-knowledge, but he was keen, deep, cunning, and villainous. It was two weeks after the murder, before suspicion fell on him, and then the only suspicion arose from a telegram from Vermont, saying that such a man was suspected of the Ball murder there, and if he were in this community, he should be watched. He was arrested, and there was tell-tale blood on his clothes, for which he could not account, and this led to other clues, and to a chain of cir-

circumstances which warranted his conviction.

Pinkham was a heartless, shallow-brained, canting, old rascal, who murdered an elderly lady. His hanging may be said to have been uneventful, arousing no pronounced interest.

Thomas DeQuincey wrote of murder as a fine art, and if capital executions might also be spoken of in the sense of a fine art, Pinkham's taking-off would be declared a success. There was no hitch in the proceeding; the programme was carried out as arranged. Pinkham performed his part in the tragedy effectively. He was committed to the prison on the last night of Lapage's life, and when Lapage was told that another murderer had arrived, he shook his head significantly, saying, "Bad for him! Bad for him!"

With the exception of Major, Buzzell was the most intelligent of the New Hampshire murderers, a mediocre lot in average intellect. He was somewhat prepossessing in appearance and had not the common characteristics of a criminal. He induced a weak-brained young man, Cook, hardly more than a boy, to shoot a woman, to whom Buzzell was engaged to be married, and who had brought a suit against him, then pending, for breach of promise. Cook fired a gun through her window in the evening, literally blowing off the woman's head. Buzzell was tried for the murder and acquitted, but was afterward tried as accessory, and was found guilty. The case is a memorable one in the annals of the law, Chief Justice Charles Doe delivering the famous legal opinion. Cook turned state's evidence, and accepted a sentence for a term of

years in prison. Buzzell was executed during a session of the legislature, and a strenuous effort, led by the late ex-Governor Walter Harriman, who was then a prominent and exceedingly eloquent member of the state house of representatives, was made to abolish capital punishment, but without success.

Old Samon killed Mrs. Ford at Laconia, and put her body in a trunk, and wheeled it away on a barrow. Samon had a nasal twang when he talked, caused by some defect in the formation of his nose, and his eyes were of different colors, one being blue and the other brown. He acted, as he went upon the scaffold, as though he had been drugged, but the trouble was that he was a dull, heavy, merciless scoundrel, whose departure awakened no ripple of regret in any human heart.

Palmer never confessed, but was guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt. He drove a hammer down through the brain of his companion. He had relatives and friends and able counsel who did all they could to save him, but the law was inexorable. By authorization from one of his attorneys, I saw him in his cell only a short time before the day of his execution. He was reading a book, the title of which was "Annals of a Perfect Life," or something very much like that.

Almy murdered Christie Warden, at Hanover. His execution was a botch. The noose was so loosely tied that it almost slipped over the condemned man's head as he fell. He begged to be allowed to say a few words on the scaffold, but was harshly refused, and hustled unceremoniously into eternity. It was gen-

erally believed that Almy's body was secretly exhumed after it was once buried, and that it figured in the Dartmouth Medical school, or in some other similar institution, but the late Warden Colbath said there was no ground whatever for such belief. He was authority that on the evening after Almy was buried in the prison yard, the warden went there alone, and took measurements defining the location of the ground, and then removed every vestige that could possibly lead to its discovery. Some time afterward a building was erected on the lot which covered the ground, and in the presence of the warden and the deputy, the ground was pierced, reaching the coffin, exactly as had been anticipated. Warden Colbath said that he should leave a sealed description of the location of the grave with his successor.

Everyone of these murderers, with a single exception, had an excellent appetite up to the day of death, and relished breakfast even, as if assured of a long lease of life. A "murderer's appetite" has grown to be an expressive remark.

Bodies generally of murderers are claimed by some relative or other near friend, or buried in the Potter's field. Pike's body was taken by relatives; Evans's carcass went to the Dartmouth Medical school; Pinkham's and Buzzell's remains were sent to their respective homes; Major's was claimed by relatives; Samon was buried in the Potter's field; Lapage's bones are assumed to be there; Palmer's relatives took charge of his body.

Almost every decade has brought its popular agitation as to the conduct of the prison, and the control of

its inmates. Sometimes the movement has savored somewhat of partisan politics, and again it has been a humane, philanthropic flood-tide of sanitary and righteous sentiment, welcome waves of enlightened opinion, breaking upon obsolete customs and mistaken notions, but tempered sometimes with a suspicion of personal prejudice, if not with harmful and false sympathy, both unhealthful and pernicious. There have been charges and counter-charges, bitter allegations followed by belated defences and qualified vindications, but the general tenor of the prison regime has been wonderfully good, and the character of the officers, like the behavior of the convicts, has almost invariably been such as to bring the prison into very favorable comparison with any other penal institution in the country. The force of a good example at the head of a reformatory institution does more to elevate the standard of prison discipline there than all the fine-spun vagaries of people who have had no experience with prisoners.

In 1879 and 1880, during repeated sessions of the governor and council, the old prison and everything pertaining to it for ten years was given the most searching and scathing investigation. The tribunal was constituted of Governor Natt Head and Councillors Hiram A. Tuttle, Josiah Burrows, Warren Brown, Nathan Parker, and James Burnap. A professional, transient prison reformer, Burnham Wardwell, started the unsavory ball a-rolling, and such intellectual forces as Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker and the Rev. Henry F. Campbell imbued the onslaught with a spirit of credibility, enthusiasm, and

popular interest. Associated with them in the submission of testimony and the examination of numerous witnesses were the late Judge E. D. Rand and A. F. L. Norris, both erudite and accomplished lawyers of the widest experience and finest acumen at the bar. For the defence of the different prison officials, John Y. Mugridge, United States Senator Austin F. Pike, Herbert F. Norris, Fred H. Gould appeared, and I also had the honor to be of counsel for the defendants. In their behalf I made the opening answer to the voluminous and scandalous specifications of the prosecution, occupying three hours,—the longest speech I ever undertook, but one the length of which was fully warranted by the nature and importance of the subject, and the widespread interest felt in it. Samuel B. Page represented the Prisoners' Aid society. The final hearing consumed twenty-two days, and was held in the legislative hall at the state capitol. The charges against the prison management were largely imaginary, or had foundation in the faulty construction and cramped areas of the old prison, which was woefully inadequate in size and unfit generally for habitation, and of which Warden Pilsbury had himself made repeated and grievous complaint.

The result of the investigation was a substantial vindication and an exoneration of the prison management. Warden Pilsbury was wrongfully put to an outlay of \$3,000 in defraying the expenses of defending the institution, a sum not covered by any available appropriation, and which was never refunded to him or his estate.

Warden Pilsbury belonged to a family of celebrated prison man-

gers. His father, Moses C. Pilsbury, had been warden of this prison before him. For almost three fourths of a century the name of Pilsbury stood foremost in the world's list of eminent prison managers. Amongst the highest and noblest who strove to carry forward the great philanthropic work that John Howard began, was General Amos Pilsbury, whose success is symbolized in marble and bronze, and whose life is a part of our national history. He was the leading light of this country at the International Prison congress in London, in 1872. It was he who built, and for twenty-eight years presided over, the great penitentiary at Albany. He was the brother of John C. Pilsbury. As boys, they played together in the old New Hampshire state prison, of which their father, Moses C. Pilsbury, was warden for seven years (1818-'25), during which the institution was made a financial success, and in which the Bible was introduced into the cells of the convicts; and the warden himself performed all the functions of a chaplain. Moses C. Pilsbury was subsequently reëlected warden, serving successfully three years more (1837-'40).

John C. Pilsbury, after an experience of twenty years in the management of penal institutions,—with his father here in Concord, and with his father and his brother at Weathersfield, Conn., also at Blackwell's Island, and elsewhere,—was called, July 11, 1870, by the late Governor Onslow Stearns,—another gruff, able, old-school gentleman,—to "straighten out" the affairs of the New Hampshire state prison, which were then drifting into an unfortunate condition.

The law passed in June, 1870, gave the appointment of the warden and the management of the prison to the governor and council, enabling them to make some changes in the manner of conducting its affairs. Previous to the passage of this law, the entire management was practically in the hands of the warden, who purchased all supplies, and controlled the internal affairs, subject only to such supervision as could be exercised by a committee of the council, whose authority was limited. The new warden found that the officers had been in the habit of trading with the convicts, also conveying to and from them communications with the outside world; and, notwithstanding his watchfulness, he was not long in discovering that this state of things continued. The cells of the convicts were found to contain tools, and the discipline generally was pronounced far from ideal. He devoted himself with untiring diligence to its improvement, reforming various abuses, and securing the proper objects of the institution.

The late Thomas A. Pilsbury, son of John C. Pilsbury, served with his father as deputy-warden throughout his administration of ten years (1870-'80), and was reappointed deputy under Warden Frank S. Dodge, in 1881, completing in all eighteen years' service as deputy-warden of our state prison. It is unnecessary to add that he was a splendid prison manager, with a natural adaptation to the work. He was, moreover, a generous-hearted, noble-spirited, upright man, held in high respect and affectionate regard in this community.

Louis D. Pilsbury, the present superintendent of the reformatory at

Blackwell's Island, is his cousin, and maintains the family name as a superior disciplinarian and thorough business man.

Warden Dodge was a kind-hearted gentleman, with considerable experience as an officer and understanding of prisoners, having been high sheriff and jailer of Merrimack county, and he kept the prison in all respects fully up to the high standard that had been set for it. Mr. Dodge was a kindly, genial, honest public officer, holding the confidence and esteem of the people as well as the prisoners in his charge, and spoken of universally with praise and commendation. His administration was a successful one.

Col. J. Horace Kent came next in the succession of wardens. He, too, had been a sheriff and a jailer, and was familiar with the habits and practices of prisoners, and had had much to do with human nature in various forms and under different conditions. He entered upon the work fully qualified for the place, and did not disappoint the governor and council from whom he received the appointment, nor the public who were familiar with his ability and his adaptation to the exacting position.

His successor, Warden Colbath, came from the city of Dover, receiving his appointment at the hands of Governor Charles H. Sawyer, with the advice of his council. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, with a valiant war record and a high fraternal standing. His universal courtesy to the members of the newspaper press and to the public generally, was appreciated, and his incumbency of the office of warden was characterized by a quietness,

efficiency, and fidelity worthy of more space than can be devoted to him in an article of this kind, which presents so many names and topics, any of which might well be the exclusive subject for a separate sketch.

Clarence Johnson has taken occasion in a special article in this publication to pay tribute to the work and worth of Nahum Robinson, not only as an exemplary warden, but as a builder and a man.

The present acceptable head of the prison, Warden Cox, was a resident of Manchester, being still a member of the board of aldermen of that prosperous city. He was a member of its common council in 1891-'92, and was a representative from it to the state legislature in 1885-'86. He is a gentleman of prepossessing manners, stability of character, and of much executive ability and force. To the arduous duties of his office he is devoting himself with painstaking diligence, and with a praiseworthy desire to do in all respects what is right, and to treat everybody fairly and justly.

Samuel D. Robinson, the present deputy-warden, who has filled that position under the three several wardens since March 11, 1889, being successively reappointed, was previously at the prison in one useful capacity or another, from May 1, 1869, to 1880. The fact that he has been retained is the best encomium that could be passed upon his fidelity and devotion. He was a good soldier, being a member of the Fourteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, and was shot at Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, and will carry to his grave as a verification of his bravery and self-sacrifice in the

cause of his country, the unmistakable marks of an impairing wound.

Charles W. Davis, Augustus Bean, and others, served as deputy-wardens in early times.

The succession of physicians who have served the institution during varying lengths of time, comprises some of the ablest in the state. Such names come to mind as those of Dr. Ezra Carter, Dr. William Prescott, Dr. Timothy Haynes, Dr. Charles F. P. Hildreth, Dr. William B. Hilden, Dr. A. A. Moulton, Dr. Albert H. Crosby, Dr. J. W. Barney, Dr. F. A. Stillings, Dr. Henry M. French, Dr. Charles R. Walker, and Dr. A. E. Emery.

Dr. Edgar A. Clark, the present prison physician, who has been reappointed under succeeding state administrations since 1891, is a skilful and competent officer, as well as a kindly and accomplished gentleman. His professional services at the prison during his incumbency there have been diligent, unobtrusive, and successful.

It is the duty of the chaplain to instruct and teach the prisoners, and to administer to them such advice and consolation as he may deem best calculated to promote their welfare and reformation. He is expected to conduct religious services in the chapel on the Sabbath, to have the supervision of the library, and to coöperate with the warden and under his direction for the maintenance of good discipline and for the best good of the convicts. His place is a reverential and fatherly one, and such is the wide discretion with which he is clothed, and the privileges open to him that he may be of invaluable assistance in various ways, and many

of the chaplains have devoted themselves to their missions at the institution with devout fidelity and zeal. Amongst those who have held the position are the following named ministers of the gospel: Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, Rev. Dr. E. E. Cummings, Rev. John Atwood, Rev. Mr. Kelley, Rev. Eleazer Smith, Rev. Caleb Brown, Rev. Samuel Cooke, Rev. Sullivan Holman, Rev. Hosea Quinby, Rev. E. R. Wilkins, Rev. D. C. Easton, and Rev. C. L. Pinkham.

The Rev. Eleazer Smith held the chaplaincy fourteen or fifteen years. He and the Rev. Hosea Quinby wrote each a book based on their prison experiences, that of the former being entitled "Nine Years Among the Convicts; or Prison Reminiscences," and that of the latter, "The Prison Chaplaincy, and Its Experiences." These works dealt with the moral and psychological phases of prison life, as well as with its physical and material aspects and needs, and recited incidents in the experience of individual prisoners.

On the walls of the warden's office are hung the portraits of many of the past officers of the institution, and the room is an interesting picture-gallery of the men who have helped to make the institution what it is in mechanical, disciplinary, and moral success.

The following is the present prison roster:

Warden, Charles E. Cox.

Deputy warden, Samuel D. Robinson.

Chaplain, Rev. Charles L. Pinkham.

Physician, Edgar A. Clark, M. D.

Steward, Frank J. Sanborn.

Hall officer, Guy C. Marden.

Overseers in shops—Joseph Martin, Martin A. Hadley, Frank Day, Charles L. Waldron, Marshall C. Evans, George N. Nicholson.

Guards—David O. Rand, Walter E. Nudd, Gilbert F. Rand, Fred A. Davis, Walter H. Flanders, Kingman S. Haselton.

Night watch: Shops, Natt Wiggin; hall, George W. Trickey.

Matron, Mrs. Ella Parmenter.

Engineer, Archie A. Clough.

Messenger, William H. Price.

The fare given the prisoners is plain, wholesome, and well-cooked. The articles of diet are varied in some details from season to season, and extra allowances of bread are given prisoners who make application for them at any meal. They are also given certain allowances of tobacco. The following is the prevailing order of food:

Sunday: Breakfast—baked beans, brown bread, and coffee; supper—rice pudding, flour bread, molasses, and cocoa.

Monday: Breakfast—flour bread, molasses, and coffee; dinner—corned beef, vegetables, and flour bread; supper—flour bread, molasses, and cocoa.

Tuesday: Breakfast—mush, flour bread, and milk; dinner—fish hash, vegetables, and flour bread; supper—flour bread, molasses, and cocoa.

Wednesday: Breakfast—corned beef, warm brown bread, and coffee; dinner—fresh beef soup, with vegetables, and flour bread; supper—flour bread, molasses, and cocoa.

Thursday: Breakfast—oatmeal, flour bread, and milk; dinner—pea soup or bean soup, with pork, and brown bread; supper—flour bread, molasses, and cocoa.

Friday: Breakfast—flour bread, molasses, and coffee; dinner—fish hash, and brown bread, with fish, vegetables, etc.; supper—flour bread, molasses, and cocoa.

Saturday: Breakfast—meat hash, brown bread, and milk; dinner—fresh beef soup, with vegetables, and flour bread; supper—flour bread, molasses, and cocoa.

By a legislative act of 1869, the state treasurer is made treasurer of the prison, and Solon A. Carter, who has held the former office for the several years last past, has had this additional responsibility, discharging his obligations satisfactorily in this, as in other respects.

In 1869, Governor Onslow Stearns, and his council, prepared, with the active assistance of his private secretary, Jacob Benton, Jr., a series of rules and regulations for the conduct of the prison. These were revised and improved in 1883, and have remained in force. I do not know that any considerable adverse criticism has been made on them, or on any of the precepts and commands enforced at the prison, whether at the instance of the governor and council, or emanating directly from the officers at the institution. Some comment has been passed upon the injunction of obliging convicts to keep their eyes down-cast. This is a practice not generally in vogue in such institutions, but it is favored as being of advantage in procuring satisfactory discipline, and the keeping the minds of the prisoners from alluring objects that might lead them to be discontented, or excite their curiosity and passion.

The life of a convict is, as a rule, simple, silent, regular, uneventful, monotonous. Certain observances are permitted on two or three holidays of each year, such as music or discourses in the chapel, and special articles of food. Certain time is commuted from the sentences of convicts for good behavior, and they soon realize that there is nothing to gain, but much to lose, from any infraction of the requirements, any departure from the straightforward path of duty that has been marked out for them, the various objects to be attained having been taken into careful consideration. It is a hard life at best, one that wrecks the pride and disheartens many a man, and most assuredly one to be avoided. Punishment is less frequently resorted to than formerly,

the solitary cells being only seldom used. The slide is an arrangement to lift a man by the wrists without injury, although the pain is excruciating, and four minutes is the absolute limit, and two minutes more than the average man could endure. This mode of punishment has its advantages over a dark cell and a reduced fare, but is seldom, if ever, used now.

The dress of the convicts is the one prescribed long ago, of alternate red and black cloth, half of each garment being of one, and half of the other.

The female prisoners occupy the south wing of the institution, and are employed cooking for the resident officers, with the exception of the warden and deputy. They also make and repair clothing for the men.

Labor is considered a relief, and not an adjunct to punishment. Convicts very generally are glad to work. In the early history of the prison, the state employed the convicts, but for the many years last past the contract system has prevailed, and the labor of the male convicts has been leased by the state to contractors at so much each per diem, the price varying with different times and conditions, forty cents a day being now allowed per man. The prison force is now occupied in the manufacture of chairs, the present contractors being Converse & Whitney, of South Ashburnham, Mass., and from 600 to 800 of these articles are made daily. For many years George T. Comins was contractor at the prison, his principal manufacture being bedsteads, sometimes as many as 375 a day being turned out. When the state found work for the convicts, stone was cut,

harnesses, boots and shoes, and other articles, including at one time pitchforks, were made, but an effort has been put forth throughout the history of the prison to carry on some business there that would not come in direct competition with outsiders, and thus be to the detriment of the community.

One of the touching incidents of recent prison life was the presence there of a mere child, a bright little girl. She was only six months old when she was taken in with her mother, who had been sentenced for a term of years, and grew to be a considerable favorite with the warden and others, remaining until she was in the neighborhood of five years of age, innocently running in and out and playing within the shades of the gruesome structure, wholly unconscious of the blot on her family name.

At this writing there are 175 prisoners in the institution, of whom 4 are women. Stealing and attempting to steal in some way, inclusive of burglary, breaking and entering, and highway robbery, is by far the most prolific crime. Of 183 convicts in the prison last year, 133 were natives of the United States, and there were from 1 to 28 each, natives of other countries, 28 being from Canada, 5 from England, 3 from Scotland, 4 from Ireland, 6 from Nova Scotia, 2 from Italy, and 1 each from France and Denmark. Sentences varied from 1 year to 30 years, the greater number (49) being in for a term of 3 years, and there were 21 for 5 years, 10 for 4 years, 25 for 2 years, 21 for 1 year and 1 day. The daily average population was put down at 175. The pardoning power of the executive has been generally

very cautiously exercised and with salutary results.

The history of crime and an analytical examination of its causes and conditions, and the ramifications and many phases of the great subject of criminology, do not fall within the scope of this narrative article. It has been regarded as fortunate for the public and the prisoners that the managers of our penitentiary have, with hardly an exception, been men of eminent good sense and practicability, rather than utopian theorists and mistaken sentimentalists, vain of publicity and anxious for conspicuousness. There may have been regrettable, and possibly culpable, incidents in the inner history of the prison, but the institution presents an average record of propriety, wholesomeness, of unparalleled excellence and success, of which our people may justly be proud, and which reflects honor and credit upon the state, inclusive of the successive administrations of the several governors and councils under which the prison has been maintained.

There have been no escapes from the institution since September 11, 1869, when a prisoner by the name of Joseph Myres was trusted to go outside of the old prison to feed the hogs in the neighboring stable, as was his custom, and he has ever since neglected to return. The record shows 20 escapes in all, beginning with 5 in 1816. The wall of the old prison was originally low, and the whole structure was so insecure and imperfect that escape was comparatively easy. Two men crawled up and out through a ventilator in the roof, another made a false hand with which he deceived

the turnkey, he thinking the prisoner was in his cell while he was hidden in the corridor.

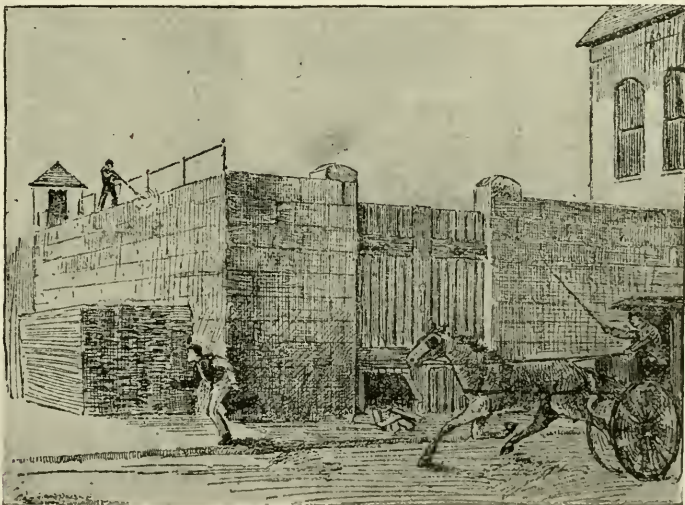
The most remarkable departure was that of the famous bank robber, Maximilian Shinburn, alias "Mark Baker," alias "Zimmerman," alias "Smith," alias "Count Shinburn," alias many other things. On the day of his escape, December 3, 1866, the convicts were formed in line, as usual, just before dark, and, while in the act of marching across the yard toward the prison, Shinburn set his bucket upon the ground and ran for the gate. The alarm was immediately given and the guard upon the prison wall discharged his musket at Shinburn, but failed to hit him. He



Maximilian Shinburn,

Alias "Mark Baker," alias "Zimmerman," alias "Smith," alias "Count Shinburn," etc., for thirty years at the head of a band of skilful bank burglars.

Under this low cross piece of one of the big doors to the gate in the yard, for a distance of two or three feet, were bored small holes close together. These holes were invisible from the inner side of the door, not reaching quite through, and they were so close up under the cross piece that they could not be seen from the outside, unless the observer stooped and took especial pains. However, they served to weaken the lower end of the plank forming the door, so that when Shinburn kicked at the right point they broke, and out he scud like a frightened cat. He evidently knew just when and where to kick, for a "pal" with a fine horse and carriage was in waiting for him, and he was driven



The Escape of Maximilian Shinburn, the Notorious Bank Breaker, from the N. H. State Prison, December 3, 1866.

reached the gate where he knocked off the end of one of the planks which had been weakened for the purpose by borings under a cleat on the outside.

rapidly away. That he had help from the inside was suspected by some, and that he had valiant assistance on the outside of the prison

was very evident. He has been repeatedly reported as incarcerated in prison elsewhere, and as dead, but whether this is a part of his cunning to avert apprehension, or whether he is really confined or gone from earth, is not positively known. He was an intellectual, accomplished German, a cracksman *par excellence*, with an unequalled record of wholesale bank-breaking too familiar to recount. He has never been recommitted to this prison, however. He remarked when the officers were taking him hither that he might remain six months. The precaution was taken to place an extra lock on his cell, but it availed nothing. He was out in about seven months from the time of his commitment.

There was a little old man at the prison, by the name of Augustus Thorndike, who is said to have served at least five terms there, his great criminal penchant being the stealing of horses and oxen. He has an additional record of a term at a county-farm in New Hampshire, besides repeated jailings, and is said to have been recognized not long ago serving a sentence at Deer Island, in Boston harbor.

Another convict, by the name of George True, found the prison so popular that he became an inmate of it for the third time, and is now under arrest for further crime (burglary) which promises his early return. Generally, however, one term is thought sufficient.

Of the 183 inmates reported last year, 149 could read and write, 13 could read only, and 21 could neither

write nor read; 68 claimed to have been temperate; 115 admitted themselves to have been intemperate; 23 were under twenty years of age, 76 between twenty and thirty years, 50 between thirty and forty years, 24 between forty and fifty years, 10 over fifty years; 45 were married and 138 were unmarried.

The General Gilman Marston tramp law, passed by the legislature of 1878, seems to have had an effect upon the number of inmates at the institution, for the warden's report of 1880 shows a decrease of 29 during the year next previous. There had been, however, a revival of business throughout the country, which undoubtedly contributed to the reduction.

Prisoners upon their discharge are given a new suit of clothes, and three dollars in cash, and, besides this, the Prisoners' Aid society renders material and other assistance, and is deserving of high commendation, for the philanthropic work that it has accomplished in its goodly province.

The health of the convicts has been remarkably good, no considerable epidemic having prevailed, and deaths have been few. There have been at times many months when the hospital was not occupied; and there has also been a great freedom from accidents of all kinds.

"A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among."

—Inscription on the Old Prison of Edinburgh.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*



THE close of the siege of Donaldsonville is described in the following words by Comrade J. P. Heath: "One morning when looking up the river, we saw a large quantity of smoke, which we watched with much interest. Soon three or four large river steamers came in sight and swung in towards us. We could see soldiers on board dressed in blue.

"One of the steamers came near and made fast just above the fort and commenced rapidly to unload her troops. They deployed and moved into the woods at the north. They were just in time, for Green was approaching, his pickets already being in sight.

"We hailed the regiment nearest us and asked, 'Where are you from?' 'Port Hudson; it has surrendered,' they replied.

"We asked, 'What regiment are you of?' They replied, 'The Eighth New Hampshire.' They asked, 'What regiment are you of?' Several of us replied, 'We are of the Sixteenth New Hampshire.' They then said, 'Don't fire again, boys; we will take care of you now.'

"We laughed and we cried, for deliverance had come. The boys belonging to the gunboats soon landed and came into the fort. They com-

menced to hug us and danced about like children, saying, 'Well, boys, you did make a grand fight.'

The importance of holding Donaldsonville against the enemy may be inferred from the fact that as soon as Port Hudson surrendered, Banks sent the troops under both Generals Gardner and Weitzel for its relief. General Banks, in making his report to General Halleck, says: "Upon the surrender of Port Hudson I found it necessary to move every available man to Donaldsonville to dislodge the enemy."

General Emory, in his report to General Banks, says: "Our victory at Donaldsonville was a brilliant affair." In his report to Colonel Irwin, Emory uses the words, "An heroic and brilliant defense." "There were," he says, "two reduced companies of the Twenty-eighth Maine and convalescents sent up from New Orleans to meet the enemy." Those one hundred and eighty men with the gunboats repelled the assault of the enemy, taking one hundred and thirty prisoners, one lieutenant-colonel, one major, two captains, five lieutenants; killing and wounding three hundred and fifty men, among whom were Colonel Phillips and others of high rank.

"By this repulse, combined with that at La Fourche, the enemy has

been checked in his movement upon New Orleans and the attempt to cut connection between Banks and his supplies has been frustrated."

Says General Banks in a letter to General Emory:

"The behavior of Major Bullen and the troops under his command at Donaldsonville was most creditable, and has greatly encouraged the spirit of the army. It is a compensation for the disgrace that rests upon Brashear." [He refers to the capture of that place with all its stores by the Confederates under General Taylor.]

The official report, as given by General Stone to General Banks, is also highly complimentary. His words are, "The troops at Donaldsonville made one of the most brave and gallant defenses that has come within my experience." General Stone also recommended for promotion every officer engaged in that defense.

The fighting is so well attested in the Confederate records and has been so lightly touched upon by our Federal historians, that we feel justified in introducing nearly the full text of the following report of Brigadier-General Thomas Green to Major Louis Bush, assistant adjutant-general:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE,
July 3, 1863.

MAJOR:—In accordance with the order of General Mouton commanding me to take possession of the Federal fort at Donaldsonville, I took up the line of march from Thibodeaux about eight o'clock at night with Hardeman's, Shannon's, and Herbert's regiments of my brigade, and Lane's, Stone's, and Phillips's regiments of Colonel Major's brigade and Semmes's battery.

After marching the entire night, I encamped within nine miles of the fort about nine o'clock the next morning.

During the 27th I rested our jaded troops and horses, getting all the information which could be procured relating to the situation of the fort, its force, defenses, etc., etc.

I sent Stone's regiment to the east of the bayou La Fourche, and ordered him to advance towards Donaldsonville on the bank and attract the attention of the enemy, and, if possible, attack him on that side. With the balance of the command I advanced during the night of the 27th to within a mile and a half of the fort, where I dismounted my command.

Having determined on the plan of attack, I called the officers commanding the regiments together, and explained to them specifically the position each one was to occupy in the assault.

Major Shannon, with the Fifth Texas Mounted Volunteers, was to perform a circuit around the fort, reach the Mississippi above and advance down to the stockade of upright timbers set in the ground between the levee and the water's edge and then make an entrance.

Colonel Hardeman, with the Fourth Texas Mounted Volunteers, was to move up the bayou road and as soon as he heard the firing of Shannon, or of the enemy, he was to assault the fort at the water's edge, along the stockade and simultaneously with Shannon to make an entrance through the stockade and with Shannon assault the garrison, hand to hand.

Phillips, Lane, and Herbert, with their regiments, were to envelop the works, moving up around them to the brink of the ditch, shooting down the cannoners and their supporters from the ramparts at a distance of only sixteen or eighteen feet.

Major Shannon encountered the pickets of the enemy and a fire was opened upon him by the artillery of the fort.

He advanced to the stockade, driving the enemy from it and firing upon them through their own port-holes. He pushed a part of his men over their works, the men helping each other over; the balance of his men moved around the stockade through the shallow water, into the fort.

Hearing the small arms of Major Shannon amid the roar of artillery, I ordered an advance of the whole line. The fight was desperately contended on every part of the ground.

Colonel Hardeman, with the Fourth Texas, being unable to control his guide, was delayed in his attack on the La Fourche side until nearly daylight, but his casualties show with what determined courage that veteran regiment stood its ground after it came into action.

The attack on the fort was made before light, at two o'clock in the morning, for the purpose

of preventing the gunboats from being in advance. We were not repulsed until we found, after getting into the stockade, that there was yet a ditch to cross, running in front of, and parallel with, the river. At this ditch a most desperate fight ensued between the commands of Shannon and Phillips and the enemy.

Our men here used brickbats upon the heads of the enemy, who returned the same. Captain Killough and Lieutenant Land and other officers and men were wounded on their heads with bricks thrown by the enemy, which had first been thrown by our men. There never was more desperate courage displayed than was shown by our men engaged in this assault. The enemy have been shown an example of desperate courage which will not be without its effect. [We wonder if the same cannot be said of the brave defenders inside the fort.]

We fought from two o'clock a. m. until daylight without intermission, and our dead and wounded show the desperation of the assault. The garrison contained between five and six hundred Federals. [Oh, no; only one hundred and eighty.]

At daylight I sent a flag of truce, asking permission to pick up our wounded and bury our dead, which was refused, as I expected. My object in sending a flag so early was to get away a great number of our men who had found a little shelter near the enemy's works and who would undoubtedly be taken prisoners. As it was, I must have saved a hundred men by instructing my flag of truce officer as he approached the fort to order our troops still there, away.

We mourn the fall of many of our bravest and best officers and men, among them Major Shannon, Captain Ragsdale, Lieutenants Darby and Cole of the Fifth, Major Ridley of Phillips's regiment, and Lieutenant Cartwright of the Fourth, and others.

Had the fort fallen into our hands, I am satisfied, with a little work on it, we could have held it against all the gunboats below Port Hudson.

Its capture and occupation would doubtless have caused great uneasiness and inconvenience to the Federal army besieging Port Hudson. In this view much risk was justified in its attempted capture.

This report of Green was sent to Major-General Taylor, who forwarded it to Richmond with these comments:—

“Personal observation satisfies me that no engagement during this war

has illustrated more signally the desperate valor of Confederate troops than the attack on this position.

“Although the attack may have been in some respects an unwise one, I am not disposed to attach the slightest censure to so gallant a soldier as General Green, whose disposition is to attack the enemy wherever he finds him.”

These reports, taken from the official records of the Confederacy, while recording the courage of their troops equally, though indirectly, extol the courage of the brave and resolute defenders of Donaldsonville, for the desperate fighting of which the Confederates boast must have been met by equally desperate fighting by the few Federal troops who confronted them. The story of that defense, unless fully confirmed by official reports from both Federal and Confederate sources, could hardly be believed.

Here were one hundred and eighty men, the majority of whom had before this scarcely been under fire, the majority of whom were just out of the hospitals of New Orleans, confronted by six regiments and one battery commanded by as brave officers as ever led Confederate troops. Our men were so scantily officered that one of the Sixteenth privates on the morning after the first night's fighting was appointed acting sergeant and put in command of the squad that defended the stockade running from the fort to the river.

The fighting, a part of the time, was hand to hand; the men used brickbats when lying on opposite sides of the embankment that separated them from the enemy. The enemy tried foul means, as well as

fair. Near morning of the first night's fight, a squad of the enemy said, "We wish to surrender." Several of our men mounted the parapet to receive them and were instantly fired upon. They did not forget this piece of cowardice and treachery, for when a flag of truce a little later appeared, the bearer of it was shot, as were two others who appeared on a similar mission. This was not right according to the rules of war, but our men had been fooled; they resolved not to be fooled again, rules of war or no rules of war.

There was still sounding in their ears, too, the words of General Green, "No prisoners will be taken." It was a fight for life, and those of the Sixteenth who were engaged in that defense certainly showed just as good fighting material as was ever shown by the "Gallant Second" of New Hampshire, or by the "Fighting Fifth" of New Hampshire, or by the "Unsurpassed Eighth" of New Hampshire, or by any other regiment that ever fought in an open field or in defense of a beleaguered garrison.

CHAPTER XV.

DARK HOURS PRECEDING THE FALL OF PORT HUDSON.



IN order to complete the story of the fall of Donaldsonville it was necessary to anticipate the fact that Port Hudson capitulated just before the siege of Donaldsonville was raised. We must now return for a few moments, and in doing so will take a broad outlook of military affairs as they appeared the last of June and first of July, 1863.

At no other time, perhaps, after the beginning of the war, had there been so great uneasiness throughout the country. Multitudes of our people were discouraged. Mourning for the dead was in the city mansion and mountain hamlet. Great peace meetings under the auspices of Fernando Wood and others were held in Cooper Institute, New York. In a few months, the time for which thousands of our troops had enlisted

would expire, and apparently there were none to take their place.

In Indiana, mobs were resisting the drafts, and Mr. Lincoln confessed that it was doubtful if they could be enforced in New York or Boston. The restoration of McClellan was vehemently urged. Foreign powers were on the point of interfering and that meant the recognition and, likely enough, the success of the Confederacy. Pope Pius IX. sent his congratulations to Jefferson Davis, December 3, 1863; a photograph copy of that original communication is now in the hands of the historian of the Sixteenth.

Desertions, that had been increasing to an alarming extent, were multiplied, though in the interest of truth and in justice to all, it should be said that 95 per cent. of the desertions were from among foreign-born volunteers.

The month of May had brought the defeat at Chancellorsville. Then followed the retreat of a dispirited army across the Rappahannock. The nineteenth of June found the enemy with a powerful army in the state of Pennsylvania. The entire Army of the Potomac and the Capitol at Washington were imperiled.

In the West and Southwest the outlook was scarcely less gloomy and disheartening. The naval attack on Charleston was a failure. Fort McAlister, held by the Confederates, had resisted all attempts to capture it. Burnside had been outgeneraled and checked in his Tennessee campaign. Rosecrans was making no progress against the Confederates under General Bragg. The enemy, crossing the Ohio river, triumphantly invaded the state of Indiana, and there were no available troops to intercept them. Grant had surrounded Vicksburg, beginning the siege in May, but on the first of July 31,000 resolute men opposed him, avowing their purpose to starve on mule meat sooner than surrender.

Galveston, Texas, had been recaptured by Magruder, which gave the Confederates valuable stores and an open seaport. The condition of the Department of the Gulf during the month of June and the first of July at other points was equally unpromising. Twice had our troops been repulsed before Port Hudson, with an aggregate loss of nearly four thousand men. Our ranks, too, were rapidly depleting by sickness and death.

In our own regiment, as we have seen, not a day passed without its death records. General Gardner in Port Hudson seemed in no haste to

surrender, though twice invited to do so. It is true that his communications with the outside world were cut off and his supplies were much reduced, but he was so strong in numbers that we did not know how soon he might assume the aggressive, and he was so very strongly entrenched, his fortifications were so faultlessly constructed, and the ground inside was so admirably adapted for the movement and massing of troops, that he had nothing or but little to fear from assaults outside. It is pretty evident that on the first of July Gardner had about as many *effective* men within the fortifications as Banks could command outside.

Extending the view, we find that after Green's first repulse at Donaldsonville he erected masked batteries at different points on the river, menaced our navigation and threatened to cut our base of supplies.

General "Dick" Taylor, General Monton, and Colonel Major moved against Brashear City, which was but feebly garrisoned, and with scarcely any resistance captured it, June 22, together with all the personal and general baggage of our troops that had been stored there.

In General Taylor's report to General Boggs he says, "The quantity of quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance stores captured exceeds belief." In another report he says, "We have captured supplies enough to last during the rest of the war." He also adds, "In money value my capture at Brashear City is worth to the Confederacy two millions of dollars."

By what oversight this vast amount of property had been left thus exposed

has never yet been reported. Fortunately, the Sixteenth on its return from Butte á la Rose took along its baggage, some of which was at Brashear City, though most of it had been stored at Algiers.

After the capture of Brashear City, a detachment of Taylor's troops moved along the Western railroad toward New Orleans and reach a point within twenty-five miles of that city. July 4, General Emory wrote to General Banks, as we have stated, that he must send him troops or the enemy, Green from the north and Taylor, Mouton and Major from the west would capture the city in spite of any defense he could make. Such was the condition of affairs in the Southwest.

Thus, after fighting with varied success for 30 months, our national affairs seemed darker and more discouraging than ever before.

Who that then lived, having one spark of patriotism in his bosom, did not tremble for the American republic? Defeat at one or two points apparently would have changed at that juncture the entire results that followed.

But we must add that somehow our boys were not altogether disheartened. Perhaps it was because they did not know the worst.

The calculation as to the time of our enlistment that had been made was that our regiment ought to have left Louisiana for home, June 15. But all talk as to the expiration of our term of service during those dark hours was at an end.

We were there on the field, and though dying daily were to remain willingly, if not cheerfully, until Port Hudson was taken, or until we were

defeated. We had not the remotest thought of leaving our comrades of other regiments while the principal object for which we had gone to the Department of the Gulf was not accomplished.

About one hundred and fifty miles north of us at the head of the forces besieging Vicksburg was one of the least demonstrative but most remarkable military geniuses this world has known. Fighting to him was no pastime, but the discharge of a most solemn duty. He fought that there might be peace. To him even the insignia of war were distasteful. While visiting foreign lands, though repeatedly urged, he uniformly refused to witness military pageants. He was courageous, persistent, shrewd, skilled, and supremely patriotic. "He had the patience of fate and the force of Thor." A single saying that fell from his lips is a key to his military life:

"If a battle is inevitable, be the first to strike and never scare."
 "When in doubt, move to the front," was another of his maxims. In a letter to his father he wrote, "I never expect to have an army whipped, unless it is badly whipped and I can't help it."

His mind was as comprehensive as that of Napoleon, but he was unlike Napoleon in that he had no selfish purposes to subserve.

We have time to watch the ascendency of his star only for a moment, and may do this because he it was who not only conquered Vicksburg, but relieved the Nineteenth Army Corps from its perilous situation, and rendered the fall of Port Hudson not only possible but certain.

General Grant left New Carthage in April. In 20 days he marched 200 miles, fought five battles, took 90 cannon and 6,000 prisoners, destroyed Pemberton's communication, and then drove him to the wall. Grant's loss in killed, wounded, and missing was only 4,000. No better campaign ever was planned or executed; the people for the first time in six months were exultant. A military genius had come to the rescue of the republic.

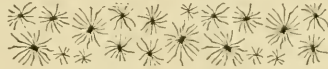
Grant reached Vicksburg in May. To capture it was his purpose. There were delays; obstacles, and interferences which to many men

would have been insurmountable. "When do you expect to take the city?" tauntingly asked a female secessionist. "I can't tell exactly," said Grant, "but I shall stay till I do, if it takes 30 years." His invincible purpose was irresistible, and July 4, two months after the siege began, the stars and stripes waved over this "Gibraltar of the Confederacy."

In its capitulation there were surrendered to Grant 15 generals, 31,600 soldiers, 172 cannon—"the greatest capture of men and armament ever made at one time since the invention of gunpowder, if not since the creation of man."

NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[To be continued.]



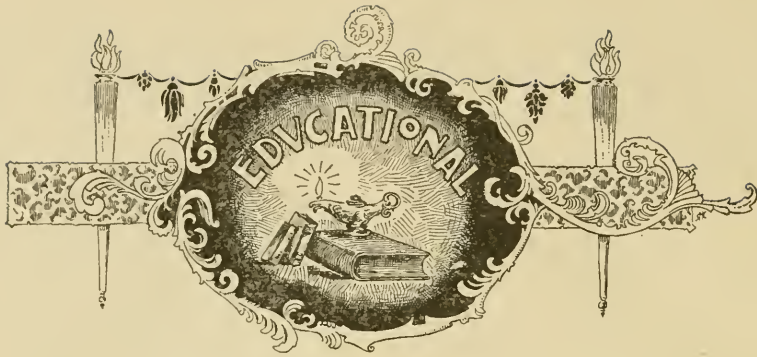
BOAT SONG.

By Laura D. Nichols.

Come, Love, come!
The sun sinks low;
Haste, Dear, haste!
The soft winds blow;
The boat swings near,
And away we glide,—
My Love and I,—
And the lake is wide.

Far and away,
Like a leaf, we float;
Soft as a kiss
The waves lap the boat;
Dark on the gold
Of the sun-steeped west,
Like a fortress old,
Is the mountain crest.

Pine boughs murmur,
The birds chirp low,
Sing, Love, sing!
As I lightly row;
Calmly—sweetly—
The day is done,
And stars are gleaming
One by one.



Conducted by Fred Gowling, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

OVERWORK.¹

[Concluded.]

By A. H. Campbell, Ph. D.

In regard to the sixth question, "Should children below the high school study outside of school hours, and if so, how much?" there was great unanimity of opinion. Here the opinions of teachers, superintendents, and physicians were in accord.

No superintendent gives an unqualified "No." One says, "Not to any great extent"; another, "Not as a rule. Strong children may study one hour per day"; another, "Certainly but little, if any; no regular lessons should be assigned to be learned at home, except in the highest grammar grade." He further adds: "In twelve years' experience as a grammar master I never assigned a regular lesson to be learned out of school. At the same time, many pupils did study at home to supplement the study in school. The results, so far as proficiency at the end of the course were concerned, were fully as good as in schools which required much work at home." One says: "Pupils

should study at home during last half-year of grammar school in order to become accustomed to high school work."

With one exception, all the teachers gave an affirmative answer to this question. Some modify the answer, however, with such expressions as "But little", "Only collaterally and incidentally." One writes: "I think children below the seventh grade should study none out of school. Let them play, work, and be young animals."

The opinions of the physicians are somewhat at variance with one another and with the others reporting. One says "No"; another, "As a rule, no"; others say, "But little", "Boys a little, girls not any", "An hour or so will not injure", "What is needed to maintain a fair standing."

The general verdict from all classes taken at an average seems to be that children above the sixth grade should study out of school from one-half to one

¹Address before the Merrimack Valley Teachers' Association, at Nashua, N. H., May 1, 1897.

and one-half hours, the work in school occupying about five hours. Several would have one lesson learned outside, a number would have outside study begin with a half-hour's work during fourth, fifth, or sixth years in school. A very few would have the time of outside study extended to two or more hours when pupils reach the grammar school.

The seventh and last question was: "How many hours should high school students work daily, including recitations?"

As regards the time element of study in the high school, there was no great diversity of opinion among superintendents and teachers.

Two gave the length of time for study, including time of recitations, as five hours; about ten per cent. gave six or six and one-half hours; fifty per cent. gave six to eight hours, an average of seven hours; thirty per cent., seven to nine hours, an average of eight hours; one gave eight to ten hours. The general average was about seven and one-half hours. The physicians favored a less number of hours for study, the limits given being five and eight, and the general average about six and one-half hours, an hour less than the time as given by the educators.

Investigations have shown that the average time spent in study and recitation in the high schools of Boston, Providence, and Fitchburg, during the five days of the forty weeks in the school year, is seven and one-fourth hours daily, of which from two hours to two and one-quarter are spent outside the school. A few statements not classified above, but called out indirectly by the questions, contain such valuable hints for teachers that I quote them here.

A superintendent says: "The personality of the teacher is a factor in the health of the child. The nervous teacher who frets, scolds, and irritates (alas! there are many) is an enemy to good health and good nature. The teacher who inspires, smiles, and is ever serene, is like a sunny day and an invigorating air—a constant tonic."

A teacher writes: "The answers given are intended to apply to children in good health. I have no doubt that children of less than average strength are injured by trying to do the work performed by others more robust. Our rigidly graded schools make no provision for pupils physically weak, but strong in ambition. The desire to mark high, to graduate with one's class, or to take a prize, may work a serious injury to an ambitious child who is not strong. In my school I have always watched such pupils and advised with parents whenever the scholar was approaching the danger point. I think our system should be so arranged that children not physically or mentally strong may be able to remain in school with profit and without injury, and that their necessarily slow pace may not hold back bright, strong scholars. This could be done by having more teachers and arranging for the individual, rather than for the crowd. I would remove all competitive markings and rely upon arousing the interest of the pupil. Much of the present rigid classification should be discontinued." He says further: "One thing which does try the nerves and exhaust the strength of both teachers and scholars is our present system of mis-called discipline. Any system of discipline which is applied to the outside, which concerns itself with preventing disorder by applying penalties, and which represses all childish spirit

and compels children to ever face front, to keep in position, to keep step, and all the petty things which are done under discipline, is enough to break down the health of a strong child."

I have in this paper quoted at length from leading educators and physicians who are better situated and qualified for forming a correct judgment upon this subject than I myself. They are representative men in their professions, of large and varied experience, and their opinions should have much weight with us in determining our course in relation to the questions discussed.

In many places a great change has taken place in the later years as regards the consideration in which teachers and pupils mutually hold one another. Formerly, the relation between the two was one of enmity. The pupils looked upon the teacher as their natural enemy, while the teacher considered himself as the taskmaster and governor, and was apparently delighted to find an opportunity to assert his authority by inflicting punishment. Representatives from such schools have declared that they felt as if something had been neglected, or that the school work was not properly closed any day without their receiving a flogging, and the teacher seemed equally conscious of a neglect of duty if he failed to find an opportunity for inflicting it.

Now all this is changed; the bonds of sympathy and love uniting teacher and pupils are, theoretically, at least, as they should be, the strongest that bind any two classes together. The pupils look upon the teacher as a friend and counsellor; the teacher upon the pupils as priceless gems entrusted to his care.

Where these ideal conditions fully

obtain, there is no danger from overwork; for the confidence and interest engendered preclude the possibility of more being required by the teacher than can without danger be performed by the child, while his physical well-being is looked after with a solicitude equal to that for his intellectual and moral.

A superintendent writes: "It makes a great difference whether children study from love of it and an interest in the work, or whether they feel compelled to do it, and call it a grind."

It is quite evident from the letters received and from other educational writers that with our modern pedagogical principles, or by means of them, many of the evils prevailing in the schools of the past generation have been eradicated. The exposure of these evils and a showing up of false ideas, with a presentation of better methods and principles by such writers as Herbert Spencer, Horace Mann, and Mark Hopkins, have done much to change the sentiments of the people in regard to education, and to make the schools what they should be.

Spencer, in his "Education," shows to what a shameful extent the claims of the physical nature were neglected in his day in Great Britain, both in school and out. He thus speaks of the "Excess of mental application":

"On old and young the pressure of modern life puts a still increasing strain. In all businesses and professions intenser competition taxes the energies and abilities of every adult, and with the view of better fitting the young to hold their place under this intenser competition, they are subject to a more severe discipline than heretofore. The damage is thus doubled. Fathers, who find not only that they

are run hard by their multiplying competitors, but that while laboring under this disadvantage, they have to maintain a more expensive style of living, are all the year round obliged to work early and late, taking little exercise, and getting but short holidays. The constitutions shaken by this long-continued over-application they bequeath to their children. And then these comparatively feeble children, predisposed as they are to break down under an ordinary strain upon their energies, are required to go through a curriculum much more extended than that prescribed for the unenfeebled children of past generations."

We have heard this opinion echoed so many times in our own land in the past by observing educators and professional men—and many, I find, even now hold this same judgment—that we must believe that there is or was a cause for such a complaint.

But has there not been a change in our own land, and, I think, also in Great Britain, in that the brain is not so much as formerly cultivated at the expense of the brawn? . . .

Have not the medical inspection of our schools, the gymnasiums, physical and manual training, walking clubs, snow-shoe clubs, and all other kinds of clubs for getting out-of-door exercise, the lawn tennis, and the bicycle, revolutionized the sentiments of society, put a premium upon health and strength, and made red cheeks, a good physique, and powers of endurance more attractive than pale cheeks and lavishing languor?

As a consequence of such provision for the training of the physical nature, or of this change of sentiment, we find no longer in our schools such curricula of study as Spencer gives of some of

the representative schools of Scotland and England of the last generation, in which twelve or more hours were devoted to study, one hour per day to "exercise in the open air, in the shape of a formal walk, often with lesson books in hand, and even this only when the weather is favorable at the appointed time."

For myself, I confess, I have no sympathy or patience with those who are forever crying out against overwork in our schools. The fact is, that most of the children don't know what hard study is, and as for close application, many know no more how to apply themselves to their studies than does Joe, the ourang-outang, in the Zoo at Boston.

Because boys and girls in their teens are reciting three or four hours and mull over their books two or three hours more each day of twenty-four hours, they and their parents accuse the teachers of gradually killing them with hard work in the schools, and leave out of the account the cigarettes smoked on the sly, the evenings spent upon the streets and in the lounging places of loafers, fetid with foul air; which things, with the indigestible stuff eaten and drunk, are enough to undermine even a robust constitution.

The girls, too, their parents approving, come out early into society, in order to shine, dress, and dissipate in parties and late suppers until ennui seizes them as its prey; then they are taken from school because "overworked" by the merciless teachers.

It was my privilege to spend the last year among a people who considered it the main business of childhood and youth to gain an education and to fit themselves for manhood and womanhood.

While I cannot subscribe to all the ideas of the Germans in regard to education, I do believe we may, if we only will, learn many valuable lessons from them.

One of the most important of these is that home is the proper place for children nights. In Germany no boys or girls are seen upon the streets after dark, or in the beer gardens and other places of amusement. How strangely in contrast with our streets and public places, where the sound of young voices is heard and youthful faces are seen till late into the night!

It is a fact that the Germans as a race are stronger and more robust than the Americans. The Germans claim this; we allow it. It is also probable that their children have greater powers of endurance than ours, but it is certainly a wonderful eye-opener to us to learn what an amount of study their children can endure and grow fat upon it.

They begin school at six years of age. The first year they recite about eighteen hours per week. The number of hours of recitation gradually increases until the eighth school year, the last year in the elementary school, when they have from thirty-two to thirty-five hours per week of solid recitations—about seven hours per day. All of these lessons must be prepared at home. If you ask how long it takes to prepare these lessons, I must say I never could learn, but they must have them, for no child would dare face his teacher with a lesson unlearned. This kind of work is continued for forty-six weeks each year. Do you wonder that the Germans excel in scholarship? Would you not expect the parents to cry out against the overwork in the schools? They never think of such a thing; they have always been accustomed to it, and the children keep

well, for in general they observe the laws of health.

There is connected with every school in the land a gymnasium or "Turnen Halle," and two of the hours each week are devoted to physical development, according to the laws of the land. Would that our state would make but a beginning in providing gymnasiums for such training!

As the pupils go from the elementary schools to the secondary schools—the Gymnasias or the Normal schools—the hours of recitation per week are still increased. I have hour plans for these schools—and they are the same for all schools of the kind in the state—which show *above* forty hours of recitation per week, for each class.

Their recitations begin at seven in the morning and close at six at night, with two hours of intermission at noon, and five minutes, sometimes ten, between classes. When do you suppose they learn their lessons? How many hours must they work per day?

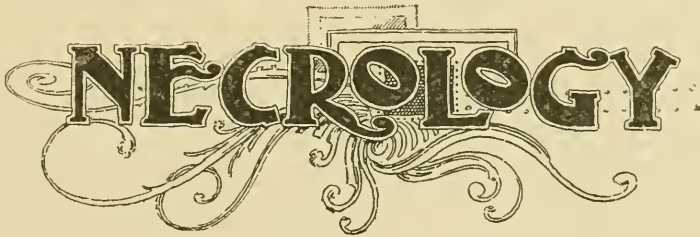
After seeing pupils for a year thriving on such work as this, could you believe that pupils, properly cared for, are overworked by five to seven hours of study and recitation for five days in the week and from thirty to forty weeks per year?

To sum up, then, the results of this investigation, we find: First, that the children are not overworked in our public schools. Second, that very few cases of serious injury from overwork have been observed, and these, as a rule, have been the result of ambitious students doing double work, or of pupils weak physically performing the tasks of the stronger. Third, that the charge of overwork is often made against the schools by ambitious parents whose children have failed to do the work from mental

or physical weakness, for which the school is not responsible; that it is sometimes made from ignorance of the work and requirements of the school; as a scapegoat for evil for which the home is responsible: from the desire of finding fault, and from positive ill will toward the schools or teachers. Fourth, that a large per cent. of the so-called cases of overwork are due to worry, in cities where promotion and graduation depend upon examinations alone; that neglect to care for bodily health is responsible for many failures; that outside interests—music, entertainments, etc.,—and outside attractions—parties, late suppers, and other dissipations—must bear the burden of greater respon-

sibility. Fifth, that children below the high school should study out of school hours from about the sixth grade up, beginning with a half hour and increasing to an hour and a half; that high school students should study at least seven hours, including recitation periods.

Given good teachers in good school buildings, properly lighted, heated, and ventilated; with healthy children, whose chief business is to gain an education to fit themselves for life's duties, there is no danger of overwork in doing what is required in our public schools, if the common-sense laws are observed as regards periods of labor and rest, recreation, sleep, food, and exercise.



DANIEL G. ROLLINS.

Daniel G. Rollins was born at Great Falls (now Somersworth) October 18, 1842, and died in the same city August 30. He was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1860, and from the Harvard law school in 1862. After practising law in Portland, Me., for a few years, he went to New York City and held the office of assistant United States district attorney from 1866 to 1869. Four years of private practice followed, and from 1873 to 1881 he was an assistant district attorney. In the latter year he was elected surrogate of the county, and served in that capacity until January 1, 1888. Since that time he had been engaged in the practice of his profession with the firms of Carter, Rollins & Ledyard and Rollins & McGrath. He was a very successful criminal prosecutor and a prominent club man.

DR. J. B. RAND.

Dr. Joseph B. Rand was born in Barnstead, April 2, 1824, and died at White River Junction, September 3. He practised medicine at Hartford, Vt., for thirty years, from 1858, but of late years had interested himself in woolen mills.

ARTHUR G. BURLEY.

Arthur Gilman Burley was born in Enfield, October 4, 1812, and went to Chicago in 1835. He was the pioneer crockery merchant of the then straggling village, and from 1852 to the time of his death was the head of the prominent firm of Burley & Tyrrell. For forty-four years he was treasurer of Oriental lodge, F. and A. M. He died in Chicago, August 28.

MILON DAVISON.

Milon Davison was born in Unity in 1834, was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1862, and died at Alexandria, Minn., while on a business trip, August 23. He was principal of various academies in New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York, was admitted to the bar in 1872, and since 1874 had been treasurer of the Windham County savings bank at Newfane, Vt.

A. J. FOGG.

Andrew J. Fogg, aged 74 years, died at his home in Northwood, September 6. He was once register of deeds for Rockingham county, and had been sergeant-at-arms in the national house of representatives, and a clerk in the war department at Washington. He was an historical writer of considerable note and a contributor to many publications.

AARON H. BEAN.

Aaron Heywood Bean was born in Gilmanton, August 23, 1814, but removed to Boston with his parents when a boy. He became president of the National Fire Insurance company in 1871, of the Faneuil Hall Fire Insurance company in 1874, and of the Hamilton National bank in 1883, holding the last-named position at the time of his death. He had served in the Boston common council and was one of the wardens of the South Congregational church in that city. He died in Boston, September 2.

J. C. PLUMMER.

Joseph Chadwick Plummer was born in Dover, March 13, 1833, and died in Minneapolis, Minn., August 30. He operated the first machine shop in Minneapolis, and was for a time at the head of the tool department of the Milwaukee railroad. Later, he engaged in the real estate business, and from 1889 to 1897 was city assessor of Minneapolis.

C. G. GOODRICH.

C. G. Goodrich died at Newport, Vt., August 26. He was born in Enfield, January, 1820, and held many town offices. He left his entire estate, amounting to \$75,000, for the endowment of a library building and its equipment.



Charles Marseilles,

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CHARLES MARSEILLES.

By Henry Robinson.

CHARLES MARSEILLES, of Exeter, belongs to the edition *de luxe* of men. He is a cheerful, courteous, cultured gentleman,—not the Chesterfield of unctuous form, but the Sir Philip Sidney of noble heart and gentle mien. Possessed of ample fortune, he is scholar, litterateur, retired journalist, and statesman unique in never having sought or held public office.

Gen. Gilman Marston pronounced him “*the second Thurlow Weed of American politics.*”

Marston knew Weed, and respected and revered him, in common with the controlling minds of their day. Weed, as Governor Morgan, of New York, once declared, was the one private citizen who had the power to make judges, governors, and presidents. The diary of John Quincy Adams records the evidence that during the presidency of that excellent man, Thurlow Weed was already an active, influential, and patriotic politician, and during his life he strongly swayed every subsequent national

administration, even that of Abraham Lincoln, who sent for him repeatedly in stress of momentous affairs, and relied upon his actual personal assistance, as well as upon his practical wisdom and sagacity as an adviser. He graciously but resolutely pushed aside the honors of high office, which were easily within his grasp, allowing no suspicion of self-seeking to impair his power for good. He was a dynamo of human energy, and yet such was his charm of manner, his aptitude for terse and vigorous statement, his magnetism of person, strength and force of character, that President Lincoln persuaded him, in the War of the Rebellion, to visit Europe, as the unhired representative of the Union cause, to mingle in the society of the capitals of France and England, that the attitude and course of our country might not be misunderstood. Himself a printer, he thus followed in the footsteps of the printer Benjamin Franklin, and served the nation as well as at the Court of St. Cloud, as

Franklin did at an earlier crisis in our national life. It has been well said that the golden link which thus connects the names of Benjamin Franklin and Thurlow Weed will carry them down together in history, to be cherished amongst the choicer memories of a grateful posterity. He preferred to be a king-maker, rather than sit upon the throne himself and wield the sceptre. Politics was his



Thurlow Weed

The Late Thurlow Weed, as he Looked in the Meridian of his Wonderful Political Power.

"ruling passion," and his biographer says that to follow his active career is to trace the history of state and national party contests. He was a man of lofty principle, of absolute integrity, of genial and sympathetic nature, courageous and inflexible, yet with the gentleness of a woman, and an especial fondness for little children. Many a time he emptied his pockets to the poor. "When the virulence of partisan strife shall have

passed away," wrote Henry J. Raymond, "the thousands whom he aided, the hungry whom he fed, the weak whom he strengthened, the men in every walk whom his hand, his influence, and his purse have always been ready to assist, will cherish the remembrance of his worth. Few nobler hearts ever lived."

With these inestimable qualities in mind, and upon more than one occasion, in all seriousness, Gen. Gilman Marston gave to his beloved fellow-townsmen, Charles Marseilles, the significant and especially appropriate sobriquet of "*the second Thurlow Weed.*"

It is a high compliment, but richly does Mr. Marseilles deserve it, for he, too, never sought office; he, too, is not a selfish, scheming politician bent on personal advancement, rather than the general good; he, too, is a type of high-grade political organizer of which the modern school of politics furnishes only very few examples; he, like his illustrious exemplar, has no rewards to give, no offices to fill, yet his influence is wide and potent, and within the scope of it he is a chieftain, a patriot with views above spoils and place, a genial, honest, accomplished, lovable character, with a charming personality, an enlightened intellect, a broad and deep soul.

"Somewhat back from the village street," or, as Col. Robert G. Ingersoll would express it, "out of the mad race for money, place, and power,—far from the demands of business,—out of the dusty highway where fools struggle and strive for the hollow praise of other fools,"—resides Charles Marseilles. His is

the ancestral home of his devoted wife. It is cheerful, comfortable, inclined to the antique and picturesque, and withal a literal storehouse of choice books and portraits of eminent persons, conveniently-arranged collections of autograph letters unequalled in the history of the state, and a great variety of literary and other curiosities. His library contains many rare volumes, issued in limited and extra-illustrated editions, and original manuscripts of high value. More than a few of the books have upon their fly-leaves the autograph signatures of their celebrated authors, and not infrequently additional inscriptions in their own handwriting. For instance, the poet John G. Whittier, an early personal friend of Mr. Marseilles, neatly wrote in an elegant copy of his beautiful winter idyl, "Snow-Bound," the following:

"To Charles Marseilles, who was an attaché of the store of Ticknor & Fields when it was first published, I am sure that this little volume will not be unacceptable, with the good-will and wishes of its author."

Mr. Marseilles is also the fortunate possessor of a copy of the edition *de luxe* of "Snow-Bound," limited to 250 copies and printed on Japanese paper. In this the poet also wrote his name, with the date, "November, 1891." It will be remembered that in September of the next year he passed away. Mr. Marseilles still speaks of him in terms of the tenderest affection. He evidently held a warm place in his big heart. He was a dear and unchanging friend, one of the truest, simplest, and most liberal-minded and consistent Christian pillars of his time, one of the very greatest of America's poets, and

one of the noblest of patriots and philanthropists, a gifted man, who wrote not for sentiment merely, but for the good and elevation of his fellow-men and for the cause of his country in the most critical crisis of its existence.

Mr. Marseilles attracts and is attracted by the great of earth. He is a hero and a hero-worshiper. Hanging on the wall of his replete



Thurlow Weed, at 84 Years of Age.

study, elegantly framed in uniformity with the portrait of Hamilton Fish, is a superb, life-size (head and shoulders) photographic portrait,—the finest and most realistic I ever saw,—of Great Britain's greatest man, statesman, and leader, the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, for which he recently gave a sitting. It was obtained from London soon after it was completed by the artist. Enclosed tastily in the same frame is presented this autographic communi-

cation from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Marseilles personally :

"To Ch. Marseilles, Esq.,
Exeter, New Hampshire,
U. States of America.

"DEAR SIR : According to the practice of the House of Commons, obituary notices are commonly confined, as in the case of President Lincoln, to the leaders of parties. It is not impossible that I may have written to Mrs. Lincoln; but my letters were some thousands a year, and 27 years have passed. I can give no positive testimony on the subject.

"Your Very Faithful Servant,
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Mr. Marseilles says that Gladstone has a liking for postal cards. My attention was called to the prominence of the whites of his eyes in his portrait, a characteristic also noticeable in likenesses of Webster and of Bismarck.



The Late General Gilman Marston.

Another of the loyal friends of Mr. Marseilles was the Right Reverend Phillips Brooks, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts. They carried on a considerable correspondence, holding each other in high esteem, as is evident

from the original letters of the eminent preacher, several of which I had the privilege of reading.

Mr. Marseilles gave me a graphic description of his first call upon this noted clergyman. He was royally received, ushered into his elegant library, and had a pleasant and edifying talk. He impressed Mr. Marseilles as the greatest man that he ever met,—tall and massive of frame; large, bright, and expressive eyes; a stirring, active movement ever to his person; his tone of voice earnest and captivating; rapid of speech; simple, easy, yet dignified of bearing; impressive and interesting in conversation; something seemingly more than human about him,—spiritual, divine! It was an hour that Mr. Marseilles will treasure always in fondest memory. In his large, select, and very valuable collection of photographs of the world's most eminent worthies,—divines, philosophers, statesmen, scientists, poets, literati, editors, judges, barristers, publicists, financiers, etc., all bearing autograph signatures,—are two portraits of different dates, of Phillips Brooks, and one of him taken together with his friend Archdeacon Farrar, of London, also with signatures. A large and handsome photograph of the bishop, from life, impends from the wall of what Mr. Marseilles calls his "den," the very atmosphere of which is fraught with erudition and ennobling recollection.

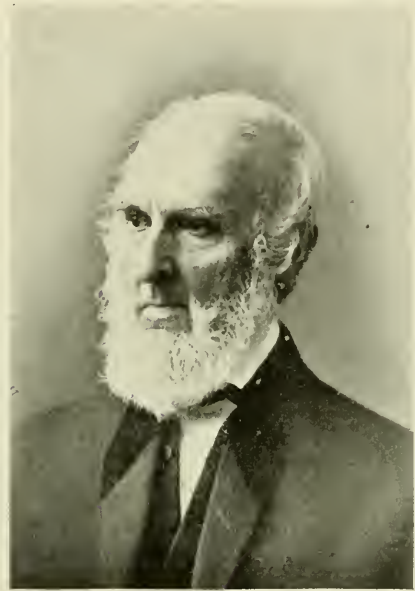
The residence of Mr. Marseilles is a veritable treasury of literature and portraiture, but nowhere in it is to be found a demoralizing page, and nowhere the portrait of an offensive personage. His surroundings are as classic and pure as his own mind and

heart. Amongst his personal acquaintances were Holmes, Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, Saxe, and a host of others, to know whom intimately as he did is a liberal education, and to be familiar with their daily lives and work is to be replete with entertaining reminiscence, making him a most enjoyable companion.

The life story of Charles Marseilles would swell an interesting volume. It covers a broad field. I can glean only a little of its abundant wheat here and there. Almost any phase of his eventful career, or even of his voluminous correspondence, would make a historic chapter. The shafts of calumny have never touched him, for early he clothed himself with the invincible armor of pure intent. Sincerity, frankness, enthusiasm, toleration, remarkable persistence, and clean-cut, high-toned efficiency have characterized him. His unprejudiced estimates of his fellow-men are refreshing. Like Taine, the historian, his aim is to substitute the reign of truth for that of illusion. He is always prompted to doff his hat and bow his head in the presence of a verified fact. Yet his is an elastic temperament, kept invariably within the limits of justice and right. A great source of his strength is his unbroken confidence in mankind, his generous analyses of human nature, and charitable interpretation of the doubtful courses of men. His is a search for the good and not for the evil. Underlying his sunshiny disposition is a groundwork of calm, holy trust, contentment and resignation. The mainspring of his existence is an abiding philosophy that savors of the Sermon on the Mount. His most wonderful forte is his ac-

knowledgeed prescience of political events.

He was born, July 19, 1846, in the city of Philadelphia. James G. Blaine was also born in Pennsylvania, and when he and Charles Marseilles conferred together once as



The Poet John G. Whittier.

to the presidential canvass, the great diplomat made politic allusion to this coincidence. Both immigrated to New England, one to the Pine Tree, the other to the Granite, state.

Peter Marseilles, the stanch father of Charles, was formerly a prosperous merchant in the "Quaker city," but at the time of his death, April 21, 1878, at the ripe old age of eighty-five, he had lived many years in retirement from active business. He was of Huguenot descent (there is no better blood). He never, except on one occasion, had even a headache; his teeth never decayed. He was apparently in perfect health on the

morning of his decease, and he went out of the house for his daily walk. He fell, just as he stepped from the door, and exclaiming, "Well, this is singular!" became unconscious. Those were his last words. He was an honest man, what Alexander Pope would pronounce, "the noblest work of God." On the occasion of his death, one of the Philadelphia newspapers headed his obituary notice



James T. Fields, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William D. Ticknor.

with the words, "An Old Philadelphia Millionaire Who Got Rich Honestly." No better tribute, no higher encomium could be paid to the success of any man in these days, when, in the world's haste to get rich, so many forget the obligations of strict integrity.

The parents of Charles Marseilles had seven children,—three boys and four girls, the youngest now living being a girl. Charles was the youngest son. Their children were all

born in Philadelphia. Charles began life in the house, then the home of the Marseilles family, on Pine street, above Ninth, in the "City of Brotherly Love." It was the house next the residence of Jay Cooke, the great financier who so successfully negotiated the United States government loans, during the War of the Rebellion, and who after the war issued the circular bearing the words which evoked diverse comment,—“A national debt is a national blessing!”

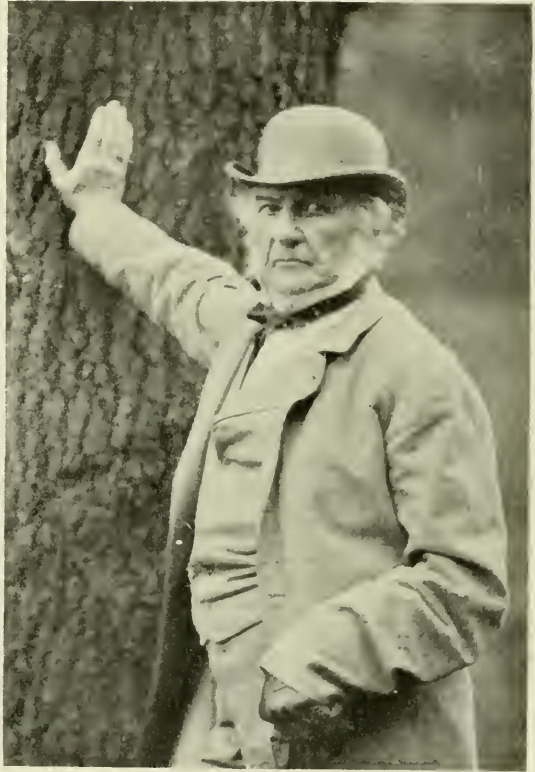
The first years in the life of Charles Marseilles were those of the ordinary school-boy. In 1862, at the age of sixteen, he was a student at the Freeland seminary, now Ursinus college, at Freeland, now Collegeville, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. Amongst the pupils was Daniel Parry Lippincott, who came from New Jersey. He was an orphan. Charles made his acquaintance, and frequently visited him in his room. On one of those visits he took from the bookshelves a volume, Cleveland's "Compendium of American Literature," which gives brief biographical sketches of American writers and choice extracts from their works. In many of these biographical sketches young Marseilles read passages like this,—“After the usual preparatory studies at the Phillips Exeter (N. H.) academy, he entered” such and such a college. Amongst the men eminent in after life, who as lads fitted for college at Phillips academy, might be mentioned Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, Lewis Cass, Richard Hildreth, John G. Palfrey, John A. Dix, Benjamin F. Butler, and many others. It is unnecessary to add that no such school in the whole

country has on its list of students the names of so many pupils who became eminent and distinguished in mature years, as Phillips academy. Of the boys whom Mr. Marseilles personally remembers at this superior institution are Robert Todd Lincoln, son of President Lincoln; Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., son of General Grant; Levi Woodbury Blair, son of Montgomery Blair; August Belmont, Jr., son of August Belmont, and many others equally distinguished by their parentage or their own advancement in later life.

Young Lippincott and Marseilles sent for a catalogue of the school, and approved the course of study. Lippincott went thither to continue his education, and Marseilles subsequently obtained his father's consent to do so, and spent a year very profitably at the academy. Lippincott afterward obtained a position as bookkeeper with the wealthy and extensive firm of N. K. Fairbank & Co., of St. Louis, Missouri, receiving a salary of \$5,000. He departed this life at St. Louis, in 1892.

After his year at Exeter, Marseilles attended school at Philadelphia, where his instructor was William Fewsmith, an alumnus of Yale college, a learned man and an excellent teacher. Not long ago he wrote Mr. Marseilles a complimentary and interesting letter, from which I am permitted to quote :

"I have had a dim idea for years that you were hard at work somewhere in New England, and usefully, too, for I knew and remembered your intellectual activity and your desire to get ahead. I rejoice that I have not been disappointed. Your letter of eighteen pages shows the pen of a ready writer. The incidents so flowingly recorded are very interesting. It cannot be otherwise. I have always had a feeling of special sympathy for those who have



The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone.
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been with me that have made a grip upon society and have held on, and you are one. I have a suggestion to make. Write a book of reminiscences; call it "The Story of Twenty Years," or something similar. Let it contain sketches of the deceased, and perhaps of some of the living celebrities with whom you have lived and have been well acquainted. Speak, too, of your experience as a journalist, and of journalism of the larger cities, etc."

Dr. Robert H. Labberton was one of the best remembered of Charles

Marseilles's teachers. He was a learned Frisian, whose father was the government superintendent of education in Holland, one of the royal coterie of that country. His specialty was history, and he was him-



The Right Reverend Phillips Brooks.

self the author and compiler of an excellent historical atlas. "Young man, mark this!" he would exclaim; "all through life, whenever a seemingly difficult question presents itself to you, use your common sense, and nine times out of ten,—yes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred,—you will give the correct answer."

Another of the instructors of Charles Marseilles, at Philadelphia, was Reginald H. Chase, previously a tutor in Harvard university, and the editor of an edition of Horace, the ancient Latin poet.

It was at his home in Philadelphia, whilst Charles Marseilles was under

the instruction of Mr. Fewsmith, that he contracted the "war fever," the Rebellion being then in progress. He besought his father to be permitted to go to Norwich university, a long-established military college, then located at Norwich, but now at Northfield, Vermont. He consented, and Charles went alone. There he received a military training, it being his ambition to enter the army, not as a private, but as an officer. The president of the university at Norwich was then the Rev. Dr. Edward Bourne, a very scholarly man, educated in Ireland, an alumnus, with honors of Trinity college, Dublin. Charles regarded him as the best teacher of Latin and Greek that he ever had, and he had several excellent teachers. He read and spoke both Latin and Greek with a readiness and an accent that could not have been nearer perfection if they had been his native tongues. He was always running over with wit and humor. As he was a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, he would occasionally remark that it seemed inconsistent in him, a minister of the gospel of peace, to be at the head of a military institution, to teach young men to fight.

While he was still a student at Norwich university, the great Civil War came to an end, and with it the ambition of Charles Marseilles for a military career in the service of his country. So, being resolved to "paddle his own canoe," as he expressed it, he left the institution at Norwich, and went to Boston, where, single and alone, without any one to assist him, without consulting with any of the Norwich university faculty, or even with his father, he obtained a posi-

tion as second salesman in the world-famed book publishing house of Ticknor & Fields. That was a pleasant and fortunate move for him. James T. Fields, the senior member of the firm (now deceased), was the most remarkable and happily-favored man that Mr. Marseilles ever knew, in the possession of eminent literary friends, and the enjoyment of their society. This is fully attested by Mr. Fields's admirable book, "Yesterdays With Authors," and by the more recent work by Mrs. Fields (his widow), "Authors and Friends."

Amongst the literary celebrities who would frequently,—some almost daily,—visit him at his elegant private room at the store, with many of whom Mr. Marseilles became acquainted and held conversation, were those already mentioned in this article, besides Harriet Beecher Stowe, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, E. P. Whipple, and William D. Howells (who then first permanently came East from Ohio, to assist Mr. Fields in editing the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine).

Mr. Fields visited Europe at different times. He met there the highest and noblest of the English literati and men of genius, including Carlyle, Tennyson, the poet laureate, Dickens (who was a guest at Mr. Fields's home in Boston when in this country), and many others of whom he most entertainingly and instructively talked to Mr. Marseilles and in his presence. He visited Tennyson at his Farringford home. One day at about dusk, while seated in the library, the poet invited Mr. Fields to take a stroll in his grounds. Tennyson, familiar with the land, proceeded with ease, whilst Mr. Fields

occasionally stumbled over the uneven places. All at once Tennyson halted, threw himself to the ground on his hands and knees, sniffed the verdure apparently, turned and glanced up to Mr. Fields and exclaimed,—“Doon, mon, and smell of the violets!” Returning to the library they were seated, when Tennyson took a volume of his poems and read aloud with marked elocutionary effect his familiar lines beginning,—

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O sea!”

Once when in London, Mr. Fields was invited to a dinner party given to eminent literary people, and went. While waiting to be summoned to the repast, he was seated beside a gentle-



The Late Peter Marseilles, Father of Charles Marseilles.

man who was a stranger to him. Turning to him, he remarked, “I am Mr. Fields, of the publishing house of Ticknor & Fields, in America. Our firm has just published the novels of your countryman, George MacDon-

ald." He proceeded to say a few words eulogistic of that distinguished author's works, when the new acquaintance interrupted him with the remark, "I have the honor to be that gentleman, sir!"

Mr. Fields cited this as illustrative of the poet Tennyson's line in his "In Memoriam," transposed:

"He seems so far and yet so near."



The Late James T. Fields.

Of Mr. Fields's ready wit this incident is related: Being on a certain occasion one of an assemblage of literary people, a somewhat pompous gentleman, knowing his reputed familiarity with authors and their works, arose, and asking if he could tell "at what period in his life Cowper wrote these lines," proceeded to read some verses of his own composition. Mr. Fields listened attentively, and after the reading was finished replied

that there could have been only two periods in his life when Cowper could have written them, either in childhood when he was suffering from measles, or toward the close of his life when he was lapsing into idiocy. The versification suggested the measly period, but the sentiment the idiotic.

Mr. Marseilles says that Mr. Fields was a most felicitous man in conversation; he was brimful of delightful anecdotes and reminiscences.

Mr. Marseilles remained with the publishing house of Ticknor & Fields a little less than a year. He then went to Exeter, New Hampshire, where he had been a pupil in the Phillips Exeter academy, in 1862-'63, and he purchased the *Exeter News-Letter*, a weekly journal then nearly fifty years established and neutral in politics.

He was then (September 10, 1866) hardly over twenty years of age. By this purchase he became the sole proprietor of the *News-Letter*. In a short time he had doubled its

size and circulation, and made it the model local newspaper of rural New England, and of the whole United States, as for that matter. He secured local correspondents in nearly every town, village, and community in the county of Rockingham, who weekly gathered, wrote, and sent him local news from their respective localities. This caused the paper to gain immediately a greatly-increased circulation in every one of

the large and flourishing towns of that considerable county. The field was large enough to give the paper a good financial standing, and the publication became a gratifying business success. But Charles Marseilles was far from being satisfied with the neutral position of the paper in politics. He was intensely interested in the great issues that the war had precipitated upon the country, and he made it an earnest and an unwavering advocate of Republican principles, and during his proprietorship it became recognized as one of the ablest and most influential party newspapers in the United States. The *News-Letter*, under his management, fought many hard battles for the party, especially in New Hampshire, and won great credit for its accomplishments. It should be kept in mind that it was not an easy task to publish a satisfactory newspaper in Exeter, a great school-town, and a very critical New England community, but the *News-Letter* was faithful and helpful to the school interests, and kept fully abreast of the recognized intelligence and culture of the place.

For two successive years, while engaged in editing and publishing the paper, Mr. Marseilles was selected to conduct courses of lectures and concerts, known as the Exeter lyceum entertainments, for the instruction and amusement of the people during the long winter evenings. They were a delightful success, and added to the popularity of the town as an educational and literary centre. He also, at other times, engaged his worthy Boston friend, the genial and accomplished James T. Fields, to deliver in Exeter two courses of lectures, six in each course, during two

successive seasons, on Wednesday evenings. They were able, instructive, and entertaining, full of reminiscences of the eminent men whom he had known or visited in this country and in Europe. On one of the evenings of his presence in Exeter, Mr. and Mrs. Marseilles gave him a reception at their own home, which was attended by the prominent people of the place.

The death of the father of Mr. Marseilles placed him in possession of much increased capital, and with a natural paternally inherited ambition, he sought a larger field for journalistic labor and usefulness. He went to New York, the wealthiest and most densely populated state in the United States. There, two daily journals were offered for sale to him, one, the *Republican*, at Utica, established in the political interest of Roscoe Conkling, whom Charles Marseilles personally knew, and then visited at his home in the city of Utica; the other, the *Daily Freeman*, in the city of Kingston, on the Hudson river. He purchased the *Daily Freeman* and also the *Kingston Weekly Journal*, two separate and distinct papers in a city of 20,000 inhabitants, the seat of Ulster county, which had a population of 85,000.

This county was, with the exception of New York, the leading Democratic stronghold in the state. That party considered itself invincible in "Old Ulster," and an incidental remark in one of the first issues of the *Freeman*, that it was the intention to make a Republican county of this Democratic bailiwick, raised a Democratic horse-laugh throughout the county. It was only two months before the fall election of 1878 when he

took possession of the newspapers and began his work, but by dint of argument and the strong presentation of Republican principles in his papers, he aided the Republicans to elect their candidate for county treasurer,



The Late Daniel Parry Lippincott.

the only county office of importance to be filled at that election. It was a notable victory for the Republicans, but a disagreeable surprise to the Democrats, whose leaders confessed the influence of the *Freeman* and the *Journal*, and complimented the power and skill with which they had led the campaign. But larger surprises were in store for them. The whole county management was found objectionable, and in many instances corrupt; the election of a Republican county treasurer opened the way for the publication of various excessive bills, and the crusade thus begun was pushed item by item in the journals

owned and conducted by Mr. Marseilles, until, in 1880, the Republicans swept the county, electing every official, and giving their candidate for congress 2,400 majority. Taxes were greatly reduced, an economical and righteous administration of affairs was inaugurated, and leading men, regardless of political affiliation, acknowledged the value of Mr. Marseilles's journals. Not until 1892 did the Democratic party win a decisive victory in Ulster county, and at a later election it was swept out of power again by what the people there used to style a "Marseilles majority." He was at the time of the occurrence of these events the sole proprietor and manager of three separate and influential Republican newspapers,—the Kingston (N. Y.) *Journal*, the Kingston (N. Y.) *Freeman*, and the Exeter (N. H.) *News-Letter*,—and was an important element not only in local but in national politics.

Mr. Marseilles was an earnest advocate of Benjamin H. Bristow, of Kentucky, as a Republican presidential candidate, as against Blaine, in 1876. Mr. Bristow, who had been the able and efficient secretary of the treasury under President Grant, had won the respect and confidence of Mr. Marseilles, who enjoyed his personal acquaintance. While Mr. Bristow was in the treasury department, Mr. Marseilles held an important interview with him as to national politics. The secretary greeted him most cordially. Mr. Marseilles says that he was a marked personage, tall, large, and stout, a typical Kentuckian, pleasant, easy and attractive in conversation. He had formerly been the government prosecuting official

in his state, and had been active in suppressing illegal whiskey distilling. The opponents of his nomination to the presidency were active in procuring repeated charges against him of collusion with the law-breaking distillers. From every published accusation he immediately vindicated himself in a printed answer. These answers were forthwith republished in the *News-Letter*, with brief editorial comments; and when Mr. Marseilles called upon the secretary he noticed upon his desk copies of the paper. Said Mr. Bristow, referring to the allegations, "Mr. Marseilles, for myself I care nothing about these malicious charges that my enemies bring against me; I can and do answer every one of them; but I do not like them because they trouble my wife." He expressed his gratitude to Mr. Marseilles for his friendship and cordial support, and impressed him with his honesty of character, his ability and dignity.

Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, was nominated for the presidency in the Cincinnati convention. Three votes from New Hampshire and several from Massachusetts were cast for Bristow. Blaine found himself in the very position of Daniel Webster in 1852, which position he had strongly deprecated in an interview, not many weeks previous, with Mr. Marseilles, at the Parker house, in Boston.

One afternoon, on one of Mr. Marseilles's visits to Washington, as he was strolling leisurely through the capitol, he met Hon. Nehemiah G. Ordway, of this state, then sergeant-at-arms of the national house of representatives. Mr. Ordway accosted Mr. Marseilles with the remark,

"Well, Marseilles, have you seen all the candidates for the presidency?" Mr. Marseilles replied, "I don't know. I've seen Blaine, Conkling, and Bristow." Ordway asked, "Have you seen Morton?" Mr. Marseilles answered in the negative. "Well," he said, "you must see Morton!" Whereupon, Mr. Ordway escorted Mr. Marseilles to the elevator, and thence to the top floor of the capitol building. He went to the door of the committee room, where Senator Oliver P. Morton passed much of his time when not in the senate chamber, and knocked. The signal was answered by his secretary, who said, "Gentlemen, the senator is not



The Late Hon. Roscoe Conkling.

to be seen." Mr. Ordway responded, "Say to the senator that Mr. Ordway, sergeant-at-arms of the house, is here with a friend, the editor of a leading and influential Republican journal of New Hampshire, whom I would very

much like to present to the senator." The door was closed. In a moment the message came, "The senator will see the gentleman." We were ushered in, and Mr. Marseilles was introduced to Senator Morton, the great war governor of Indiana, whose patriotism, courage, and inflexible will had saved that great state from going over to the confederacy. He was a large, able, strong, intelligent personage, at that time perhaps the ablest man in the United States senate.

Senator Conkling had told Mr. Marseilles that Connecticut and New Jersey were but the bedrooms of New York; that is, there were enough voters resident in those two states,



The Late Hon. Benjamin H. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, under President Grant.

having their homes and living there, but who daily did business in New York, to control and carry them in a presidential election; nominate a candidate who will carry New York, and he will, represented Senator Conkling,

also carry New Jersey and Connecticut. Mr. Marseilles understood that the inference that he was expected to draw from this remark was, to nominate Conkling, of New York, and he would carry three states,—New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. When Senator Morton was told this, he said, "That is true in a measure, Mr. Marseilles, but as Indiana goes in October, so will New York go in November." (Indiana then held her state elections in October.) Mr. Marseilles understood that the inference that he was expected to draw from this was, nominate Morton, of Indiana, who would carry the state for the Republican party in October, and then in the presidential election, in November, he would carry Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut,—four states instead of Conkling's three, with an Indiana man as the party's standard-bearer in the presidential election. Bristow showed remarkable strength in the convention, but not enough to secure the nomination. His candidacy, however, defeated the ambition of Blaine, and resulted in the nomination of Hayes. Although Bristow was not nominated, yet to the day of his death he remained one of the warmest and most grateful friends of Mr. Marseilles. He was the embodiment of gratitude, an exception to the lines of Wordsworth:

"I've heard of hearts unkind,
Kind deeds with coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of man
Hath oftener left me mourning."

Mr. Marseilles is replete with such reminiscences. With Congressman James F. Briggs, of New Hampshire, he once called at the White House, and drifted into a considerable con-

versation with President Hayes. Whether there, or in the senate chamber, or in the house of representatives, or as the welcome guest of cabinet ministers, and others in authority, his advice was cherished, and he was always treated with a courtesy and consideration worthy of his dignity and his intelligence. He was recognized as one of the powers behind the throne, and men sought his persuasive influence, and feared his vigorous editorial pen.

It was in the spring of 1879, whilst he was still residing in Kingston, New York, conducting his two newspapers there, that Charles H. Bell, of Exeter, was appointed to the office of United States senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the expiration of the term of Senator Bainbridge Wadleigh. The president had called an extra session of congress, and without Mr. Bell's appointment, New Hampshire would have been represented by only one senator during a very important session, as the legislature at that time did not meet until June to fill the vacancy. Mr. Bell had been the warm and faithful friend of Mr. Marseilles, his near neighbor, and a wise counsellor, in the early days of his journalistic career; and as there threatened to be opposition to his admission to the senate, Mr. Marseilles went to Washington to assist him, and rendered him valuable aid. It was at that time that Mr. Marseilles "bearded the lion in his den," and called upon Senator Conkling, who was reported as opposed, on technical ground, to the admission of Mr. Bell, and held an earnest conference with him on the subject. Senator Conkling received the famous editor with kindness and deference, and talked

to him in a confiding way, thus showing his appreciation and respect.

Mr. Marseilles had in Mr. Bell a warm and faithful friend until his death, on November 11, 1893. In 1881, Bell was nominated by the Re-



The Late Governor Charles H. Bell.

publicans for governor of the state, and was triumphantly elected. He filled this honorable position with marked ability, and left a record as one of New Hampshire's greatest and purest executives. Mr. Marseilles pronounces him one of the foremost lawyers of New England, a man of the highest scholarly attainments, whose services to the state as a faithful and accurate historian will keep his name in enduring remembrance.

These are mere suggestive outlines of important political movements in which Charles Marseilles was one of the central figures and controlling factors. His name is indissolubly linked with the inner

history of his country. His knowledge of internal affairs, if put in print, would be a romance of real life indeed. How many things Charles Marseilles knows, which to tell would make him a brilliant newsman! Said George Alfred Townsend recently, "The plainest public man contains more news than the noblest reporter. What could not

occupied with the duties of the governorship, he visited Mr. Marseilles regularly every day, through rain as well as sunshine, during his delayed recovery, walking over a mile to his residence. "His kindness," says Mr. Marseilles feelingly, "was such as word or deed could never repay. Dear Governor Bell! He has passed on before me to the higher and better life, where the richest reward awaits him who in his love for God also loves his neighbor as himself."

Providence raised another man who greatly befriended Charles Marseilles, in the hour of his adversity, Dr. John H. Douglas, of New York, the last physician of the illustrious soldier and patriot, Ulysses S. Grant. Dr. Douglas had been the physician of Mr. Marseilles in New York, and remained his advisory physician after his return to New England. Between doctor and patient grew a strong tie of attachment, and the death of the physician, in October, 1892, at the age of sixty-eight, was deeply mourned by Mr. Marseilles. In 1884, General Grant came to Dr. Douglass for treatment. From that time until Grant's death, July 23, 1885, he was in almost constant attendance upon him. After Grant's death the physician's own health was completely shattered, and he did not have the physical strength to regain the practice which had slipped from his hands during his long neglect of private business. Financial reverses came upon him, and in a short time he found himself deprived, through unfortunate investments, of the means which he had accumulated during his professional career.

During the almost fatal sickness of Mr. Marseilles, his various newspaper



The Late Dr. John H. Douglas, Physician to General Grant.

Charles II tell beyond what Samuel Pepys has mistold?"

It was in 1882 that Charles Marseilles's health broke down. He fell a victim to nervous prostration from overwork and malaria, and sought restoration in the healthful, bracing atmosphere of St. Johnsbury, Vt. Upon partial recovery, he removed to Exeter, where he has ever since made his home. It was then that he had an opportunity to test the strong, faithful friendship of Gov. Charles H. Bell. Although Mr. Bell was then

property was disposed of by friends, in his interest, and he is now living in comparative retirement, although the public, especially New Hampshire and Massachusetts people, do not need to be reminded of his active participation in politics, and the remarkable power that he still continues to wield as a vigorous and somewhat voluminous newspaper contributor and indefatigable letter-writer. His knowledge of men and measures is superior, and he writes with great vigor of argument, and with uncommon clearness and correctness of language.

He was the warm friend and almost worshipful admirer of the late President Chester A. Arthur, who showed in many ways and for many years his friendship for him. Mr. Marseilles found Mr. Arthur always the same manly type,—a thorough gentleman, a scholar, a conscientious executive, and a statesman, able and honest. He stood courageously and approvingly by Mr. Marseilles in his great work of political reform in Ulster county, New York. It has been remarked that there was that about Arthur that would remind one of Marseilles, and there is certainly that about Marseilles that brings to mind Arthur,—a certain elegance of manner, unfailing courtesy, grace of carriage, and that indescribable something-or-another that denotes superiority, fine sensibilities, refined tastes, culture, and genuine aristocracy.

The familiar precept, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," finds splendid exemplification in Charles Marseilles. Whether it is the ordering of a book, or the composing of an editorial, or whatever it

is, there is the same nicety of execution. He never drifts into a slouchy habit, and all that he does is in easy obedience to his ruling sense of propriety and fitness. His stationery is exquisite, his utensils and facilities the most approved, his assortment of monograms the very finest and most expensive used, except possibly by the crowned heads of Europe.



The Late President Chester A. Arthur.

So many dignitaries and functionaries have been drawn in friendship to him, and fond has he been of so many, that it is hard to discriminate. One of the most distinguished American statesmen now living, and admittedly the very ablest in matters of state and finance, is the Hon. John Sherman, secretary of the United States. He and Charles Marseilles are bosom friends. Within the few days last past I have seen a letter from the secretary attesting this fact. For months previous to the assem-

bling of the Republican National convention, in 1881, to nominate candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency, Mr. Marseilles was successfully laboring to secure delegates favorable to John Sherman for the



Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of State.

head of the ticket. When the time for the election of a successor to John Sherman to the United States senate, in 1892, was drawing near, Mr. Marseilles was again active and earnest, from patriotic impulses only, for the reflection of the grand old man to succeed himself for the fifth term. Repeatedly did Senator Sherman thank him. In February, 1892, he wrote him from Washington, "Again accept thanks for your generous support, and believe me when I say that I appreciate it as highly as that of any one who favored my election."

Amongst the most agreeable of the recollections of Mr. Marseilles is that of his correspondence with Hon.

Hamilton Fish, an honored statesman of his time, a man of exalted moral character, whose name is imperishably written in the archives of New York and of the nation. He had filled to popular satisfaction and usefulness the offices of representative in congress, governor of his native state, United States senator, secretary of state for eight years in the cabinet of President Grant, and commissioner on the part of the United States, to negotiate the treaty of Washington, which was signed by him, May 8, 1871. He was also, during the Civil War, by appointment of Secretary of War Stanton, a commissioner in company with Bishop Ames, to visit the United States soldiers confined in Libby prison, at Richmond, and other prison pens in the South, "to relieve their necessities and provide for their comfort." The confederate government, however, declined to admit the commissioners within its lines, but intimated a readiness to negotiate for a general exchange of prisoners, the result of which was an agreement for an equal exchange, which was carried out substantially to the end of the war.

It was Mr. Marseilles who first informed Mr. Fish of a new English version of the Bible. He took exception to the idea of a new translation, and quoted the couplet,—

"The Bible I read at my mother's knee
Is a Bible good enough for me."

The letters of Mr. Fish show the kindly nature of the man, and his cheerful humor. They cover a great variety of topics.

For a quarter-century United States Senator William E. Chandler has

been one of Charles Marseilles's closest, best, and truest friends. Their admiration is mutual. Mr. Marseilles declares that since the days of John P. Hale, the state has not been so ably represented in the national senate. He is also an enthusiastic admirer and champion of United States Senator Jacob H. Gallinger. The mutual favors between Mr. Marseilles and both the New Hampshire senators is abundant evidence of their affectionate and appreciative relations. Mr. Marseilles was a tremendous power in their respective canvasses for election and reelection, and his voluntary, unselfish, and unremitting labors early and late in their behalf insured their heart-felt and lasting gratitude. There are several different portraits of both senators at the Marseilles homestead, two of them in neatly-framed groups of what became known as "The Literary Bureau." I had the honor, with Clarence Johnson, private secretary to Senator Chandler, to be counted a member of each group, an honor all the greater and more cherished because so able, estimable, experienced, and beloved a literary personage as Charles Marseilles is my senior and superior in both.

It is not surprising that Charles Marseilles and Thomas B. Reed should drift together. Mr. Marseilles's admiration of Mr. Reed is equalled only by Mr. Reed's affectionate good-will and generous sentiments toward Mr. Marseilles. Mr. Marseilles has only just returned from a visit to the great Maine statesman. They talked of literature, of art, of politics, of business, and between them seems to be a remarkable communion of spirit. It ap-

peared to be a great relief to the brilliant speaker of the national house of representatives, to meet a live, versatile gentleman, a radical Republican politician, acquainted and in touch with the great men of the day, thoroughly familiar with the affairs of the country, and yet himself asking nothing, expecting nothing, in the way of emolument, office, or preferment whatever.

The year 1896 found Mr. Marseilles as intensely interested in the Reed canvass for the presidency as he had been during the several months next previous, and had a few others written as earnestly, and worked as assiduously as he did,



The Late Hon. Hamilton Fish.

Thomas B. Reed would now be in the presidential chair. This is no reflection upon President McKinley, for whom Charles Marseilles has deep respect, and whose administration has his sympathy and support.

Mr. Marseilles is one of those men who do not look upon politicians as a class to be avoided. He finds in them men of the finest calibre, the keenest discrimination, whose attitudes are generally good, whose impulses are beneficent, whose practices are far from being as reprehensible as they are frequently represented. His labors, however, have not been



Hon. William E. Chandler, United States Senator.

with them more than with others. He has taken a deep and brisk interest in all public questions, and held interesting and voluminous correspondence with many of the leading men of the country in all the walks of intellectual activity,—in science, art, literature, religion, social affairs, etc.

In this connection I recall a letter from the late Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, of Boston, as to whether or not John Quincy Adams made a practice of repeating a familiar child's prayer nightly. In some of the historical

researches of Mr. Marseilles, perhaps in the preparation of some literary article, he had occasion to touch upon this point, and he wrote Dr. Ellis, who was an intimate friend of the deceased president, asking whether or not it was his practice, before closing his eyes in sleep, to utter the familiar little prayer which pious mothers for centuries had taught their children. Dr. Ellis answered that it was once his privilege to remain with Mr. Adams through a night. He was then seventy-eight years of age, and felt the infirmities of his years, and Dr. Ellis hoped to do him some little personal services. At bed-time, after some entertaining talk, he spoke somewhat as follows:

"It is time to go to sleep, and I must say my every-night prayer, which my mother taught, as I have said it every night in Europe and America. I never mumble it, but say it aloud," which he did, repeating it distinctly,—

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Speaking of John Quincy Adams, with reference to this incident, Mr. Marseilles said,—"He was a busy man, burdened with grave responsibilities and cares, but he found time every day of his life to utter this little prayer. Can any Christian believer who obeys the injunction of the Master to pray, doubt that this prayer sufficed to keep the great man's heart true to his Maker, or that it was as acceptable as if he had summoned all the powers of his eloquence for an address to the Most High? The example is one worthy

of the contemplation, the reverence, and the imitation of all succeeding generations."

Mr. Marseilles next set out in quest of the origin of the little prayer. The very earliest publication in print available of it was found in the old "New England Primer," the first edition of which was printed about the year 1691,—more than two hundred years ago.

"Now I lay me down to sleep" is attributed by the Rev. Thomas Hastings to Dr. Isaac Watts; by Mr. Bartlett to the "New England Primer," which assigns it to Mr. Rogers, the martyr; but *American Notes and Queries* (May and October, 1889), vol. 3, page 249, goes back to it as found in another form in the "Enchiridi on Papae Leonis," MDCLX, quoted in Ady's "Candle in the Dark" (1655), giving these lines in English,—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lye on;
And blessed guardian angel keep
Me safe from danger while I sleep.

"I lay me down to rest me,
And pray the Lord to bless me,—
If I should sleep no more to wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

American Notes and Queries speaks of it as called the "White Pater-noster," and says, "One form or another of it is found in nearly every language, like many other good and familiar thoughts."

Mr. Marseilles also sought to ascertain which was the correct rendering of the second line, whether "I pray the Lord," or "I pray Thee, Lord." Opinions differed. Phillips Brooks always thought the line was, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep." The *American Notes and Queries* took up the discussion, and found in "Bart-

lett's Quotations," fifth edition, the verse rendered as follows:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

But *Notes and Queries* pronounced Bartlett incorrect in his version of the lines, though nine persons out of ten would write them as he has



Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, United States Senator.

quoted them. It is asserted that the correct rendering is the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray, Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray, Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

The consensus of opinion appeared to unite on Dr. Isaac Watts, the greatest hymnist who ever wrote in the English language, as the author of the verse. He was born at Southington, England, in 1674, and in 1696 became tutor to Sir John Har-topp's children at Newington. It was for the instruction of his young

charges that he wrote, "How doth the little busy bee," "Let dogs delight to bark and bight," "Hush my child, lie still and slumber," "Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm," etc. The book in which the little



The Late Hon. John P. Hale, United States Senator.

prayer is credited to Dr. Watts is "The Mother's Nursery Songs," by Thomas Hastings, but the "New England Primer" ascribes them to John Rogers, the martyr, who, when burned at the stake by "Bloody Mary," in 1565, left a wife and eleven children, including a babe. But Mr. Marseilles says that the little prayer has been spoken around the world, and has strengthened the faith and trust and courage of childhood and kept it near the Heavenly Father. Those who are taught it never forget it, though there are few who would not deem it too simple and childish to be used as a prayer in maturer years, but John Quincy

Adams, now "one of the simple great ones gone," found that it expressed his reverence and his trust as no composition of his own could have done. Watts's service to the Christian world is incalculable.

Reference is made to this comparatively trivial incident only to show with what tenacity Mr. Marseilles follows every incident of historic interest, with what unflagging zeal he has devoted himself to the details of biography.

The same punctiliousness characterizes all his efforts, and if the results of his investigations were given to the world in full, they would constitute many volumes, not only of entertainment, but of solid edification and instruction. It is not impossible that he will be persuaded, during the declining years of his life (he is still a young man, just beyond a half-century old), to publish an autobiography with annotations, quotations, and notes. Such a work would be widely appreciated and constitute a valuable addition, especially to the history of politics and of literature.

Religious questions have always had a great attraction for Mr. Marseilles, and he has given them much thought, some of which might be termed speculative. To solve some problems that seemed too deep for him, he has sought the counsel, by correspondence, of some of the most learned professional authorities on a variety of religious topics. One of these, a venerable doctor of divinity, in Philadelphia, to whom Mr. Marseilles addressed several communications, pleasantly wrote him,—“You have a faculty for asking hard questions.”

Mr. Marseilles has many favorite

poems, so many, indeed, that to mention any one in particular would be to do him injustice. It seemed to me, as I talked with him of his dear, old-time friend, James T. Fields, that the touching little poem written by him is sacredly cherished in memory. It graphically and touchingly pictures a little child's intuition of the omnipresence of God :

"We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

"'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shatter'd in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, 'Cut away the mast.'

"So we shudder'd there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

"As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
'We are lost!' the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

"But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
'Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?'

"Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchor'd in the harbor,
When the morn was shining clear."

Amongst his theological correspondence, which is very learned, is a letter from the late Rev. A. A. Miner, in which he says,—

"Space, as you rightly say, is infinite. It is uncreated and absolute. The laws of the human mind compel belief in that infinity. To suppose a limit involves an absurdity; for then there would be a *this* side and the *other* side; but the other side is space beyond the supposed limit.

"Now admitting a God who created all things, scattered as they are through all space, and of which God is the upholder, God himself must be imminent in all things, and hence everywhere present. I do not present this as a solution of the problem, simply as a statement of it.

"I daily realize how little man can know. Though science has grown proud and we have come to know much about many things, absolutely there is nothing that we know all about. Every fact, however common, strikes its roots into unfathomable depths. How does the lily evolve such whiteness from the blackness of the earth, or exhale such fragrance from the offensiveness of the earth? The wisest philosopher knows no more than the new-born babe."

The first time that I saw Charles Marseilles was at the summer residence of the late United States Senator Edward H. Rollins. Mr. Rollins and I sat together on the front piazza, when unexpectedly there appeared approaching the house on foot along the driveway, a gentleman of fascinating and impressive bearing. I



Hon. Thomas B. Reed.

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knew in a moment that he was no common individual. Mr. Rollins whispered, "*Charles Marseilles.*" I asked the question in my mind then, as I have since heard it asked many times, "*Who is Charles Marseilles?*"

He is worthy of a better answer than I have been able to give. I remember him distinctly as I then met him, perhaps twenty years ago. He was attired in a handsome suit of pure white, spotless as his character. He chatted of prominent men, of popular living issues. He spoke of Roscoe Conkling, with the easy familiarity and accuracy of information of a personal friend enjoying his



The Late Hon. Edward H. Rollins, United States Senator.

confidence, and he touched upon the attitude of various leading politicians, his information being especially fresh and authentic. It was evident that Senator Rollins held him in extraordinary respect and regard, and I immediately conceived a great liking for him. Nobody who knows him will wonder at it, nor question the honesty of my motive in this gratuitous, hasty, and imperfect sketch of one whom I am proud to call my friend. It is with trepidation that I

have written of one who himself can write so much better, whose experience has been so much wider, whose acquaintance covers so broad a time and territory, and the tendrils of whose love are woven in the fibers of so many hearts.

On October 5, twenty-eight years ago, he and his estimable wife were married. In a letter to the writer, from Mrs. Marseilles, on the occasion of the recent anniversary, she expressed this beautiful sentiment, and thus unconsciously told the chief charm of their attractive home:

"I may say that all through our lives has run the golden thread of love. I think 'tis Thackeray who says he can understand how young persons love, but when he meets this love continued through middle and on even to old age, he finds no sweeter human picture. Indeed, we believe with Drummond that love is the greatest thing in the world. A friend of ours came in one evening after Drummond began to impress people, and said, 'What's the greatest thing in the world?' Somebody answered, 'Money!' I said, 'Love!' What do we get better than loving and being loved?"

Sitting at their hearthstone only the other day, amidst shelves bending with the accumulated lore of years, grouped around me the life-like portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Arthur, Gladstone, Webster, Reed, Bismarck, and a score of others, a galaxy of illustrious stars, I felt the impulse for good that actuates that peaceful household. I was literally embanked in books. The air was fragrant with the poesy of Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, Dante, Schiller, Whittier, Longfellow,

Holmes, Tennyson, and a hundred other sweet poets, and I came away almost with the inspiration of having spent a few hours in the very society of Shakespeare, Bacon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Gibbon, Bancroft, Cervantes, Hugo, Richter, DeQuincey, Scott, Dickens, Lytton, Dumas, Emerson, Irving, Hawthorne, and all that "marvelous constellation, brighter from moment to moment, radiant as

it has been frequently tendered, sincerely, earnestly, and even solicitously. Pericles swayed the destiny of Athens for more than forty years, yet was only a public man, not an officer. Alexander Hamilton never lost the leadership of his party, even when he retired from public life.

Considering his achievements, his wonderful industry, his comprehensive reading, his deep research, love



Charles Marseilles at Home.

a tiara of celestial diamonds."

Mr. Marseilles's "Story of Thirty Years," if he can be induced to tell it, will cover a big epoch in the world's history,—years of great industry and research, of almost tireless activity in public affairs, and of stupendous advancement and success. His influence has been widely sought for, and has been freely given whenever a good or great or just cause was to be served. He never sought distinction for himself, though

of literature, analysis of character, appreciation of the noble, the pure, and the good, Charles Marseilles is a conspicuous and captivating character. He is, notwithstanding his native modesty, a prominent and very interesting figure in the front rank of New Hampshire's leading men.

Greatness, whether in actual, practical results, or in the realms of exalted thought, is surely discovered. Great lights are not hidden beneath

a bushel. The secret of capability is bound to come to the surface, and be brought into requisition. Some unselfish, discerning soul, like Charles Marseilles, is made the confidant of nature, standing sponsor for unconscious genius, and fairly reveling in the uplifting and ennobling of his fellow-men. It is companionship, not servility. He belongs to God's select family of sons, spiritual kindred, of whom Emerson wrote, scattered wide through earth, yet each weaving the sublime proportions of a true monarch's crown. He finds

kinship with authors, artists, sculptors, orators, diplomatists, statesmen,—with the world's leading minds in various directions,—and, in power of assimilation and appreciation of their individual work and worth, superior to any one, equal to all; a diligent and devoted champion, fond of the theatre of human life, and swayed with joy and grief at the shifting scenes of mortal existence. In a materialistic age, he is a herald of joy, bearing aloft a beacon that the ideals of faith, of duty, and of inspiration are living forces still.



LAKE ASQUAM.

By Annie Rogers Noyes.

O loveliest lake, Asquam,
Embosomed among the hills
In beauty serene,
Thou wild, woodland queen,
And fed by the mountain rills!

Thy waters are placid and clear,
Reflecting heaven's own blue,
Thy forests are deep,
Where the shadows creep,
Like giants, the long day through.

As sentinel-guard, afar,
 Stands cloud-kissed Chocorua !
 While the lesser heights,
 Like the olden knights,
 To my queen their homage pay.

Sometimes, as the twilight comes,
 And the wild bird's note is still,
 Methinks that I hear,
 Now far, and now near,
 Weird music from Sunset Hill !



Asquam Lake from Shepard Hill.

And the plumes of the Whittier pine
 A requiem seem to sing ;
 That in cadence sweet,
 And in rhythm meet,
 The soft-winged zephyrs bring.

O loveliest lake, Asquam,
 Embosomed among the hills,
 Thy beauty serene,
 Thou wild woodland queen,
 My spirit with rapture fills !



Asquam Lake from the Asquam View House.

GLIMPSES OF HOLDERNESS.

By Eleanor J. Clark.



OW shall one write of Holderness, there are so many things to tell of its natural beauty and the quaint features of its former days? Nature may be maligned, but she remains perennially young to refute the puny charges. With people it is different; there is always the sense of impertinence in characterizing by a few pen-strokes a sturdy life that has passed. I hesitate in telling of the Livermores, the Shepards, the Worthens, the Coxes, those early comers in the town. Why should I comment on their lives?

Holderness lies in the central part of New Hampshire, adjoining the towns of Plymouth, Campton, and Ashland, which was originally a part of the old town. Certainly Nature has fashioned few places more beautiful, with its green meadows in the west, overlooked by the bluffs on which stand most of the farm-houses of that part. Away from the Pemigewasset to the east, the hills and mountains rise, shutting in cozy farms or sheltering them upon their warm southern exposure, and further on lie the Asquam lakes. On Shepard hill and Mount Livermore what beauty meets the eye! In the distance, the White and Ossipee mountains; nearer, the neighboring hills dotted with homesteads; and below, the lake, sparkling and blue in the

sun, cold and leaden in his absence, and beyond the realm of the real in the moonlight. How peaceful and beautiful and natural it all is! How one forgets the hurry and hurt of life and dreams away the summer days, gaining new strength from this lavish generosity of Nature for the inevitable "moving on."

Of Mount Prospect, farther to the north, a well-known son of New Hampshire has said,—“If it stood where some of those renowned Scotch Bens do, and had undergone the poetic handling of their Burnses and Scotts, people would cross the ocean to see the sights from its top.”

In 1761. “New Holderness” was granted to Samuel Livermore and others, adherents of the Church of England, six of whom were Shepards, seven Coxes. The real settlement of the town was made from 1774 to 1786, when it held nearly three hundred people, at least one third of the present population.

The great man of the town was Chief-Justice Samuel Livermore, whose estate, it is said, comprised two thirds of the township. He built his mansion on the bluff opposite Plymouth, overlooking the Pemigewasset, and became a sort of over-lord to his willing vassals, the sturdy Scotch-Irish settlers, who followed him from Londonderry. Before the Revolution, Mr. Livermore had been the king's attorney-general, but during



Bird's-eye View from Brynton Hill.

the war he found the retirement to his estate in Holderness an agreeable change. The words of his son perhaps illustrate not only Mr. Livermore's attitude during the war but that of many lawyers who had been employed by the crown. Arthur Livermore writes: "In a very critical part of the Revolution, my father did not take an active part in public life, for he was not a man who made terms to secure office."

On arriving in Holderness he built a sawmill at the mouth of Mill brook, and for nearly three years, till after the surrender of Burgoyne, actually tended it himself, tradition says wearing the same coat at home and abroad.

At the close of the war he was called upon to reënter political life, holding at different times the offices of representative to his state legislature, drafter of the state constitution, chief justice of the superior court, representative in congress, and United States senator.

He married Jane Browne, the daughter of the Rev. Arthur Browne, of Portsmouth, mentioned in Longfellow's "Lady Wentworth." To-day there is a lineal descendant, the Rev. Arthur Brown Livermore, of Delhi, N. Y. It seems that Judge Livermore's connection with the Established Church estranged him from some of his relatives. His friend, Mr. Porter, whose accomplished wife was the confidante of Mrs. Livermore, followed him from Londonderry to New Holderness, and became the first settled lawyer in the adjoining town of Plymouth. Mr. Livermore's home in later years was that of a cultured gentleman, and with his townsmen, in the words of a centenarian who remembered him, "his say-so was the law." He and his family used to make the journey to Washington in his coach, driven by his friend and retainer, Major William Shepard.

Wyseman Claggett, "Attorney General of this colony," 1776, says

of Mr. Livermore,—“He was beyond question the great man of New Hampshire in his time.”

His son, Arthur Livermore, succeeded him “to the ermine,” and had a long and successful career, being associate, then chief justice of the superior court. He, too, was a man of marked ability, but, according to the traditions of the town, of eccentric character and independent spirit. To him, also, his fellow-townsmen yielded a willing vassalage. When on one of his circuits he saw in her cradle Louisa Bliss, of Haverhill, he told the mother that here was his future wife; and true to his word, he married her when a young lady. An amusing story is told, which, if authentic, shows him a veritable “Sir Roger de Coverley.” In attending church, he observed one person of the congregation did not kneel. The judge tapped the offender with his stick, with the command, “Kneel!”

One of his sons, in writing home, was surprised to receive a letter in return, saying, “Come home and read your letter; I can’t.”

There are many such incidents related in the country homes, after the lapse of over forty years since his death, which perhaps show more plainly than any comments the hold he had in the hearts of his contemporaries and their children. Upon the tablet covering his grave in the Trinity churchyard are the appropriate words, “Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy hand from any poor man.”

Of an evening, as one passes quiet Trinity, amid its pines, to the “hollow” sheltering Mill brook, one could almost fancy it fitting to meet the judge with “Old Beautiful” and the yellow-wheeled chaise. I wonder if Louise Chandler Moulton is far wrong,—

“I’d lean from out the choir of heaven
To hear the red cock crow.”

An old man young with the judge, now sleeping near him, once said on his return home from a visit in town, “I used to think I’d be satisfied if I could only get home and see Miry feed the chickens!” I wonder how it is!

As before stated, the grant of Holderness was made to adherents of the Episcopal church, and naturally the settlers early thought of a house of worship. Of course, Mr. Samuel Livermore was the prime mover in the matter, himself reading service before the coming of Priest Fowle.

A warrant of a town-meeting in New Holderness in 1788 contains the following: “To see if the town will vote to have Mr. Robert Fowle for their Minister and vote what salary they will settle on Mr. Fowle yearly.”



Mill Brook Road.

The following is taken from the parish record, 1790:

"*Voted*, That Capt. Smith, Sq. S. G. Livermore, Maj. Richard Shepard, Lieut. Sam. Curry, and Sam. Shepard Be a Committee To Determine where said Building Shall Be Erected and to Take Care of Said Building Throughout.

"*Voted*, To Raise the Sum of Seventy-five



Livermore Falls.

Pounds in Boards at 24 s. per Thousand Delivered on the Spot, allowing Each Man to turn in an Equal Proportion of Boards, Timber. Nails, Rum, Shingles, Clapboards, and all things necessary to carry on Said Building which should be to the acceptance of the Committee."

And so, about the year 1790, came into existence Trinity church, one of the oldest in the state. It is in good preservation, having been repaired when falling into decay through the efforts of the late Dr. Balch. Until the new chapel in connection with the Holderness School was finished, services were regularly held in it. Now it is used for the burial service only. The "Church House," as it is called, is an oblong brown structure more like the school buildings one sees on country roads than the village "meeting-house." Passing through its porch, the interior is little changed from 100 years ago. Square

pews with doors—the wood of pine so dark with age it seems almost of mahogany—surround the sides of the room. These are raised above the floor pews, which are arranged in the usual manner. A tall pulpit at the front completes the furnishings. The following quotation from a descendant of Priest Fowle gives a little idea of its comfort in winter,—“They all went to the upper church (Trinity). There was no fire. The women all carried foot-stoves. Father suffered very much; he was very frail and trembled so he could hardly stand.” In summer, I can speak from experience, that it is certainly hot enough to compensate.

Mr. Fowle was a friend of Mr. Livermore's and followed him to the new country. He seems to have been a man of marked and strong character. It is said that he was noted for choosing subjects applicable to the time. I quote from "Reminiscences of Holderness,"—"One time the meeting was in a dwelling-house, the snow was piled to the windows and men could come only on snow-shoes. There were very few present. He chose for his text,—‘Fear not, little flock; it is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.’ There was not a dry eye in the room.” Priest Fowle had a large dog which accompanied him to service. He always lay quiet except on the arrival of late comers, whom he greeted with a loud bark. It is needless to say, few cared to incur his greeting. What a conven-

ience a line of theological dogs like him might have proved !

How easy it is to picture a long-ago Sabbath in the "Church House." There at the left, well up by the pulpit were the judge and his lady, the centre of interest to the farmers and their good wives. Possibly Harriet Livermore may have been there in one of her fitful home-comings,

"The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate."

There were the Shepards, the Ellisons, the Worthens, the Coxes, the Calleys, and last, Priest Fowle in his white gown, hushing the congregation with his "Dearly beloved." I suppose hearts ached and sought heavenly comfort as the words of the old, old service went on; or thoughts wandered, as the birds twittered in the trees above the graves outside, and death looked far from them in the rush of living—just as to-day with us. To-day their graves are about the quiet house and one reads on their headstones:



Old Livermore House.

"Blessed are the faithful dead ;"

"The character of the just will live in the memory of the just ;"

"Sleep on, my son,
And take thy rest.
God called thee home
When he thought best."

Here and there through the town, to those who know them, are scattered the reminders of this older life; in a pasture a slight depression and a few bricks mark the site of a house whose owner no one remembers—the

only tangible evidence of the busy home of a hundred years ago; on the intervals a spring of coldest water,—the "Governor's spring," because at one time Governor Wentworth, probably on a visit to Judge Livermore, drank from it; beside a grassy road an unmarked grave, under a maple of old growth, un-



Livermore Graves.



Old Trinity Church.

known to any save the oldest inhabitants. From a life-long resident of the town I learned the story of its occupants, a story of the hard conditions which oftentimes awaited the settlers. This humble tragedy of eighty years ago came in what was known as the "hard year," when every month there was a frost, potatoes were no larger than hens' eggs, and corn brought from Centre Harbor was sold at \$4 a bushel.

A family by the name of Jones, consisting of a young husband, wife, and small son, had made their home upon one of the spurs of Mount Prospect. The long winter exhausted their scant provisions, the crops failed that summer, there was little left to nourish the delicate young mother. Their suffering was revealed to their neighbor, Mrs. Worthen, by the little boy, who used to run straight to her cupboard and eat like a starved animal. I suppose neighborly kindness helped them on till the birth of a second child, when the mother and infant both passed away, and the husband laid them in one grave beneath the maple. One week later neighbors placed him beside his wife. "He had mourned

himself to death," they said.

And yet, in the span of one life that began in 1776 and closed in 1881, what seems matters of history was the living reality. Mrs. Hannah Stanton Cox was born June 25, a loyal subject of the king, and nine days later a citizen of the new republic, though possibly an uninterested one. With her parents,

Hannah Stanton removed from Preston, Conn., to New Holderness, her home for eighty-two years. At twenty-two she became the wife of Robert Cox, living in the west part of the town. Until the last month of her life, her mind was unclouded, and she remembered recent as well as remote events.

One story of especial interest was her recollection of the "dark day" of 1780, when she was about four years old. She remembered being out picking greens with her mother when the darkness began to fall, how the cows came home, and the fowls went to roost. Her memory of political events was clear, for she had been a woman interested in the affairs of her country, as well as her home.



Old Trinity Church—Interior.

The one hundredth anniversary of her birth was celebrated in Trinity church. It was significant in that it marked the nation's centennial, as well as her own. It fell on Sunday, and the celebration was in an edifice

right, dignified old lady, whose only appearance of age was a slight deafness, they sometimes found it a bit trying. Not always so, for some of her warmest friends were these chance acquaintances.



Governor's Spring.

connected with many events in her past life.

She was a beautiful old lady with soft, white hair, bright blue eyes, and always a tinge of pink in her cheeks. She dressed in plain black gowns with a crape shawl folded across her shoulders, and a white cap with full border.

Many summer people called to see her, always receiving gracious audience. Sometimes, I think, they came to gaze upon one so old, as upon a mummy, or Mt. Prospect, or any of the natural curiosities, the prey of the "city boarder." When they were ushered into the presence of an up-

The Holderness of to-day is physically unchanged, small homesteads on meadows or hillside, some of them abandoned, others fast falling to decay, and yet others with an air of comfort and plenty. It seems to me some of the determination of those first settlers is lacking in the people now. Perhaps a century of wresting a living from a hard soil has left its mark in a certain content with the bare sustenance of life. Already the coming of the summer resident has added grace to their living by making it possible through the increased material prosperity of the town.

Every year the fame of Holderness



Holderness School Campus.

as a summer resort is growing. The Asquam and Mt. Livermore House are annually filled, and cottages are constantly springing up on Shepard hill and about the lake. Several years Whittier made the Asquam his abiding place. Of its wonderful outlook he wrote,—

“Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
Lay mountain girdled Squam;
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles
Upon its bosom swam.

* * * * *

There towered Chocorna's peak; and west,
Moosehillock's woods were seen,
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest
And pine-dark gorge between.
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
The great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone!”

One of the first summer recreation schools for boys was established on an island of Squam, perhaps twenty years ago, by Mr. Balch. There are now about Squam three such camps, Dr. Talbot's, Mr. DeMerritt's, and the Groton school. It is an ideal vacation for a boy, fishing, boating, helping about the camp, congenial companions, under the supervision of the master and his assistants, who

are usually college boys with their greater, if possible, enthusiasm for athletics. Before breaking camp, oftentimes, a trip is made on foot through the White Mountains, a donkey or ox team accompanying them to carry the baggage, camping where the fancy seizes them. What boy who has experienced it will ever forget?

In years past there has also been a similar school for girls, conducted by a Sister in connection with a school in Pennsylvania.

Beside these play schools there is



Holderness School Chapel.

the real article, Holderness School for boys, on the site of the old Livermore mansion, its first home. The Rev. Loren Webster is its principal and the rector of Holy Cross chapel near by. Boys from Texas, from Maine, from Florida, from Honolulu, play upon the campus where long ago Governor Wentworth's coach

with its footmen and outriders astonished the passing yeoman. The watchword of the school is "manliness." May something of the sturdy courage and life of the past unconsciously imbibed go out to help our country anew in these young lives. "The character of the just will live in the memory of the just."



MARY.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

Oh, happy were the summer days
When Mary used to come
To gladden with her joyful ways
The quiet of our home.

Her cheeks were fair and like the tints
The peach-blossoms show in spring.
Her soft, thick hair had sunny glints
Bright as the brown-thrush's wing.

Like sunshine was her ready smile,
Her song was like the bird's.
Truth witnessed in her clear eyes while
We listened to her words.

She loved the woods, the birds, and bees,
And blossoms wet with dew.
She loved us even more than these,
And we loved Mary, too.

The birds still sing each summer morn,
The sun shines as before,
But something from its light is gone
Since Mary comes no more.



HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER XV.—*Concluded.*



At the headquarters of General Banks on the morning of July 7, despatches from General Grant announced the surrender of Vicksburg. Soon the glad news was communicated to every regiment and detachment in our army. A continuous, "surging volume of cheers and exultations filled the air all along the lines around Port Hudson, from the one wing to the other, from the river below to the river above." And the pæans of loyal joy and gladness rolled even over the Confederate entrenchments and warned those brave defenders that their watchful and tireless foes certainly had received glorious news." A Massachusetts colonel thrust a stick through his official bulletin and by way of explanation sent it over the lines to the wondering Confederates.

Upon receipt of General Grant's despatch, General Banks issued a general order, directing a salute of 100 shotted guns to be fired from each battery, ordering also all regimental bands to assemble at his headquarters. At noon the stirring strains of our national melodies, from about two hundred musicians, accompanied with the sub-bass of the thundering of hundreds of cannon, filled the air.

Notwithstanding the solid shot and shell that were falling among them, the Confederates hailed our men, asking the cause of "the jubilation." They were told that Grant had captured Vicksburg. "That's another damn Yankee lie," was the answer.

The reports, however, were carried to General Gardner, who the next day, July 8, sent a flag of truce to ascertain if the reports he had heard were true. General Banks then forwarded to Gardner a copy of the despatch he had received from General Grant.

On receipt of this, Gardner sent another flag of truce, asking upon what terms General Banks would receive his surrender. During the continuance of the truce the men on either side came out of their rifle-pits or "gopher holes," as they were called, laughed and joked as amiably as if they had been "engaged in some friendly pastime, instead of in the fearful game of deadly warfare." The terms of surrender were agreed upon and all hostilities ceased.

The correspondence between Generals Banks and Gardner may be of interest to the reader:

HEADQUARTERS PORT HUDSON, LA.

July 7, 1863.

GENERAL:—Having received information from your troops that *Vicksburg* has been surrendered, I make this communication to ask you to give me your official notice whether

this is true or not; and if true, I ask for a cessation of hostilities with a view to the consideration of terms for surrendering this position.

I am, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

FRANK GARDNER,

Major-General Commanding Confederate States Forces.

To Major-General Banks,
Commanding United States Forces Near Port Hudson.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
Before Port Hudson, July 8, 1863.

GENERAL:—In reply to your communication dated the seventh instant, by flag of truce received a few moments since, I have the honor to inform you that I received yesterday morning, July 7, at 10:45 o'clock, by the gunboat *General Price*, an official despatch from Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, United States Army, whereof the following is a true extract:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,

Near Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

Major-General N. P. Banks,

Commanding Department of the Gulf.

GENERAL:—The garrison of Vicksburg surrendered this morning. The number of prisoners as given by the officers is 27,000; field artillery, 128 pieces; and a large number of siege guns, probably not less than eighty.

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Major-General.

I regret to say that under present circumstances I cannot consistently with my duty consent to a cessation of hostilities for the purpose you indicate.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS,

Major-General Commanding.

To Major-General Frank Gardner,
Commanding Confederate States Forces, Port Hudson.

PORT HUDSON,

July 8, 1863.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, giving a copy of an official communication from Major-General U. S. Grant, United States Army, announcing the surrender of the garrison of Vicksburg.

Having defended this position as long as I deem my duty requires I am willing to surrender to you, and will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by yourself, at nine o'clock this

morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender; and for that purpose I ask for a cessation of hostilities.

Will you please designate a point, outside of my breastworks, where the meeting shall be held for this purpose?

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FRANK GARDNER,

Commanding Confederate States Forces.
To Major-General Banks,
Commanding United States Forces.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,

Before Port Hudson, July 8, 1863.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date stating that you are willing to surrender the garrison under your command to the forces under my command, and that you will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by me, at nine o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender.

In reply I have the honor to state that I have designated Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone, Colonel Henry W. Birge, and Lieutenant-Colonel Richard B. Irwin as the officers to meet the commission appointed by you.

They will meet your officers at the hour designated at a point where the flag of truce was received this morning. I will direct that active hostilities shall instantly cease on my part until further notice for the purpose stated.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

N. P. Banks,

Major-General Commanding.

To Major-General Frank Gardner,
Commanding Confederate States Forces, Port Hudson.

At the early dawn of July 9, the whole Nineteenth Army Corps was astir. There were some expressions of joy, though it cannot be said that our men were hilarious or even jubilant. Our sufferings and losses had been too great for that kind of demonstration.

The bands were not silent, however, and the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "Dixie" came borne upon the morning air—never to our ears sounding sweeter.

At seven o'clock, General Andrews, chief of staff of General Banks, made his entrance into the Confederate fortifications. Colonel Birge with his brave storming column, whose services happily had been dispensed with, was allowed the "post of honor" and led all the other troops. Next came the heroic Eighth New Hampshire, assigned to that position in recognition of its gallant services during the entire campaign and especially during the siege. This regiment was further complimented, after the surrender, by being assigned to a camping ground on a high bluff midway the river front and directly under the "Stars and Stripes" that it had suffered so much to defend.

Having obtained leave of absence from the Sixteenth that morning, its historian entered Port Hudson among the first of our troops that led the way. Everything bore evidence of the havoc our artillery had wrought in that "stronghold" of the enemy.

Scarcely a building of any kind, whether dwelling-house, storehouse, or workshop, could be seen that had not been leveled or riddled by the shot and shell of our artillerists, whom the Confederates themselves acknowledged to be "unequaled in their deadly aim" and their "skill in handling their guns."

On every hand there were to be seen or smelt carcasses of horses and mules which had been killed by sharpshooters and shells. The graves, too, of the dead Confederates were many. Some of their number had been buried in single graves, though the new-turned earth showed plainly enough that "heaps of their

slain were crowded into platooned graves" that were left unmarked.

Soon we reached the part of the enclosure where the Confederates were drawn up in line, their officers in front of them, their backs to the river. General Gardner then advanced toward General Andrews, and, in a few words, offered to surrender his sword with Port Hudson. But General Andrews told him, in appreciation of his bravery, that he was at liberty to retain his sword.

The Federal troops were drawn up in two lines on the side of the road opposite the Confederates, our officers placing themselves in front of their men.

At 9:30 a. m., after a brief consultation between the Confederate, General Beals, second in command at Port Hudson, and General Andrews, chief of staff under General Banks, General Beals, turning to the thousands of his command, in clear tones said, "Attention! Ground, Arms!" and "the motley line of the late belligerents stood defenseless before us."

By many of the Confederates that command seemed to be obeyed reluctantly. And their words betrayed the same feeling:—"We shall meet you again;" "This is not the last of us," and a few other similar expressions escaped their lips as we moved among them.

And the expression of their faces and glances from their eyes also disclosed the fact that hatred of the North had not surrendered its throne in their hearts, although they now were prisoners of war.

When the formalities of the surrender were over, the flag bearing the stars and stripes was unfolded to the breeze from one of the highest

bluffs facing the river, while a battery manned by sailors from the man-of-war *Richmond* thundered its salute, announcing to all within hearing that the mighty Mississippi was now free to the commerce of the nation.

The headquarters and the ammunition that the Sixteenth had been guarding were not moved into Port Hudson until July 10. The Sixteenth, remaining in charge during

the removal, was, consequently, among the last of our troops to pass within the fortifications.

We were assigned to a bluff, a sort of promontory, next the river on the north side of the fort, partly shaded and giving an excellent view of the river south and of its bend west.

And here ended our active service, and we were given a few days for reflection and rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETROSPECTIVE.



THE days that remained before our departure north from Port Hudson were not joyous, though our active campaigning was over. We began to realize more keenly than before the losses that had come to us. The faces of comrades who had enlisted with us, who had stood side by side with us, but who no longer answered the roll-call, haunted us. Others of our comrades who still lingered, with languid and almost beseeching eyes, seemed to be asking of every passer-by, and of the clouds in the sky by day and of the stars by night, whether they could live long enough to see their homes again. Poor men, it seemed a pity that that boon could not be granted.

During those few days of waiting other reflections came to us, which we can better formulate and express now than we could then.

In arranging our official papers for their final disposition, we found that we had been attached first and last to the following different divisions and

brigades: From January 3 to 14, we were in the third division, first brigade. From January 14 to July 11, we were in the third division, first brigade. From July 11 to July 18, we were in the third division, second brigade. After July 18, we were in the regular army, second brigade, and there remained until August 20, the date of our final muster out.

During our term of service we had seen far less fighting on the field and had lost fewer men in battle than perhaps the majority of the nine months' regiments. Of this, however, we are not sure. But even if this was so, it was no fault of ours. It was rather one of the incidents belonging to military service. We certainly shrank from no duty, and never turned our backs upon the enemy when he was in sight.

We should have been fighting with General Weitzel in the early Brash-ear campaign if the muskets issued to us had been suitable for such service. In the first advance on Port Hudson no regiment was in a more exposed position than ours. We did

not fight then, simply because no enemy appeared to contest the field with us.

At the beginning of the Teche campaign we were among the advance troops at Brashear City, and it was no fault of ours that we did not move north with General Emory or that the enemy did not attack us when we were left to defend Brashear City against expected raids.

From that place we were sent to take and garrison one of the most important points in all that section, Butte á la Rose. We aided the gunboats in its reduction, and then took possession and held it in the face of Confederates who were constantly hovering about us.

This was the only duty during our service that we pleaded to be relieved from. But even this plea was not made that we might escape from Confederate troops, but from a poisoned atmosphere, foul water, and certain death by disease.

We held that place after all the other troops west of the Mississippi had been withdrawn, except a few at Brashear City.

Though our ranks had been depleted, and though there was scarcely a well man among us, we were at all times in readiness, and while there we never asked for reinforcements. There was not a day while we garrisoned Butte á la Rose that we were not ready to fight Taylor's Texan rangers had they attacked us. And it was no fault of ours that they did not do this.

It was no fault of ours that we had been ordered from Brashear City to Port Hudson only a short time before the Confederates captured that place with all its stores.

It was no fault of ours that we had been reduced to a "few skeletons" and were, therefore, at the last moment ordered out of the rifle-pits before Port Hudson which we had entered, expecting to fight while a man of us had strength to load and sight his musket.

It was no fault of ours that from June 2 to July 10, Colonel Logan did not attack our regiment while we were guarding the ammunition and headquarters of the commanding general. During that time, we were in line every morning at a few minutes past three o'clock, prepared to meet a foe that had claimed he "would do us all the damage he could."

Whenever and wherever our men had a chance at the enemy, their skill and their courage were commended. On the gunboats at Fort Burton, our rifles did all that rifles could do, was the acknowledgment of the naval officers who commanded that expedition.

At Donaldsonville, from June 28 to July 9, our men fought like veterans and contributed in no small measure to one of the most desperate and brilliant defenses of the war.

And in the fight at Springfield Landing our men were the only ones especially commended in the reports made by staff officers to General Banks.

Throughout the campaign, if the losses we had suffered by disease had been incurred on the field, our record certainly would have seemed more heroic. But are gunshot wounds worse than those diseases that brought to hundreds of our men certain and often sudden death? Such the retrospect as to our regiment.

But in our review we must not be too circumscribed. Let us, therefore, take into account for a moment the entire field on which the Nineteenth Army Corps had figured. We already have passed a few criticisms. But it would be unjust if we failed to state that the poor campaigning of our army had been at no time offset by that which was commendable.

The feint, for instance, on Port Hudson in March and then the sudden transference of the army to Brashear City was a remarkably successful piece of military manœuvring.

The triumphant movement of our troops up the Teche country to Alexandria, also the march across the country from that point to the Mississippi river, together with the complete investment of Port Hudson, and, in the meantime, the holding of New Orleans as a base of supplies, taken all together show both comprehensive planning and very brilliant execution. So much truthfully can be said by way of commendation.

And it would please the historian if this praise could be continued to the end of the chapter. But if this were done, it would make for a blow against the design and usefulness of history. History is of no value as history unless it is a truthful story, containing what is unfavorable as well as that to which is accorded our praises. Hence we must call attention to the uncommendable parts of the record. And we ought to say that there is almost always an uncommendable side in all great army movements. It is clear, upon a moment's reflection, that the first advance of our army on Port Hudson accomplished nothing. The plan had

been to reach a point on the night of March 14, where our artillery could be used to annoy the enemy and divert his attention. But we had not a single piece of artillery in position that night except by way of defense, nor were we near enough to throw a solitary shell into the enemy's fortifications. Farragut could have passed Port Hudson just as well as he did if our troops had been one hundred miles away or had been quietly resting at Baton Rouge.

It was also a great mistake to move up into the Teche country and especially on to Alexandria without positive assurances of coöperation with General Grant. Without such coöperation, nothing of importance could be gained, and assurances of such coöperation never had been given by Grant. And all chance for coöperation was forfeited by Banks's delay at Opelousas.

That campaign cost us dearly, with nothing to show for it, except, as we have said before, cotton, sugar, and molasses.

After having taken possession of that country, it was a mistake to leave it so precipitately as we did. It was essentially a forced and hasty retreat with the ordinary losses, when a retreat was by no means necessary. We should be less inclined to say this, were the statement not supported by one who was on the ground and who made a thorough study of that entire campaign. After estimating the strength of Banks's army at the time, and after showing how easily the country could have been held and how unnecessary was a retreat, Admiral Porter says, "This would not have been done had the leader [General Banks] been pos-

sessed of the qualifications of a military man."

It was no less a mistake to transfer the entire army across the country to Port Hudson, abandoning the Sixteenth without support at Butte á la Rose, and without providing for the protection of Brashear City and New Orleans.

Had a brigade of our army moved down through the Teche country, or had it taken transports down the Atchafalaya, relieving us on the way, and protecting Brashear City until the supplies were shipped to New Orleans, there would have been saved to the United States in money value, many times more than was received for all the cotton, sugar, and molasses that had been confiscated.

Aside from the great loss of military stores, all the personal baggage of Grover's, Emory's, and Weitzel's divisions that had been stored there was captured, which to our troops was almost a calamity.

All the railroad cars, which easily could have been sent to New Orleans, were run by the Confederates into Berwick Bay and the heavy cannon were sunk beneath its muddy waters. This whole business, by somebody's blundering, was a disgrace to those who were in command, that scarcely admits of excuse.

The two assaults on Port Hudson in May and June, as we have seen, were likewise grave mistakes. Thirty-eight hundred men in those engagements were lost to us with nothing gained.

May 19, the Confederate General Johnston, as the reader recalls, sent to Gardner to evacuate Port Hudson. Had our forces simply withdrawn on that date, for forty-eight hours, we

could have gained, except the rifles of the enemy, everything we did gain at the time of its surrender, and have saved all the losses incurred.

But it is replied that if the voluntary evacuation had taken place, the Confederates would have been at liberty to move elsewhere to fight the Federal forces. But we also could have moved elsewhere and have been in better relative position to fight, had such a move been made. But aside from this, there is no doubt that the officers and men captured by Grant at Vicksburg and those captured by Banks at Port Hudson, never kept their paroles and never were properly exchanged. They were reorganized and within a few weeks after their surrender, were fighting in utter disregard of their parole.

It was afterwards learned that the men at Port Hudson gave to the paroling officers fictitious names. Educated men among them pretended not to be able to write, but made marks against names not their own. Somehow, the Confederate soldiers and officers felt at liberty to engage in all such dishonorable proceedings.

But better, perhaps, as was remarked before, than giving Gardner a chance to escape would have been, at least from a military point of view, the "out-camping" or siege method, thus saving those bloody and fruitless assaults.

Our regiment took no part in the subsequent Red river expedition, and therefore we ought, perhaps, to pass it in silence. We venture, however, a single remark concerning it. That expedition was urged by General Halleck, who was not on the ground. Hence he was unqualified to judge

properly. It was opposed by Admiral Porter and by some of the ablest officers to the Department of the Gulf. The whole country knows how disastrous to the Federal troops was that expensive and unfortunate campaign.

The epitaph we therefore write

over the Department of the Gulf is this: Sufferings untold; heroism unexcelled; rapid and brilliant movements; campaigns that lacked wisdom; frequent failure of concerted action; government property wasted; patriotic and brave men needlessly slaughtered.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN AND MUSTER OUT.

IT was August 1, 1863, when our regiment stood in line for the last time on Southern soil. The line, however, was a depleted and pitiful one, so much so that the historian hesitates to attempt a description of the men who answered that call. It seemed almost as if death was there with the name of every man on his roll, and that without much delay he was to call their names one by one, and thus break up our ranks without any command from the officers.

What contrasts were suggested! At Concord, in New York, and early in the year at Carrollton, Louisiana, the adjutant had stood with pride before a body of as strong and noble men as ever formed in regimental line. But August 1, after fewer than twelve months had passed, the regiment was scarcely more in number than one of the original companies had been.

As the adjutant looked upon those haggard and pale faces and bent forms, and as he heard those husky and hollow voices answering to the roll-call, he turned from the scene with emotions that can find no expression in any tongue spoken by men.

The historian at this point, for a few moments, will allow others to speak. Says Captain Bosworth: "We were waiting orders to take the steamer and report at Concord, New Hampshire. One of the saddest sights that I ever witnessed, two or three days before we left, was to look down the company's streets and see the many sick men, hardly one of whom was fit for duty, lying on the ground; many of them not able to move about, but longing to start for home. Many of those men who left New Hampshire nine months before, full of the pride and strength of manhood and youthful ardor, were so debilitated that it was apparent they could never reach their homes.

"When the order came on the last day of July, and the officers' call was sounded from the colonel's quarters, one officer from each company reported at once. The adjutant read the order to pack and go on board steamer *Sallie List*. The colonel made a few remarks saying, 'You all know our only surgeon is prostrated with sickness, and that we have a great many sick men unable to get down to the landing. Captain Bosworth will turn over the command of his company to his lieutenant, and

take charge of the ambulances, and see that every sick and disabled man is carried down to the bluff and taken on board the steamer.'

"It was nearly a mile to the bluff, and the men one after another were taken down in ambulances. Then they were carefully taken out and laid on the ground with their knapsacks for pillows. Then they were gently taken on stretchers aboard the boat. This duty took up our time until evening. At length we were all aboard the steamer, and at midnight she started for Cairo."

From remarks made by Captain Howard at one of our late camp-fires at The Weirs, we quote the following: "I was ordered with my company to see that the knapsacks that had been taken on baggage wagons from our encampment at Port Hudson to the landing were properly placed and stored on board the steamer *Sallie List*.

"In my entire company there were but three men who were able to render any assistance. With these exceptions, our men were too disheartened and sick to care whether or not their knapsacks or any other of their belongings were placed on board the steamer."

A remark of the post quartermaster was also sadly suggestive. He had visited the boat during the embark-ing of the men, to ascertain what supplies were needed. Among other invoices that he thought, after making this visit, were necessary, was a quantity of plain, pine coffins. These, accordingly, were ordered. When the team that brought them came along-side the boat, he said to the officer of the day, "I judge by the looks of your men that you will need most

of these before you reach home." The sick and enfeebled men looked at those coffins while being brought on board and—wondered.

It was nearly two o'clock on the morning of August 2, when our transport, the *Sallie List*, a small stern-wheel freight boat, cleared the landing, swung into the stream and headed north. What glad visions of home were awakened in the minds of our men! Many of them thought if they only could reach home they would ask on this earth no greater blessedness.

The past, even the near past, began to have the tinge of dreams. Even thus early we hardly could believe that what we had been through was a reality.

On the way up the river, the boat landed at Natchez, leaving some of our men who already were stricken with death.

At Vicksburg, General Grant ordered his post surgeon to examine our sick, with a view of transferring to the floating hospital stationed there, all who were unable to continue the journey.

The surgeon's examination was necessarily a brief one, but was long enough to surprise and startle him. He ordered forty of our sickest men to be removed to the hospital boat. Poor men, they begged, with tears coursing down their cheeks, to be allowed to go on with their comrades. They were told by the kind-hearted surgeon that their only hope of ever reaching home was to receive medical treatment there, and rest awhile.

This quieted them to a certain extent, but still, as if some dread premonition hung over them, they reluctantly bade us good-by. Of that

forty, it grieves us to say, only one lived to reach New Hampshire.

Our sick and dying were left also at Helena, Memphis, Columbus, and Cairo, where they were cared for and buried at the hands of pitying strangers. As Captain Rice, speaking of the condition of the regiment and of the deaths that occurred on the way home, says: "Our dead lie buried from Port Hudson to Cairo; nay, in the soil of every state from Louisiana to New Hampshire, they sleep their last sleep."

It was August 9 when our steamboat trip ended and we were transferred at Cairo to cattle and freight cars. The accommodations in the stifled and contracted steamboat quarters had been none too good. During a part of the time up the river the days had been hot and the nights oppressive. Our men, meanwhile, were bunking on the hard floors, the rough decks, on piles and boxes of freight and among baggage and coffins.

All this had been hard enough to endure, but it was unspeakably worse in those comfortless and unkept cattle and freight cars. The continual jar and jolting were distressingly painful to our sick men, and no doubt hastened the death of not a few of them.

Perhaps, however, these were the best accommodations the government at the time could provide. We hope, however, that this was not a part of the murderous contract business that cost scores of valuable lives while it enriched a few scoundrels.

Two days and nights later we were transferred to a train of emigrant, and at length to comfortable passenger, cars.

Our journey took us through Cen-

tralia and Mattoon, Terre Haute, and Indianapolis, Union, Bellefontaine, Buffalo, Albany, and Worcester to Concord. "At all those and at other places," as Comrade Gilman says, "a heartfelt, gushing sympathy for our suffering regiment was manifested, loyal men and tender, loving women pressed upon us edibles, cordials, and delicacies in profusion."

On the morning of August 14, the train bearing our regiment entered slowly the station at Concord whence we had left November 25, the year before.

Our regiment had enlisted for nine months, but some of our men, dating from the time of enrolment were in service from twelve to thirteen months, and a large number of them had served only a month less than a year. The final muster out did not take place until August 20.

But we are anticipating a little. For several hours, in some instances for days, before reaching Concord, our men had been dusting and washing themselves, putting on their cleanest clothes and rubbing the dirt and rust from their accoutrements, in order to make, in presence of their friends, as respectable appearance as possible.

And we measurably must have succeeded in this, for the regiment, it was said, did not present quite such a pitiable and deplorable spectacle as was expected from reports that had reached the North, as to our condition when leaving Fort Burton for Port Hudson. And yet some of our comrades were so changed that fathers looking into the faces of their own sons did not know them.

As we stepped from the cars there

was a repetition of scenes that never can be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Husbands and wives, mothers and sons, brothers and sisters, young men, and those to whom they were betrothed were quickly and firmly clasped in one another's arms. There were, even among the lookers-on, but few cheeks not bathed in tears. But there was joy in those tears.

There were, however, other groupings here and there, composed of those who had come to greet us, fully confident of meeting dear ones of whose death they had not heard. Eagerly they were peering through the car windows to get a glimpse of faces they longed to see. Failing in this, they crowded among us as we filed out of the train, and pressed upon us their questions. "Where is Edward, or John, or Lawrence?" was asked by those anxious ones of those whom they recognized as former friends. We hesitated to answer. "What has happened? Did he not come, is he dead?" were the exclamations that followed, and that had to be answered thus: "He died just as we were leaving Port Hudson," or "he was left and buried at Natchez, or Vicksburg, or Cairo."

Dear Souls! God alone knew the anguish on that morning of those bereaved and disappointed hearts.

Sad messages, too, were soon on their way to anxious and agonized homes in the busy city, in the quiet village, and to the lowly hamlet that stood in the hush of the valley, or in the quiet among the beautiful hills.

During the next day or two the kind-hearted neighbors entered the home of more than one of our sol-

diers where the wife or mother was in waiting for the coming of the dear one. There was no mistaking the expression on the face of the messenger, even before the words were spoken from his trembling lips.

Agony! Is there not some word in our tongue that can more fittingly tell the world of the sacrifices that were made by those whose lives were saddened and shortened, and who with broken hearts long since were laid to rest?

Such is the story of the Sixteenth New Hampshire regiment. And we repeat once more, that while our deaths on the battle-field were not many, yet it becomes our mournful duty to say that from the time we went into active service to the time of our muster out, our death record is almost unparalleled by that of any other regiment from our own or any other state.

Including those who died within only a few weeks after their return, and who never rallied from the diseases contracted at Fort Burton, our roll of death, by the most careful estimates of our adjutant-general, reached from forty to forty-five per cent. of the men originally enlisted.

Only a few of us are left. The most of these, as the years go by, are feeling more and more the effects of our fatal campaign.

After a few years are added to our national history, it will be left for our children and our children's children to rehearse the story of how their fathers fought and suffered and died to preserve the union of states—"one and inseparable."

“TRINITY CHURCHYARD.”

By Walter M. Rogers.

Near to the quiet country town
Where first I drew my breath,
Stands “Trinity Chapel,” old and brown,
On the field of “the reaper Death.”
Undisturbed by the village din,
Silent it stands and lone,
While “listening silence” reigns within
On undisputed throne.

On a sunny summer Sabbath morn,
Beneath whose azure sky
The dew gleamed bright on the tasseled corn
As the tear in beauty’s eye,
I turned my steeds through the olden bridge
That spans the river’s bed,
Across the meadow and up the ridge,
To that city of the dead.

The morning breeze was hushed and still
The hills and vales along,
Save murmur of the rippling rill,
Or winged warbler’s song.
Naught else disturbed the calm repose
Save the requiem of the pines,
As the gentle zephyrs fell and rose
Along their quivering lines.

The quaint old chapel silent stood
Within the churchyard bounds,
Like sentinel of solemn mood
Guarding its sacred mounds.
“Gathered to everlasting peace,”
The silent sleepers lay,—
Tenants whose non-expiring lease
Knows no eviction day.

A peace that passeth human thought
Broods o’er that hallowed ground;
A stranger intermeddleth not
With reverence so profound.

Sunshine and shadow sportive played
O'er monument and stone,
As through the quiet paths I strayed
To muse of loved ones gone.

On every hand familiar names
Of old-time friends appeared,
Many, whom more than friendship's claims
Their hearts to mine endeared.
And backward wandering through the mist
Of memory's storehouse vast,
Unbidden rose the shadowy list,
The phantoms of the past.

It almost seemed the viewless throng
Had broke their dreamless sleep,
To come once more, with voice of song,
An earthly tryst to keep.
And forms of loved ones passed away
Came thronging to my view,
Companions of that earlier day,
When life was fresh and new.

Mysterious power! at whose command
The spectres of the past
Before our inward vision stand,
With meaning deep and vast,
While soul and sense, bewildered, stray—
From earthly scenes withdrawn—
Where halos of the heavenly day
Presage immortal dawn.

And once again the tender tone,
In fancy's dream, we hear,
As when some wind-swept harp has thrown
Its music on the ear.
As quickly lost—that visioned joy,—
And source from whence it sprung,
As passing breezes sweet and coy
With which the harp-strings rung.

Oh, joyful sense that reunites
The present and the past,
Its fading glories and delights
Too beautiful to last!
The tryst is o'er, and back again
To earthly scenes I stray,
A voyager on life's stormy main,
Ere long to come and stay.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

By Clarence Moores Weed.



ON a breezy day late in autumn the neighboring fields presented the appearance of a fairies' carnival. A thousand tenuous will-o'-the-wisps were dancing and whirling and sailing in every direction. Now one alone with feathery grace would glide along, to join a moment later a troop of airy sprites, and be wafted hither and thither by the erratic breath of the zephyr god. Here and there, the paths of miniature cyclones could be traced by the movements of whirling circles, while in other places solid phalanxes moved steadily forward. The ranks of the revelers were constantly depleted through desertions to the eastward, to be quickly filled by new recruits from out the west.

With some difficulty, I caught a few of these feathery sprites; and, holding them securely, started homeward, but a sudden gust of wind left me empty-handed, save for some tiny pieces of stems; the sprites, again at liberty, sailed away with mocking grace. I caught more, and, shielding them from the wind, got them safely indoors, where they proved to be the seed heads of a grass commonly known as "old-witch grass," though called by science *Panicum capillare*. The seeds of this plant are produced in a long, wide-spreading panicle, having the tips of the branches curv-

ing downward in such a way as to give a rounded outline, excellently adapted to rolling along the ground. The stem below the panicle is very brittle; as soon as it becomes dry, it is broken off by the wind and the seed head is wafted away until stopped by some obstacle. The seeds, held in tiny pockets at the tips of the branches, drop out on the way, so that the panicle scatters them all along its path. The plant has thus adopted a most efficient method of seed distribution, for out of the hundreds of seeds sown broadcast by every whirling panicle, some are pretty sure to find the right conditions for development.

This old-witch grass, or "fool hay,"—though the plant certainly has more wisdom than the name implies—may serve to illustrate the means adopted by a large class of plants for the dispersal of their seeds. Other grasses—notably the fly-away-grass (*Agrostis scabra*)—have adopted it; and to it is due the ubiquity of many of our most noxious weeds. The various "tumbleweeds" derive their common name from the habit of tumbling or rolling along the ground when the wind is blowing, scattering far and wide their myriad seeds. These plants usually have an oval or spherical outline, and the stem breaks off above the root after the ripening of the seed. Perhaps the

¹ From "Seed-Travellers: Studies of the Dispersal of Some Common Seeds." Ginn & Company. *In press*

most familiar example is the common tumbleweed of waste grounds—the *Amarantus albus* of Linné.

In the great, unbroken sweep of the prairies the tumbleweeds are especially at home; there they flourish much more than in hilly or mountainous regions, for there are comparatively few obstacles to their wide dispersal.

When South Dakota was divided, a county in the southern region was called Bonhomme, presumably out of deference to present or prospective French immigrants. To appeal to another class of settlers, perhaps, one of its towns was named Scotland. A little over twenty years ago, by other means than the names, there was attracted to this town a colony of Jews from the plains region of southern Russia. Some of these immigrants brought over a small quantity of flaxseed which had escaped the eye of the czar's tax-gatherer; when the long journey was ended, the Scotch-French town reached, and spring had opened in what to these Jews must have seemed indeed the good-man's county, where neither inspector could corrupt nor *gendarmes* break through and steal, the flaxseed was sown in the fertile prairie soil. It grew apace, and along with it there came up a slender reddish plant that seemed natural enough to the Russian Jew, for it had been commonly present in his crops on the far-away prairies from which he came. The slender red plants waxed strong, and as they grew older broadened out, becoming harsh and spiny. When the flax was harvested, they probably were left in the field; they were not useful to the flax crop, and in the density

of his ignorance one could not expect the immigrant to see in those scattered plants a menace to American agriculture of tremendous import. The eyes of others were equally blind; the following year many other plants came up, and so the species continued to multiply year after year.

The region immediately about where it first appeared was wooded and hilly, but in a few seasons it reached the surrounding plains, where it was rolled for miles and miles, and each year afterward invaded new territory. Within a dozen years, it had spread throughout South Dakota, had entered North Dakota on the south, Iowa on the north, and Nebraska on the east. During the next few years it spread with marvelous rapidity, invading Minnesota, Wisconsin, Colorado, Illinois, and Ohio. Its progress was aided by the railroads, which carried the seed to many distant localities, that quickly became new centres of distribution. Presumably, the plant will continue to spread by similar methods, and within a few years will be present in most of the United States.

Such, so far as it can be traced, is the past history of the plant commonly called the Russian thistle or Russian cactus, although it is neither a thistle nor a cactus. More appropriately, it is sometimes spoken of as the Russian tumbleweed. Botanically, it is a saltwort, being considered merely a plains variety of the saltwort common along our Atlantic coast, as well as in many parts of Europe; its technical name is *Salsola kali*, variety *tragus*. In the plains region of southeastern Russia, it has long been known as a noxious pest; on account of it, "the cultivation of

crops has been abandoned over large areas in some of the provinces near the Caspian Sea." In our own West, it has already caused damage amounting in a single state to millions of dollars a year, and it threatens to become one of the most serious obstacles to the successful pursuit of American agriculture.

The Russian thistle begins its yearly growth in a simple, inoffensive way. The young plants are slender and succulent, but as they grow older they harden and spread out, becoming densely covered with sharp spines. When full-grown, they often attain a diameter of four or five feet, with a distinctly rounded outline in typical examples. After the seeds have matured, the stem twists around and breaks off, thus leaving the tumbleweed free to roll wherever the wind blows it, dropping its seeds as it goes along. Inasmuch as one large plant is estimated to produce 200,000 seeds, which may be blown for miles, one can readily imagine how soon a prairie region might be overrun by the pest which grows so vigorously that it crowds out practically all plants with which it comes in competition. Nor is this its only means of causing trouble, for its spines vex men and animals, sometimes producing festering sores; it is able to spread prairie fires, and, piling up along wire fences, enables the wind to blow them over. "When large and well developed, they are bulky and stiff, making it very difficult to run harvesting machinery or even a plow. On railroad grades they prevent the growth of grass and other plants that would keep the banks from washing."

If a plant as a whole is unable to

part from its moorings and sail away, scattering its seed as it goes, the same result may be accomplished, in part, at least, by furnishing the seeds themselves with such appendages that they may be borne on the wings of the wind. This method of seed dispersal has been adopted by a large proportion of the flowering plants. The degree of adaptation varies greatly. In the case of many trees, the seed envelopes have been drawn out into thin plates, by means of which, in a strong wind,—when, of course, they are most likely to break away from the stem—they may be carried to a considerable distance before falling to the ground; even then, during high winds, many of them will be picked up and carried farther. The familiar keys of the maple and ash will come at once to the mind of every reader as examples of this kind of dispersal. It is to be noted that in such cases the seed has a decided advantage in starting at a point some distance from the ground; its chances of going far afield are much greater than they would be if the seed was borne on an herbaceous plant within a foot or two of the soil surface. Botanically speaking, the object which is commonly called the seed of maple, ash, or elm, is really a fruit. While most of us think of an edible pear or apple, peach or grape, when the word fruit is brought to mind, to the botanist it means simply "the seed-bearing product of a plant," whether edible or not. For example, if you examine the familiar seeds of the elm, you will find in the centre a tiny object, which is the seed proper. The brownish or greenish outer covering is the developed ovary, or the envelope in which the minute ovule was

borne in the blossom. In this case the margins of the ovary have been drawn out all around into thin plates, making a tiny parachute, which in a strong wind would sail some distance through the air before reaching the ground. Such a winged fruit is often called a samara or key-fruit. The hop-tree or shrubby trefoil has a similar, but larger, fruit with two little black seeds in the swollen centre. This is a two-celled samara, with each ovary having one-half of its margin drawn out, and the two united in such a way as to give an appearance very similar to the seed of the elm.

In the case of the ash tree, the fruit, instead of having wings all around, has a wing at the tip end only, the seeds proper being held in pockets at the basal end. The fruit of the maple is a two-keyed samara, joined at the base, with the wings developed along the outer edges.

The seeds which are most perfectly adapted to riding on the wings of the wind, are those in which a feathery pappus or tuft of silken hairs has been developed in connection with the seed or seed coat. Dozens of examples of such seeds at once come to mind—the thistle and dandelion, aster and goldenrod, poplar and willow, dogbane and milkweed, as well as many others. The seeds of these plants literally abandon themselves to the mercy of the winds; they may be miles from their starting point before alighting, and even then be picked up again and again before securing lodgment.

The family, which as a whole has most availed itself of the seed-carrying properties of the wind, is the Compositae—the great order of plants

with compound flowers, of which the thistle, sunflower, dandelion, and daisy are familiar examples. The adaptation to wind dispersal is beautifully shown in the seed heads of the common pasture thistle. The seeds, which are technically called achenes, are borne in the familiar, spiny, flower cups which spread apart as they ripen and dry. On the top of each achene is a crown of slender, white-plumose bristles, which on exposure to the air by the spreading seed head, expand more and more until finally they escape, taking with them the seed. This escape is most likely to take place on a dry day or during a drying wind, when the seeds will be carried with the breeze. The bristles which are borne on top of the thistle seed, represent the divisions of the sepals, which, the reader will remember, go to form the calyx or outer floral envelopes of the simpler flowers. A calyx modified in this way is usually spoken of as the pappus. In the case of the thistle, the carrying power of the pappus is greatly increased by the numerous plumose branches along each division.

The fact that the pappus is the modified calyx is easily seen by examining a newly-ripened seed head of a goldenrod or aster with a lens. It will be noted that the withered corolla enclosing the stamens and stigma is still in position, with the limbs of the pappus surrounding it at the base. At the slightest touch, the corolla breaks off, leaving simply the seed surmounted by the pretty expanded ring of white bristles. The seed heads of these plants are small, so that there is room for the expansion of the pappus on the rather short seeds.

The dandelion shows a slight modification of the structure prevailing in most composites; the pappus, instead of springing directly from the top of the seed, is borne on the end of a long beak into which the tip of the ovary has been prolonged. One advantage of this is to be found in the fact that by thus enlarging what we may call the circumference of expansion, the pappus of all the achenes gets room to expand. Were the pappus attached directly to the top of the ovary, as in the goldenrod, there would be a very crowded condition of things when the dandelion tufts attempted to spread out.

Like most weedy plants, the dandelion is very wise in its generation, having many characteristics which fit it to be a winner in life's race. Its bitter, milky juice prevents the attacks of insects and herbivorous animals; it takes two years to develop, getting thoroughly ready before attempting to set seed; until the time of blossoming it sends up no stalk, contenting itself with flat, horizontal leaves, upon which the beasts of the field may trample with little injury to the plant; the blossoms are conspicuous, and attract a great number of insect visitors to insure cross-fertilization, in the absence of which, however, self-fertilization is still possible; they close up under unfavorable weather conditions, to prevent loss of nectar and pollen; after the ovules have been fertilized, the head closes again, remaining in that condition until the seed is ripened; meanwhile, the beaks on the ovaries elongate, and the flower stem grows longer, pushing the seed head above the surrounding grass, where the ripened seeds, having assumed the

form of a ghostly sphere, are picked up by the wind, to be wafted far and wide.

The seeds of few plants are more beautifully adapted to wind dispersal than those of the common milkweeds or silkweeds. Every one who has wandered along our Northern highways in autumn, has seen the eccentric follicles of the common *Asclepias cornuti*.

As the pods ripen, they become dry and break open longitudinally, revealing a large number of flattened brown seeds, with thinner margins, packed snugly away along each side of a central partition. The seeds overlap in a manner suggestive of the shingles on a roof; only the ends of most of them can be seen, but those on the tip of the pod show that each bears on its smaller end a tuft of silken hairs, which, when the pod is first opened, lie straight and flat, with the ends of the hairs caught in the folds of the central membrane. On exposure to the air, the silken hairs one by one are disengaged, when each curls over toward the other end of the seed. Finally, nearly all the hairs on the upper seeds are disengaged, forming a beautiful crown fit for the zephyr god himself; apparently he thinks so, too, for with gentle breath he picks them up and bears them far away.

The long, slender, decorative seed pods of the dogbane or Indian hemp—a plant closely related to the silkweeds—give forth their beautiful little seeds in a similar way.

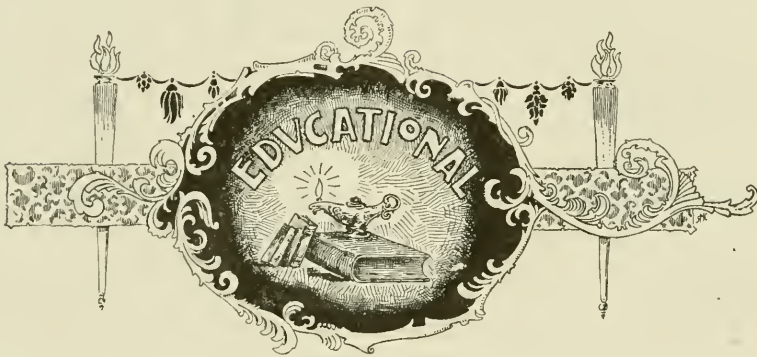
The seeds of the willow and poplar are covered with white, downy silk, by means of which they are borne through the air in summer, often so

filling it as to suggest a light snow-storm.

Of course, plants which rely upon the wind for the dispersal of their seeds have to take their chances that the seeds will find a lodgment under conditions favorable to growth. A large majority of them must meet with unfavorable conditions and be lost to the species. But the plants have amply guarded against such contingencies by producing, as a rule, vast numbers of seeds, so that if only one in a thousand develops, the species will be able to forge ahead in the race of life. The number

of seeds produced by our common weedy plants is almost incredible; five Russian tumbleweeds are believed to be able to develop a million seeds, and in most cases the number of seeds produced on a single plant runs into the thousands.

The moral of all this is not far to seek. However it may be with other men, he who tills the soil—no matter how small the area—cannot live to himself alone. In a myriad ways Nature insists that he is his brother's keeper, and under moral obligations that the keeping shall be borne constantly in mind.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction

THE NEW RICHARDS SCHOOL BUILDING AT NEWPORT.

By F. O. Chellis, Principal of the Newport High School.

With the completion and dedication of the Richards School building, the town of Newport once more becomes the object of the generosity of its honored and respected townsman, the Hon. Dexter Richards, and at the same time the handsome and imposing structure adds another attrac-

tive feature to Newport, a village that has already gained an enviable reputation for beauty and attractiveness.

The building not only supplies a long-felt need, but it provides the town with the last of what may be termed the modern improvements

which go to make up a first-class thriving New England village.

A lengthy article upon Newport appeared in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* of January, 1896. It is not the purpose of the present writer to review the ground covered in that article, but simply to give a somewhat extended description of the building, the cuts of which accompany this article.

The Richards School building is

As a result of their labors, the gift of Mr. Richards has been converted into the splendid school building that now adorns the central part of Newport village. It is situated upon a high and commanding eminence that presents as fine a view of natural scenery as can be found anywhere in New England, and thus there is combined in the building and its surroundings all that is beautiful in art and Nature, a condition so es-



The Richards School Building.

the result of a gift made to the town by Mr. Richards on the day of the annual school meeting in March, 1896. At this time Mr. Richards gave to the district \$22,000, to which he subsequently added \$3,000, for the purpose of erecting a high and grammar school building.

A building committee, consisting of D. J. Mooney, S. D. Lewis, P. A. Johnson, F. P. Rowell, and B. F. Peasley, was named by Mr. Richards and chosen by the district to carry into execution the plans of the donor.

sential to the best progress in education.

The following facts and statements are taken mainly from the report of the building committee, which was read at the dedication of the building.

The building is of brick with brown stone trimmings. It is 96 feet long, 60 feet wide, 2 stories high, each 12 feet high, with a 9-foot basement. The roof is a "sharp-pitched hip roof" slated with the best quality of slate. On the north side there are



High School Room.

two extensions in the walls, 5 by 20 feet each, to furnish additional stair space. There are three entrances on this side of the building, with porticos 7 by 15 feet over the east and west doorways.

The basement is so divided that there is a toilet room, lunch room, and large play room at each end of the building, with the boiler room between. The boiler room is paved, and the other rooms are cemented.

The first floor is occupied by the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades; the seating capacity of these rooms is 170. On the opposite side of the 8-foot corridor, which extends the entire length of the building, are three vestibules, two stairways, teachers' toilet, janitor's closet, and reception-room. Connected with each school-room in this corridor is a spacious open wardrobe.

The second and third floors are utilized entirely for the high school. On the second floor is the high school room, 50 feet by 40, with a seating capacity of 100, and connected with two large recitation-rooms. At the east end is the laboratory, 28 by 34 feet; the library, 16 by 18 feet; and the principal's room. A spacious wardrobe and hall separate the two

stairways. On the third floor is an assembly hall about 40 by 50 feet, provided with a commodious stage and side rooms. The hall was constructed by the alumni and former pupils of the school, and is called "Alumni Hall."

The finish of the building throughout is cypress. The floors are of Georgia pine.

The heating and ventilating is a



Grammar School Room.

combination of the gravity and mechanical systems, and was planned and installed by the Fuller & Warren Warming and Ventilating company. Steam heat is generated by two thirty-five horse-power low pressure boilers. All school and recitation-rooms and laboratory are warmed by indirect, and other parts of the building by direct, radiation.

A forty-two inch fan, driven by a three horse-power water motor, forces pure air, warm and cold, as needed, into the several rooms, whenever by the gravity system there may fail to be perfect ventilation. A small fan, driven by a two horse-power motor, ventilates toilet rooms and lavatories. There are drinking fountains in the halls of the first and second stories. The sewerage is connected

directly with the village system. The several school-rooms are provided with an abundance of blackboards, four feet wide, made of the first quality slate.

Each room is supplied with combination desks with natural cherry tops, so arranged that light from the windows comes from the left and rear of the pupil. The building is to be lighted by electricity, and is amply supplied with speaking tubes, electric bells, and gongs.

A large playground extends to the east of the building, while a beautiful lawn has been laid out to the front and north.

Such is the character of the building and its surroundings that is to be the future home of the school chil-

the end of the high school course. It is the purpose of the district to make the high school of such a character as to fit for the best New England colleges, and to this end a new curriculum was adopted at the beginning of the present fall term. The dedication occurred on September 6, and the exercises were commensurate with the importance of the event.

President Tucker delivered the principal address, his theme being "Democracy and its Relations to Education." It was a masterly and scholarly treatment of the subject, and duly appreciated by the vast audience that was present.

The "Dedicatory Hymn" was written by Mr. Edward A. Jenks of Concord, who is a native, and was for many years a resident, of Newport. The exercises were appropriately terminated by Dr. Tucker; as he stood upon the stone steps of the central entrance, he dashed against the building a glass of pure water, christening the edifice the "Richards School Building," and dedicated it to the cause of education, temperance, and virtue.

The people of New Hampshire are



Recitation Room.

dren of Newport, and it is not too much to say that the sweet, elevating, and refining influence of such an environment will silently but surely find its way into the life of every child until he assumes something of the nobleness of the splendid structure and the sweetness of God's pure air and bright sunshine.

With the new building has come a thorough and carefully-planned system of grading, from the fifth year to



Alumni Hall.

well aware that this is not the first benefaction that Mr. Richards has bestowed upon his native town. The Richards Free library, with its books and endowment, a handsome brick residence, and other smaller gifts represent, at least, \$75,000, which with the present gift will bring the

sum total to not less than \$100,000 that Mr. Richards has freely contributed for the purpose of promoting the intellectual life and moral growth of the community in which he was born, brought up, and has learned to love so well. Few towns can boast such citizens.



CHARLES A. DANA.¹

Charles Anderson Dana was born August 8, 1819, in Hinsdale, Cheshire county, New Hampshire, from which town, when he was two years old, his parents moved to Gaines, Orleans county, New York, and afterwards, when he was about eight years old, they removed to Guildhall, Vermont; at the age of twelve he went to live with his uncle in Buffalo, New York; was educated in the public schools, and for two years at Harvard college, leaving on account of failing eyesight, but eventually receiving his degree of A. B. as a member of the class of 1843, and also in 1861 the honorary degree of A. M.; he became in 1842 one of the Brook Farm association at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and his first newspaper work was on the *Harbinger*, a paper connected with that experiment: in 1844, he was an assistant editor to Elizur Wright on the Boston *Chronotype*; in 1847, an assistant to Horace Greeley on the New York *Tribune*, aiding in making the paper a radical anti-slavery journal, and continuing with it after a voyage to Europe in 1848, as one of the proprietors, and as managing editor, until April 1, 1862, when he resigned on a sudden request from Mr. Greeley, made because he was too strenuously forcing the *Tribune* to demand the utmost possible vigor in the prosecution of the war, and he did not again meet Mr. Greeley until ten years later, when he was supporting him in the *Sun* as the Democratic nominee for the presidency; on June 16, 1862, he became attached to the war department as one of the department commission to investigate claims at Cairo, Illinois, and on March 12, 1863, as special commissioner of the department to report on the condition of the pay service in the western army; on June 1, 1863, in order that he might be subject to military exchange if cap-

¹ From an article by Senator William E. Chandler in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* for March, 1896.



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THE LATE CHARLES A. DANA.

tured when visiting the front of the army, he was appointed major and assistant adjutant-general, and on December 31, 1863, was nominated to the senate for that office, but he never formally accepted it, and the nomination, at his request, after he returned from Vicksburg, was withdrawn on February 24, 1864; on January 20, 1864, he was nominated as assistant secretary of war for one year from January 19, 1864; confirmed January 26, and took the oath of office on January 28; renominated January 23, 1865, and confirmed on the same day—rendering the principal part of his service for the war department under the above commissions and as assistant secretary by visiting the army headquarters of Rosecrans, Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant, advising confidentially with the commanding officers, and corresponding freely with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, resigning as assistant secretary July 1, 1865; in 1855, he had begun to plan, compile, and edit, with George Ripley, the “New American Cyclopedia,” and the original edition was completed in 1863, and became the “American Cyclopedia” between 1873 and 1876; in 1867, he started the *Chicago Republican*; and on January 27, 1868, he issued the first number under his management of the *New York Sun*, and became its editor and proprietor, making it in 1872 a Democratic newspaper, and continuing in its control until his death, October 17.

GEORGE F. BERRY.

George F. Berry, a native of Pittsfield, died in that town October 7, aged 67 years. For more than twenty years he had been president of the Pittsfield Savings bank, and he had served the town and school district also as treasurer.

GEORGE C. LINCOLN.

George C. Lincoln died at his home in Dorchester, Mass., September 23. He was born in Walpole in 1821, and for thirty years was a prominent citizen of North Brookfield, Mass., where he held numerous offices, including that of town treasurer and selectman for many years. In 1878, he was elected as a Democrat to the legislature. He was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland in 1885, holding that office for four years.

FRANCIS COLBATH.

Francis Colbath died at Whitefield October 2. He was born in Farmington in 1815, and was the last surviving brother of Vice-president Henry Wilson. He was in the custom house in Boston many years ago, and carried on a farm in Canada until 1890, but has lived in Whitefield since 1891.

DR. I. L. MOORE.

Dr. I. L. Moore was born in Candia November 24, 1824, and died in Boston, October 2. He was graduated from Amherst college and from the Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia, and practised his profession in Lowell and Boston until 1868, since which time he had been mainly engaged in real estate operations. He was five times a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and for three years of the Boston school-board.

DAVID FOLSOM.

David Folsom, president of the H. & D. Folsom Arms Company, New York, died October 20. He was born in Auburn fifty-six years ago. He was educated at Dartmouth college, and in 1861, immediately on leaving college, went to St. Louis to join his brother, Henry Folsom, who had established a business for the manufacture of arms a year previously. The firm was known as the H. & D. Folsom Arms Company. At different periods it had branches in Chicago, Memphis, New Orleans, and New York.

DR. IRA H. ADAMS.

Dr. Ira H. Adams died at Derry September 15, aged 50 years. He was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1876, and commenced practice in Hooksett, but had been located at Derry for twelve years. He represented the town in the legislature in 1891, and was prominent in secret society circles.

JOHN N. BARR.

John N. Barr was born in Bedford September 22, 1819, went to Nashua at the age of 20, and remained there until his death, October 10, becoming a grain merchant and one of the most prominent business men of that city. He was a deacon and prominent member of the Pilgrim Congregational church.

IRA LEONARD.

Ira Leonard was born in Allenstown February 18, 1806, and died in Lowell, Mass., September 21. He was an inventor of considerable note, and had worked at various mechanical trades in many states of this country and in England.



Mt. WASHINGTON.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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AN HISTORIC LANDMARK.

By H. Bartlett Morrill.

IN 1741, Benning Wentworth was appointed governor of New Hampshire, and entered upon the duties of office with much splendor and brilliancy. Nine years later he erected, at Little Harbor, the retired and romantic residence that bears his name. The old Wentworth Mansion, as it is commonly called, has suffered less by the obliterating hand of time than any of the old houses in the immediate vicinity of Portsmouth. As one views the old pile to-day, so it was, with a few slight alterations, 147 years ago. Historically, the house has many associations. It was here that the immortal Washington first stopped on his memorable visit to Portsmouth, coming by water, and afterwards going to the town by land. There are many others, which are, however, of such an intricate nature that it will be impossible to mention them here. A pleasant walk of about two miles from the centre of the town brings us to the

entrance of the grounds; owing to an eminence, the house is not visible from the road; but as we enter the



Gov. Benning Wentworth.

driveway, it suddenly bursts into view and one experiences a thrill of pleasure, doubtless because of its unique



Wentworth Mansion—Front View.

aspect. The greater portion of the house is two stories in height, with wings forming three sides of a square. No style of architecture is in evidence; it has the appearance of a group of buildings, of no particular size or shape, which seem to have been added from time to time, according to the existing needs of the family,—though this is not the case I am told. Formerly, the house contained fifty-two rooms, but by a subsequent removal of a part, the number was reduced to forty-five. It commands a superb view of the waters of Little Harbor and the sea; indeed, it would be difficult to find a more variegated or beautiful environment. But let us enter the rambling old structure. When we cross the threshold, the present century, with its incessant turmoil and bustle, is left behind, and we step into the colonial period. Here the past seems to have come to an abrupt halt, to await our inspection; everything is said to be just as the old governor left it, and one can hardly doubt the truth of the assertion.

The first room we enter is the kitchen,—and what a kitchen! Culinary work would be a pleasure here. It is a large, square room with an

enormous fireplace; in the centre is a large, solid oak table of great thickness, which is scrupulously clean. The fireplace no longer performs its proper function, a modern cooking stove having been substituted, but its black and sooty sides testify that in times gone by many a huge log

has turned to ashes on its hearth. Leading from the kitchen is a passageway, at one end of which is a washing-room on a large scale. A number of small rooms open from the passageway,—these are for the help,—but we will turn to more interesting scenes. The dining-room, where so many sumptuous banquets have been held, is next to the kitchen. Here is a sideboard, noticeable for its queer construction and carving; an open fireplace, somewhat smaller than that in the kitchen, is here also. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of an ingenious machine which seems to consist of cog-



Rear View.

wheels, weights, and pulleys, that occupies a position on one side of the fireplace. By means of this curious contrivance, the spit on which various things were roasted, was made to turn continually; even though a clumsy thing, it has apparently acquired the secret of perpetual motion. In this room are numerous articles of interest, among them an old-fashioned egg-beater, constructed on the plan of a bow and arrow,—the arrow being fixed in the bow and made to turn. The place where the point should be is covered with projections and these, when the arrow is turned, beat the eggs. I fear I have forgotten the exact mechanism of this wonderful instrument, but it shows that our progenitors were not without inventive genius. I would say here

that the house is a perfect freak of architecture. One never knows when he is going to disappear from view down some unseen steps, or tumble over some ascending ones,—a most unsafe place for one who has lingered over his wine, or is of an absent turn of mind. Mounting a short flight of steps, we enter the spacious drawing-room, almost as rich in its original finish as it was 140 years ago. The wall paper is of large pattern, as is the paper used at present; just what the paper is composed of would be difficult to say, but it feels very much like plush. As we sink into one of the comfortable chairs with which the room abounds, it requires no

great stretch of the imagination to bring before us some of the scenes which once transpired here. By his first wife, Governor Wentworth had three sons, all of whom died dur-



Drawing-room.

ing his governorship, leaving him a childless and lonely widower. Naturally, in his loneliness, he began to look about for some one to help him bear the burden of life. A young lady,—Molly Pitman by name,—attracted his attention, and captivated his fancy. He proposed marriage, but the fair lady had placed her heart elsewhere,—with one who walked in the humbler paths of life, preferring him to the governor with his wealth and position, so he was refused. The governor did not forget the indignity of the refusal, and with the hope that the refractory one might yet yield to his persuasions, succeeded, with the help of a press

gang and an English frigate, in removing her husband, Richard Shortridge, from the scene. For seven long years he was tossed about on the stormy seas, going from one ship

dreamy "Old Town by the Sea." Mrs. Stavers, who enjoyed the distinction of being the wife of the first mail-carrier, is standing in the door of her boarding-house, looking in no

kind manner at a laughing, careless, bare footed girl, scantily clothed, who is passing the house, carrying a pail of water, in which, as the poet says,

"The shifting sunbeams danced."

"You pat! You pat! Oh, why do you go looking so?" cried Mrs. Stavers severely. "You should be ashamed to be seen in the street." "Never mind how I look," says Miss Martha, whose last name was Hilton, "I shall ride in my chariot yet." The prophecy was a fortunate one. Martha went to live at Little Harbor with Governor Wentworth, as a servant. Years passed away, and the thin, angular



Entrance to Council Chamber.

girl developed into a beautiful woman—a lady by instinct. The governor, who seems to have been susceptible to beauty and not too old to indulge in matrimony, fell in love with the fair Martha. A little later a dinner party is given to a number of friends, among them the Rev. Arthur Brown. It is in honor of his birthday, and after the most elaborate dinner, while the guests are discussing their tobacco pipes, Martha Hilton glides noiselessly into the room, gorgeously arrayed, with hair towering aloft. A look of surprise manifests itself on the faces of the guests, who wondering gaze at each

to another. Ultimately, he escaped, and returned to his wife, who, strange to say, had during his absence withstood the temptations and allurements proffered by the governor; and he, with all

"His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain"
had not made her untrue to her vows, nor carried her home as his spouse. The governor, though baffled in his first attempts, eventually obtained a life long companion,—but not Molly Pitman.

We will turn for a moment to another picture. The scene is on what is now known as Court street, in the

lar girl developed into a beautiful woman—a lady by instinct. The governor, who seems to have been susceptible to beauty and not too old to indulge in matrimony, fell in love with the fair Martha. A little later a dinner party is given to a number of friends, among them the Rev. Arthur Brown. It is in honor of his birthday, and after the most elaborate dinner, while the guests are discussing their tobacco pipes, Martha Hilton glides noiselessly into the room, gorgeously arrayed, with hair towering aloft. A look of surprise manifests itself on the faces of the guests, who wondering gaze at each

other. The governor rises, and

"Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down
And said unto the Reverend
Arthur Brown,
This is my birthday; it shall
likewise be
My wedding day, and you
shall marry me."

It was perfectly natural that the Rev. Arthur Brown should be slightly surprised, as well as confused, and in the absence of self-possession, which usually forsakes one at such moments, he could think of nothing to say, save, "To whom, your excellency?" which was certainly not brilliant. "To this lady," replied the governor. The reverend man hesitated, but as the governor commanded, the ceremony was performed, and plain Martha Hilton be-

came Lady Wentworth, and proved a faultless wife. Unquestionably, she apprised Mrs. Stavers of the fact ere many days had passed.

Leaving the drawing-room, we descend a flight of steps and enter the council chamber. At the entrance to this room are cases in which rest the muskets used so long ago by the governor's guard. Sad affairs they are, but they have seen better days, and serve to arouse our sympathy for the unfortunate men who had to carry these small cannon. The council room, the largest in the house, is a square, high-studded apartment, furnished in all the richness of the period; this is by far the most entertaining of all the rooms. Over the open fireplace is an exquisitely carved mantel



Council Chamber—Showing Paintings and Settee.



Council Chamber—Showing Mantel and Carving.

of large dimensions; the work is admirably wrought, and is said to have been brought from England, where it cost the maker a year's labor. Directly opposite the mantel is a long bamboo settee of odd pattern. A shiny, well-worn cushion covers the seat. Doubtless the governor's council sat on this while discussing questions of vital



Billiard-room and Old Spinet.

importance to the state. A billiard room opens off the council chamber. No longer is there a table there, but an antique spinnet stands in its place. It has a ghostly voice, which seems to reproach the meddler for molesting its ancient reign. In one corner stands a claw-footed buffet, on which many a well-filled punch-bowl has rested; probably it is the imagination, but one thinks he can still detect the delicious odor of punch.

The walls here are adorned with some excellent family paintings. Once these mute people on canvas thronged these old rooms in all their glory,—but alas! they are no more. One in particular deserves special mention. This is that of the beautiful Dorothy Quincy, afterwards the wife of John Hancock, and once more Madam Scott. This painting

is by Copley. Also, opening out of the council room are a number of tiny apartments, which were used for cards. In the dark night hours when the wind howls mournfully around the old house, perchance the ghosts of the illustrious ones who once played here, return for a quiet rubber. We will now go upstairs. The second floor is a labyrinth; one actually needs a guide to get around, and Theseus's bit of thread would get hopelessly tangled here. The passages wind in and out, up and down, and appear and disappear in the most annoying manner. How guests who

dined late at the hospitable mansion, and spent the night there, ever found their rooms, is a mystery yet to be solved. Each bedroom has a small dressing chamber scarcely large enough to turn around in, connected with it. To get to this, one has to descend a number of steps, sometimes more, sometimes less. There are no two things or rooms alike in the house. That the honey of life is variety was evidently the governor's

maxim. Woe betide the somnambulist who undertook nocturnal pilgrimages in that perilous region; if he escaped with a broken leg he was fortunate. Throughout the house, with the exception of the council and drawing-rooms, the floors are bare and freshly painted.

I cannot close this paper without mentioning the cellar. It is most extensive, and the massive beams of oak seen everywhere, show of what material, and in what a substantial manner colonial mansions were built. In times of danger it was the custom to keep the horses here; a troop of thirty or more could easily find shelter. Before

leaving, I was shown a number of historical relics—not bogus, as are most of those we pay to look at abroad, but genuine in every respect. Among them was a huge padlock, which would have sufficed to lock the doors of Newgate or the Old Bailey prisons. I am inclined to believe that even the dusky redskins would have been appalled, if treated to a sight of this ponderous lock, and given up an assault on a house so well protected. The present owners are always willing to gratify the decent curiosity of strangers, and a visit to this quaint old structure of long ago is well worth the time, and will not be regretted.

AT PARTING.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

Farewell, O friends, that long have helped me bear
The burden of my woe;
Beyond the reach of your fond love and care
I now must go.

With wistful eyes I peer into the night,
Hoping that I may see,
In some far window set, a light
Shining for me.

But all in vain—no cheering ray, alas!
Illumines the Unknown,
And hoping, doubting, wondering, I pass
Into the dark alone.

If this ends all, within the old earth's breast
There is a cool retreat,
Where safe from pain's tormenting lash I'll rest—
And rest is sweet.

And if our hopes in some blest Aidenm bloom
And perfect fruitage bear,
My stumbling feet shall struggle through the gloom
Till I find refuge there.

to the House of Representatives
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mittend

Humphreys, Humber

William Dalton

Samuel Dalton

Trin. (W. Ind.)

~~Gammal fogg~~
Nathaniel Barker

Christopher Columbus

John Martin

in about half an hour
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THE SANBORN OR SAMBORNE FAMILY.

EARLY OPPOSITION TO ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT IN HAMPTON.

By F. B. Sanborn.



IN Mr. Victor C. Sanborn's genealogy of the Sanborn family, to be published next year, space will be given to an important document for the early history of Hampton, and of the Sambornes (as they then wrote the name) in America. Joshua Coffin, in his "History of Newbury," and Miss Lucy Dow, in her "History of Hampton," have briefly touched on the resistance to arbitrary government, by the early planters of Hampton, in the year 1653, when the persecution of the Quakers was about to begin, preceded, as it was, by severe measures against the Baptists. But neither of these chroniclers seems to have quite understood the importance of the act in question, or the significance of the protest made against it. Mr. Coffin had seen the petition of the Hampton planters, but did not print it in full; and naturally he paid more attention to the remonstrances from Newbury, the town of which he was writing the history. The course of events ran something like this:

Robert Pike, one of the founders of Salisbury, and, in 1653, a lieutenant, petty magistrate, and active citizen there, at the age of thirty-six, was informed that the General Court of the Massachusetts colony, of which John Endicott was then governor,

had passed a law making it penal for certain persons to teach religion,—aimed particularly, it was said, at Thomas Macy and Joseph Peasley, of Salisbury, his neighbors,—and was properly indignant at such intermeddling with the conscience of Englishmen. Being accustomed to speak his mind, Lieutenant Pike declared that "such persons as did act in making that law, did break their oath to the country"; for, said he, "It is against the liberty of the country, both civil and ecclesiastical." In this he was but echoing the words of Vane and of Cromwell, then in power in England, who had said, "Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it." But the Massachusetts bigots held no such liberal doctrine; and they soon sent an officer from Boston to the other side of the Merrimack, to bring Pike before them. Once there, the general court ordered him to pay a fine of twenty marks (about thirteen pounds sterling) and to be disfranchised, disqualified from ever holding office, and bound over to good behavior, like a criminal.

Lieutenant Pike was personally known to every man in Hampton, the next town beyond Salisbury, and much sorrow and wrath was felt at his unjust sentence. Then, and for years after, he was intimate with

Christopher Hussey, a leading citizen of Hampton, and the uncle by marriage of Nathaniel Bachiler, grandson of Rev. Stephen Bachiler, who had founded the plantation in 1638, and of the three brothers Samborne, John, William, and Stephen, from whom all the American Sanborns are descended. Mr. Hussey seems to have been the man who advised a petition to the court, asking to have Pike's sentence revoked; from the handwriting it was probably drafted by John Samborne. They and their kinsmen signed it, and they were joined in this by the two Daltons, brother and nephew of the successor of Bachiler in the ministry, by Robert Tucke, the "chirurgion" of the town, by Jasper Blake, Abraham Perkins, Humphrey Humber, the Marstons, Moultons, and other substantial citizens, to the number of thirty-eight in all. A larger number of signers added their names in Salisbury and Newbury, and a few in Andover and Haverhill; but the first page of the rare old paper is given up wholly to Hampton, and the autographs of its planters. It is still very legible, as will be seen,—and nowhere else is there extant a fuller list of the actual signatures.

This moderate and numerously-signed petition made the Lords Brethren at Boston (if possible) still more angry than they had before been. They had the prudence, however, to repeal the obnoxious order "concerning public preaching without allowance; which order, we understand, is dissatisfactory to divers of the brethren whom we have cause to respect and tender." But they also proceeded to punish the petitioners in these words:

The Court cannot but deeply resent that so many persons, of several towns, conditions and relations, should combine together to present such an unjust and unreasonable request as the revoking the sentence passed the last court against Lieutenant Pike and the restoring him to his proper liberty, without any petition of his own, or at least acknowledgement of his offence, fully proved against him; which was no less than defaming this Court and charging them with breach of oath; etc.—which the petitioners call some words let fall by occasion. The Court doth therefore order, in this extraordinary case, that commissioners be appointed in the several towns,—namely, [here those for the other towns] and Captain Wiggan for Hampton,—who shall have power to call the said petitioners together, or so many of them at a time as they think meet, and require a reason of their unjust request, and how they came to be induced to subscribe to said petition, and so to make return to the next session, that the court may consider further how to proceed herein.

This was the preliminary step. After Captain Wiggan had made his report for Hampton, as given below, and it appeared that Christopher Hussey and his nephew, John Samborne, would not give up their right to petition, in any manner and for any cause they saw fit, the Lords Brethren then voted (October; 1654,) that those persons "who have not given satisfaction, and whose names are herein written, shall be summoned to give bond, in £10 for each man, to give answers for their offence before the county court." It does not appear whether my ancestor actually gave bonds or not,—probably only in name, if at all, for he continued to serve the town of Hampton in various capacities, civil and military, till his death in 1692, at the age of seventy-two. He was even recommended by Sir William Warren to the Lords of Trade, in 1679, as one of the persons in Hampton best qualified for his majesty's council,—to which, in fact, his uncle Hussey was

appointed. And it is worth remarking that of the four so named by Sir William (Samuel Dalton, Captain Hussey, John Samborne, and Nathaniel Weare) all who were living in Hampton in 1653 had signed the censured petition. It may be further remarked that Thomas Wiggin, who made the report, was not strictly a resident of Hampton at any time; but had taken up a large farm in Stratham, not yet made into a town, and was rated and paid taxes at Hampton for convenience, rather than at Exeter; his son Andrew afterwards (1659) married Hannah Bradstreet, daughter of Simon, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, and his wife, the poetess, Anne Bradstreet, whose father was Governor Dudley, one of the strictest of the Lords Brethren.

The Wiggin report, in 1654, was brief and suggestive :

For Hampton, Captain Wiggin returns that those persons that gave their hands to that petition do acknowledge their offence, and humbly desire the court to pass it by; except two persons, who refused to make answer, to any satisfaction; whose names (Christopher Hussey and John Samborne) are here underwritten.

It is probable that the uncle and nephew, as heads of the two families of Hussey and Samborne, took upon themselves the reproach that might attach to disobedience, and allowed the younger members to shield themselves from further censure.

It is extremely doubtful if either William or Stephen Samborne (the latter had special charge of his aged grandfather, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, then ninety-three years old, and went to England with him not long after), "humbly desired" to be pardoned; but they were probably so reported

by Captain Wiggin, who wished to bring the matter to a peaceful issue. Still less is it likely that another of my ancestors, Edward Gove, then registered in Salisbury, but afterwards a citizen of Hampton (in that part which is now Seabrook), made many apologies for his boldness in petitioning; for he was the person who, in 1683, headed a small rebellion against the tyranny of Cranfield and Mason in New Hampshire, and was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for that offense. Gove was taken to England, but there pardoned and returned to Hampton, where he died in his bed. John Samborne's son Joseph married Edward Gove's daughter, and established himself, about 1680, on the Sanborn estate in Hampton Falls, where I was born, and which has never since been out of the family. John Samborne himself was arrested in October, 1684, at his house in Old Hampton, for not admitting the title of Mason to his property there; the next year he was chosen, with his cousin, Nathaniel Bachiler, to represent Hampton in the general assembly at Portsmouth. He died in 1692, as before said, and his brother William (who was drawn a jurymen for the trial of Gove, in 1683, but did not sit) died the same year. From these two brothers are descended all the Sanborns in the United States and Canada.

Major Pike (he rose to that grade after 1653, when he was only lieutenant,) paid his fine for exercising the privilege of free speech, but was not long disfranchised; his pastor, Mr. Worcester, who preceded the pugnacious John Wheelwright as minister of Salisbury, petitioned the general

court in Pike's favor, and the court voted October 23, 1657, to revoke his sentence. He was soon after elected representative from Salisbury, and took his seat at Boston, May 10, 1658. At the same session, but without Pike's vote, a second severe law was passed against the Quakers, of which sect by this time were Thomas Macy and Joseph Peasley, at whom the law of 1653 was aimed. Macy soon went away to Nantucket, of which he and a son of Christopher Hussey were founders, and where Pike was one of the landowners. King Charles II. in 1661 revoked the law against the Quakers, after several of the sect had been hanged in Boston, and others flogged in other towns,—two women, in particular, having been sentenced by Major Waldron of Dover to be flogged, in 1656, all the way from Dover to Ipswich, at the cart's tail. When they reached Salisbury, Major Pike, through Walter Barefoot, released them, and forbade their whipping in his jurisdiction, as the tradition goes. In 1682, notwithstanding his liberal opinions, he was made an assistant, that is, a councillor, of the governor of Massachusetts, and continued in that office till he was eighty years old. In the *New England Magazine* for September last, is a portrait of this old worthy, with a sketch of his life, and an account of the petition here copied; but Mr. Withington, the writer, had apparently never seen the original petition. In the only form now preserved, none but the Hampton petitioners and some of those from Salisbury signed in autograph; the other names are copied on the back of the Hampton petition, which makes the first page with its

signers, thirty-eight in number. Only seven of these were unable to write their own names; and the list includes nearly all the principal citizens of Hampton, Hampton Falls, and Seabrook, at that date. Transcribed into legible English, but preserving the antique spelling, this interesting document reads as follows:

To the Honoured Generall Court

Nowe assembled at Boston,

The humble petition of
the inhabitants of Hampton,
Salisbury, Newbery, Haverall, Andover, Sheweth:

That Whereas our Loving friend Leaftenant Robert Pike of Salsbery hath by occasion, as it is witnessed Against him, Let fall som words for w^h this honrd Court hath bine pleased to censuer him,

Wee haveing had Experiance that he hath beene A peaceable man and a usefull instrument amongst us, Doe thearefor humbly desier this honnered Court that the sd. Sentence maye be Revoaked and that the sd. Leaftenant Pike bee Again restored unto his former Libertye. Soe shall wee still praie, etc.

Christopher Husse, Robart Tucke, Richard Swaine, John Samborne, Francis Swaine, Willem Samborne, Stephen Samborne, Moses Cox, William Fifield, John Redman, Thomas Fletcher [?], Jeffery Mingay, Eliakim Wardell, John Wedgwood, Thomas Marston, The T Mark of Willim Maston, Philemon Dalton, Samuell Dalton, Robert Page, Will. Moulton, Sainuell Fogge, Nathaniell Bachiler, Jisper Blake, Christopher Palmer, John Marston, The I Mark of Josiah Meren, The Mark of Antoni Talier, The I Mark of John Cass, The T Mark of John Merin [Marian], Thomas Coullman, Thomas Philbrock, Abraham Perkins, Henry Roby, The T Mark of William Cole, Nathaniell Boulter, Humphrie Humber, The Mark .Y of John Cliffoord.

Along the lower margin of the page is written by the clerk of the deputies:

The deputies deser the honer'd Magistrates to declare their Apprehensions in this Case in the first place.

WILLIAM TORREY Cleric.

No date appears on this petition, but it was signed in the years 1653—

'54, and presented in the spring of the latter year, I think. This was at the time the Quakers began to be troublesome to the Puritans, although the first English Quakers did not land in Boston till the summer of 1656; and the first law against them in Massachusetts (which still held jurisdiction in the four New Hampshire towns of Hampton, Exeter, Dover, and Portsmouth), was published by beat of drum, October 21, 1656. Its savage preamble ran thus:

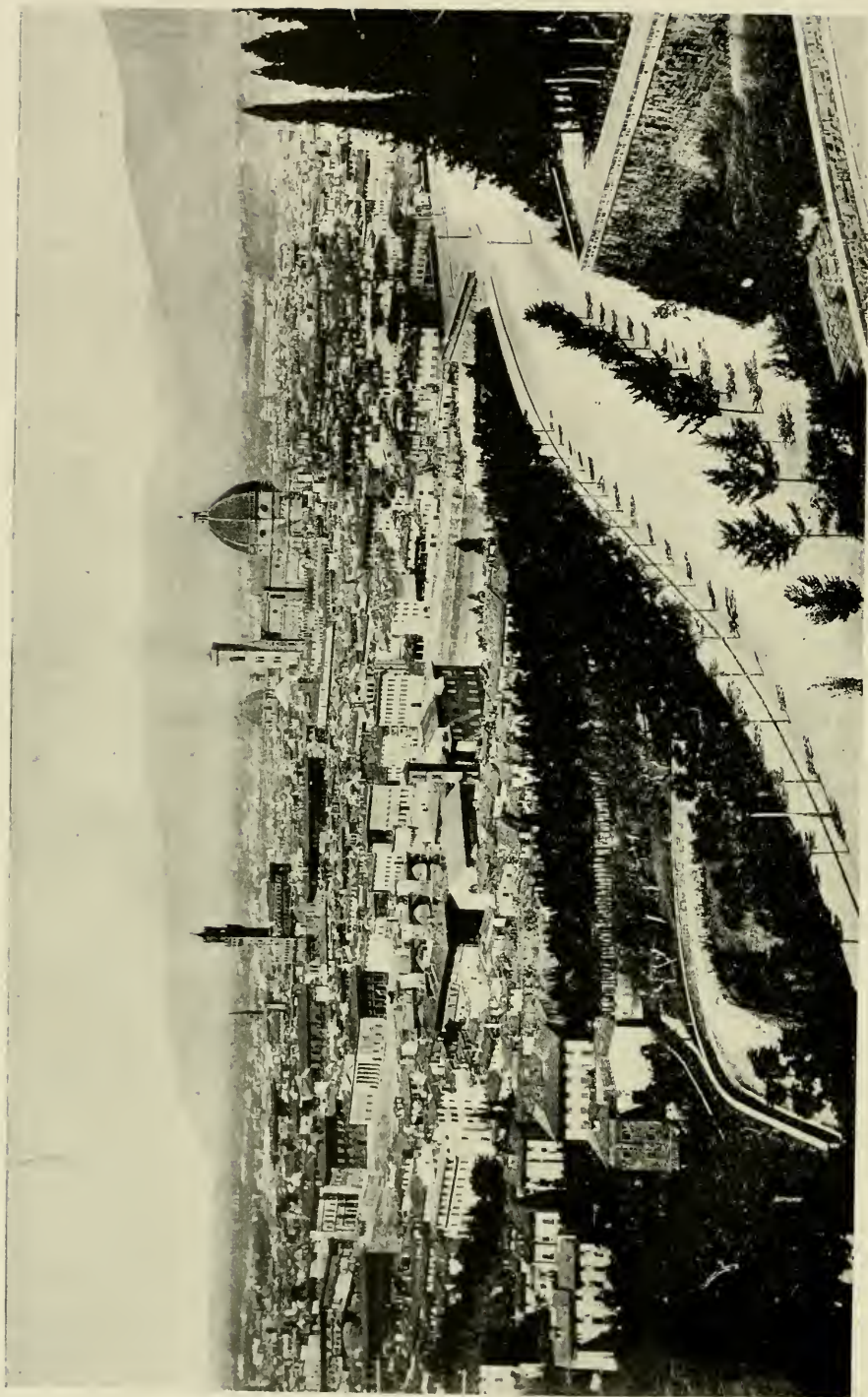
Whereas there is a cursed sect of heretics lately risen up in the world, which are commonly called Quakers, who take upon them to be immediately sent of God, and infallibly assisted by the Spirit to speak and write blasphemous opinions, despising government and the order of God in church and commonwealth, speaking evil of dignities, reproaching and reviling magistrates and ministers, seeking to turn the people from the faith, and gain proselytes to their pernicious ways, etc.

During this short persecution of the Quakers, Christopher Hussey and his family seem to have joined the sect, which became numerous in Seabrook and Salisbury, numbering many of the names of Chase, Hussey, Page, Philbrick, Gove, etc. But John Samborne, my immediate ancestor, and his family seem to have remained in the orthodox church; they were friendly to liberty and stout in resisting aggression, but not given to fanatical ways or strange doctrine. Edward Gove may have been tinctured with fanaticism; some of his sayings and doings look like it, and he was the progenitor of many Quakers, as well as of one race of Sanborns. Both he and his daughter Mary's father-in-law, John Samborne, were of the class described by Gray as

Some village Hampden who, with dauntless
breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;

and both Samborne and Hussey had no hesitation in withstanding the more formidable tyranny of the bigots who then bore sway in Boston. The right of petition has seldom been more haughtily denied than by these petty rulers who fined Pike, and threatened his neighbors for raising a respectful voice in his behalf.

An examination of the autograph signatures discloses some odd facts. While many of the Hampton planters use a chirography resembling Shakespeare's peculiar signature, others, as the three Sambornes, have a more clerkly hand, of the early seventeenth century; and still others, like Abraham Perkins, Humphry Humber, and Nathaniel Bachiler, write as do men of the present age. The latter's signature resembles his grandfather's, Rev. Stephen, as preserved in his letters to Governor Winthrop, and given in the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, by Victor Sanborn contributing his researches in England on the Bachiler and Samborne families. He is soon to publish the copious genealogy, on which he and other New Hampshire Sanborns have been working for more than half a century, and has been fortunate in finding, at the office of the secretary of state of Massachusetts, this list which preserves the unquestioned autograph of three brothers who came to Hampton, 250 years ago, to plant there the sturdy race now branching into almost every state of the Union and every province of Canada.



Florence, from the Viale dei Colli, near the Piazzale Michelangelo.

A SCULPTOR'S DREAM.

By Margaret Littleton.

"The conscious stone to beauty grew."—EMERSON: *The Problem*.

I.

GIANPAOLO BARICHIELLI and Alberto Corvetti had been friends from childhood. In after life, when business partners, both lived in the same grim old Florentine palace of the Via dei Bardi. Their wives were friends; their eldest daughters grew up as sisters. When Gianpaolo's little son was born, Corvetti's wife was godmother to the child, who was named, by the desire of his godfather and maternal uncle, after one of Italy's greatest men—Michelangelo. His mother called him her little angel, her "Angioletto," and this appellation developed by degrees into "Angelo." He was a sweet-tempered child, a trifle too thoughtful for his years, but not wanting in animal spirits. Maria Corvetti petted and loved him almost more than her friend Giulia Barichielli; the girls eagerly disputed his baby caresses; Alberto Corvetti was consulted in all things concerning his physical or moral welfare. If ever a child was surrounded by loving care, it was the little Michelangelo Barichielli.

When he was four years old, he was told that a little "Angioletta" had been brought to his dear *madrina*¹. He was taken to see the tiny morsel of humanity, which was blink-

ing its large gray eyes in a carved wooden cradle. Angelo looked at the little stranger with a solemn face; then he ran off without saying a word. The mothers half thought that he was jealous of their attention to it. But he soon returned with his favorite toy, a large woolly lamb, which he held out towards the baby, saying tenderly:

"Take the *agnello*,² and keep it always, *Agnella mia*, sweet one."

The baby threw out its pink fist, but of course did not take the lamb. Its mother said she would keep it till the little Agnella was old enough to play with it, at which Angelo was quite satisfied. From that day, the baby became the first object of his affection. Far from being jealous, he thought it was not enough admired and looked at. Had he been allowed his own way, he would have taken it to all his friends, and would himself have choked it with the vehemence of his kisses.

When the baby was a week old, Giulia Barichielli carried it in her arms to the grand octagonal baptistery, the just pride of Dante and all other Florentines, where it received the name of Agnese Giulia Raffaella. After the return from the ceremony, there was a long confabulation between the heads of the families. Agnella's little hand was placed in An-

¹ Godmother.

² Lamb.

gelo's, while all knelt round. There was a moment's silence; then Barichielli raised his eyes and said reverently:

"May God unite their hearts, as we unite their hands."

Maria Corvetti responded, in a voice choked with tears:

"May the holy Virgin watch over them, and fill them with love, if their life be granted us."

Thus Michelangelo Barichielli and Agnese Corvetti were betrothed to each other, according to the custom of baby unions, which is not yet quite extinct in Italy.

II.

In spite of a very delicate infancy, the little Agnella lived and thrived. She developed into a child of wondrous grace and loveliness, sweet and gentle as the youthful martyr whose name she bore. Angelo's devotion to her only increased with years. He shared with his *sposina*¹ all his joys and sorrows, all his games and occupations; he always came to her for companionship and sympathy, and was never quite happy where she was not. It seemed as if the parents' prayer had been granted, and the children's hearts were redeeming the pledge of their babyhood.

III.

According to Italian ideas, it was not deemed desirable to impart to Agnella's very receptive mind more than the merest rudiments of knowledge. From the age of thirteen, the only lessons given her were in music, dancing, and the making of artificial flowers. At fifteen, her education was thought to be complete. An-

gelo, meanwhile, had passed brilliantly through the best school of Florence, and had even attended some of the university classes. His father had destined him for the merchant profession,—he, the only son, should perpetuate the good old firm of Corvetti, Barichielli & Co. But the boy's tastes lay elsewhere. His godfather, who superintended the carving of statues and images from artists' models (for very few sculptors do the actual chiseling of the works they have modeled) had always allowed him the run of the workshop, and there he had spent most of his leisure hours, watching the growth of marble wonders under the hands of skilful artisans, and learning the secrets of the art. He met there many talented artists, who admitted the enthusiastic lad to their intimacy, and who kindly guided and encouraged his attempts at modeling. Sometimes they took him to their studios, where they developed his critical powers and solicited his approval, or they let him accompany them to the galleries while they copied the great works of ancient and medieval art.

At home, Angelo's love of sculpture was not at first repressed. Every Italian loves all things beautiful and artistic. In that favored land, artists are as common as they are rare in most other countries; you may find them in the glass factories, on the house decorator's ladder, in the tinker's shed, as well as among the higher classes. And nowhere is the feeling of art more prevalent than in stately Florence, the beautiful "Lily of the Plain." Its situation develops the sense of form and color in the youngest of its inhabitants. Its

¹ Little bride.

houses are palaces; its streets are instinct with grand traditions, and resplendent with forms of beauty and symmetry. Its churches are magnificent monuments to the greatness of the human soul. Its museums and galleries, its chapels and public edifices are guardians of the sublimest creations of human genius, in its most varied and noblest expression. One walks as in an enchanted dream amidst pictures and statues replete with life, thought, and feeling. The heavenly visions of Raphael; the ethereal images of Fra Angelico; the fervent religious art of Giotto; the living portraits of Van Dyke and Rembrandt; the touching creations of Fra Bartolommeo, Sodoma, Botticelli, Fra Lippo Lippi; the passionate richness of Andrea del Sarto; the sensuous splendor of Paolo Veronese—all these, and many besides, present, in vivid colors and soft contours, the ideal of loveliness, the realization of passion. The white world of chiseled harmonies admits us into its hallowed precincts; we fathom the peculiar secrets of the burnished, shadowy bronze. We learn the pulsation of life and movement from such ancient masterpieces as the "Dying Alexander," the "Niobe" group, the chaste and graceful "Venus Genetrix." We touch and grasp the spirit of medieval genius in marvels like Michelangelo's "David," Cellini's "Perseus," John of Bologna's "Mercury," Donatello's "Saint George." We are taught the sanctity of sorrow and the glory of fame by the monuments of the dead in Santa Croce and its sister sanctuaries. Surely, if a man or a woman have but the veriest glimmer of the "sacred fire!" Florence, the glo-

rious home of beauty and art, must fan each struggling spark into burning life and light.

What wonder, then, that Michelangelo Barichielli, the refined and impressionable son of Florence, should feel his soul stirred to its depths by the mighty assertions of the spirit which moved his illustrious namesake? What wonder if his most sacred thoughts, his loftiest aspirations, the vibrations of his inmost being should clothe themselves in marble visions, should surge and work within him, crying and wrestling for expression? The only wonder was, that his father and his father's friend, like him the denizens of that lordly city, should fain force him into a career which was odious to him, since it meant the sacrifice of his dearest hopes. Yet he ended in submission, because he loved his father and the father of Agnese; he clung to his home and its associations; he knew that further resistance on his part would sever the union which had been sanctioned by the baby betrothal and the closest intercourse of years. There was a fierce struggle between art and love, but in the end love conquered, though the victory was bought with the youth's heart blood, with the radiance of inspiration and the promise of widespread fame, of a place near his great predecessor and with the friends of his boyish days.

But the victory was gained at last, and Agnella's love was accepted in exchange for the marble dream-forms and throbbing art-pulsations.

IV.

Agnella's slender fingers are wandering over the ivory keys, calling



Daughter of Niobe, Protecting the Body of her Expiring Brother.

forth sweet melodies in the Sunday evening twilight. The elder girls are exchanging confidences in an adjoining room; the fathers were enjoying their well-earned rest; the mothers are recalling memories of the distant time when Agnella was so nearly taken from them. Angelo is sitting on Agnella's low baby-stool before the great marble fireplace, whose delicate reliefs first awakened in his infant soul the fire that will not be quenched. Six months of struggles and self-control have sadly changed the handsome boy. His features are white and sharpened; his brow is contracted; his mouth is set in a rigid, drooping curve; his eyes are bright with a dark radiance blended with deep melancholy; his clenched hands work convulsively. He has given in, it is true; but the forms of beauty will not be chased

from his inward vision; they return incessantly to reproach and torture him. Agnella's sorrowful sympathy still has the power to win a smile from him; but when she is not at his side, his face resumes its hopeless sadness.

The sweet, dreamy music stirs him as it does any truly artistic and sensitive nature. In lifting him above the realities of earthly existence, it reveals to him the highest and noblest part of himself. But alas for those who have any cause to dread and shun their better selves! The purest of abstract delights then becomes a cause of pain and bitterness. If Angelo allows himself to think of anything beyond the distasteful business or the lovely *sposina*, it is but natural that the forces he has tried to subdue should reassert themselves. And so, while Agnella plays, marble phantoms crowd in his fevered brain. The music becomes dreamier and more ethereal, as the idealistic young soul soars upward by the only outlet allowed it outside that of sympathy. Angelo, following its flight, grows more and more absorbed in the sweet symbols of his inner cravings. The twilight insensibly deepens, veiling the reliefs on the fireplace, shrouding the gentle musician and her listeners; but as the darkness falls, the light in Angelo's mind increases in strength and radiance.

Now the strain is one of unearthly harmony, and the player is quite unconscious of her surroundings. Blending with the entrancing melody are rich, full chords, which ring out as if to proclaim the victory of spirit over matter. They thrill and re-echo in the soul of the young artist, who presses his icy hands to his throbbing

temples in excess of misery. Quick and fast follow the visions of his mind, rushing in on him with unrestrained impetuosity, until he can no longer distinguish between the real and the ideal. Then, as with a discordant clang, the thought of his renunciation, and of the other renunciation which is the only alternative, flashes up before him in searing characters, throwing confusion and dismay among the ærial shapes of beauty. He clenches his hands together, while his raised eyes seek to pierce the outer blackness which is but a faint reflection of the gloom within. He cannot renounce art; he cannot renounce Agnella. Both are too closely entwined with every fibre of his heart.

Suddenly he pauses, while thought for an instant suspends its action. His eyes dilate; his lips part; he breathes hard and fast. Some inspiration is slowly molding itself into definite consciousness. What will it be? He waits and trembles, but there is joy in his fear. He is transfigured by some influence outside himself. He feels the breath of the invisible world; and a great awe comes upon him, a strange calm after the passionate anguish. What is the message his spirit is preparing to grasp? Memories light as air float before him; the baby betrothal, the "Dying Alexander," the "David," the sculptor's workshop, an artist's studio, his father's office, his own room, his mother's figure, the

carved fireplace, Agnella's face, his own.

There is something white in front of him. At first, it is an indistinct mass; but it moves, it wrestles, he feels it writhing and throbbing beneath his hands. It is an idea struggling into expression. It is the spirit of his crushed life, the soul of his sorrow. It is pure marble; and yet it is soft, warm, full of life. Now it is a woman's form—Agnella's—but the features are as yet veiled; it is bound to the stone. Now there are fallen chains, noiseless but real, in spite of their snowy immobility. Soon the vision will be perfect; only a short time of patient waiting, and it will be revealed to him in all its majesty. Haste! Haste! Or his eyes will close; his senses will lose their perception; his consciousness will melt away under the intolerable strain. He feels his faculties slipping from him, and makes a desperate effort to retain them. A cloud passes before his eyes; when it is gone, the vision is there in the fullness of its beauty. The confused dreams of years have become incarnate in a marble being, wondrous fair. He



Dying or Dead Son of Niobe.

sees it, feels it, grasps it, takes possession of it, and it is branded on his excited brain. Now let men do their worst; he has seen his ideal, and he will realize it without losing Agnella. Now he may faint in weariness or tremble in silence; he has been in the presence of the finished work, and he cannot forget it ever.

A cry of wildest exultation wakes the echoes of the hushed room; Agnella starts up with a scream.

"Angelo, my Angelo, what is it?"

The cry and its response wake Angelo from the ecstatic vision, and bring back his thoughts to his *sposina*. There is a world of longing and tenderness in his voice, which grows soft and melting as he murmurs:

"Agnella, my own!"

He clasps the terrified maiden in his trembling arms and presses her to his heart. When the other members of the family appear, with lights and wondering eyes, they see the two standing by the old fireplace, and giving vent to their overwrought feelings in a flood of silent tears.

V.

Angelo and Agnella were looking at the unfinished façade of Santa Croce, and speculating on the effect of the completed edifice. Then they turned towards the large statue of Dante in front of the church, which had but recently been erected. At last Angelo spoke.

"See, Agnella *mia*, how noble and lofty the attitude is, and what power and determination mark the face. Our divine poet seems, even in the marble, to assert his genius. That imposing figure now reigns unchecked in the ungrateful city which

once exiled her greatest son. Genius always obtains its own in the end, though great men often die before they are understood and appreciated."

Agnella drew closer, and laid her hand on Angelo's arm. She knew what was passing in his mind, and she shared his sorrow.

"Dear one," she murmured in her soft, appealing voice, "does not suffering enhance true greatness?"

Angelo's eyes sought hers with a flash of joy.

"True, *sposina mia*, thou hast said what I needed to hear. Joy and peace may perfect what is human within us; but only pain and conflict can bring us nearer the divine. Let us enter the church."

They mounted the steps and went into the magnificent temple, so rich in historic memories and art treasures. They crossed themselves with holy water, and knelt in prayer, while a vague, religious hush came over them. Slowly, they walked up the wide nave, gazing round at the pictures and statues, without stopping to examine them.

"Come to the Bardi chapel," whispered Angelo. "We will not look at the other frescos to-day. They are so peaceful and heavenly, and I want to see something human."

They passed before the high altar and into the right transept, till they came to the chapel which was built by the noble family of the Bardi, and decorated by Giotto with scenes from the life of Saint Francis of Assisi. It was the picture of the burial which arrested Angelo's attention.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that was a saint indeed! His dead face still bears the impress of his lowly and beautiful life. He was a saint be-

cause he chose for himself suffering and renunciation, and because, through poverty and solitude, he raised his soul to higher things than the transitory joys of this world."

"How could he live without sympathy and love?" sighed Agnella. "It seems to me that I should die if I were left alone without thee."

"Nay, my sweet one," answered Angelo, "thou wouldst live and rise as did the saint. The gentle *Agnella*¹ would become an *Angela*,² an angel of peace and blessing. Thou hast more strength than thou knowest, my *sposina*, and sorrow will reveal it to thee. But," he added, speaking more cheerfully, for he saw that her eyes had filled with tears, "let us hope that we may long be spared to each other. We will leave this grand church, which makes us think of death, and go forth again into the bright sunshine and the living crowd of our fellow-men."

Ere they quitted the twilight of the vast sanctuary, they paused a moment before the tomb of Michelangelo, an imposing monument, on which Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture mourn the great man whose bust is raised above their heads, as his spirit now soars above the human semblances in which it clothed itself. The rugged features and stern, gloomy expression of his famous namesake had always fascinated Angelo with the prestige of unparalleled excellence and unconquered determination. Outside was the gay multitude of those who had left their homes to enjoy the Sunday afternoon hours. They were hurrying in all directions; towards the Cascine

park, towards the galleries they could that day visit free of charge, towards the churches which invited them to devotion. Angelo and his bride took a turning which led to the Piazza della Signoria, with its massive town hall and statue-filled portico. They climbed the long, easy staircase of the old palace of the Medici, and wandered through the spacious corridors and well-stocked rooms of the Uffizi gallery. Scarcely a Sunday passed on which they did not visit either that collection or the one in the Pitti palace. But each time they saw new beauties in the familiar masterpieces which had grown so dear to them.

This time Angelo would not stop to see the spiritualized Madonnas and graceful holy families of the Florentine painters. He only came to a standstill before the famous group of Niobe and her dying children, that touching and dramatic representation of pain in various phases and forms of intensity. There are times when we need to find in Nature and Art the reflection of our inner life, to see its sorrow or its joy mirrored in the objects around. So it was with Angelo; and Agnella understood him. She, too, knew what suffering meant, though for her it was generally caused by her passionate sympathy with the trials of her betrothed. While she looked at the marble mother who beholds her children die beneath the arrows of the offended gods, Agnella thought less of Niobe than of Angelo, who saw his hopes and dreams blighted by the short-sighted love of parents and friends. Like the eldest Niobide, all her solicitude was for the wounded brother, and her own feel-

¹ Lamb.

² Angel.

ings were unremembered in her eagerness to comfort him.

"Thou art young, Angelo, and mayst yet live to be a great artist."

Angelo's only answer was to turn his back on the hall of the Niobides and stride into that of the "Dying Alexander."

"Look at that face uplifted in agony!" he said, pointing to the time-stained bust of world-wide renown. "It is the face of a young man in the fullness of his strength; yet he had conquered the world before his days were cut off. Death spares no man; and those who would

accomplish aught before they die must begin while the power is theirs. There is a death which is sadder than that of the body, and which is scarcely less frequent. It is that of the soul. If an inspiration be allowed to pass unheeded, it may never return, and the light of genius may be extinguished by the ordinary routine of a wasted life."

"Angelo," Agnella's voice was low and earnest, "if thou art indeed an artist, then God cannot mean thee to leave thy gift unused. There must be some way out of the darkness."

"If I am an artist," repeated Angelo, musingly. "That was the question I used to ask myself; but now—"

He stopped short, and threw back his head. His gaze was riveted on the lofty warrior's face in the anguish of death.

"Now, Angelo *mio*?"

"Now, when I stand before such a masterpiece, an inward voice tells me that I, too, could impart life and beauty to the inanimate stone, that I can claim fellowship with those who wrought these sublime creations."

His face and bearing were eloquent witness to the noble consciousness of which he spoke. And Agnella knew that he was not mistaken. Suddenly he turned to her, with a line around his mouth which reminded her of his inflexible namesake.

"We cannot talk here; it is nearly four o'clock, and the galleries will soon be closed. I have something to tell thee which thou alone canst know. Art thou too weary to walk with me to the Piazzale Michelangelo?"

"I will go where thou wilt," answered Agnella. "It is so good to



Antique Bust of the Dying Alexander of Macedonia.

have thee all alone, and to see thee as thou really art. How I pity those maidens who were not betrothed in their childhood, and who may never go out with their *fidanzato*¹ only!"

There was an angry glow on Angelo's cheek as he responded:

"Thou art treated too much like the silly damsels who can only smile and adorn themselves. In another country,—say in England,—thou couldst have rivaled the best and most cultured of thy sex. Thou art strong and capable, in spite of thy sweetness; and some day, when thou art mine forever, thou shalt show our Italian tyrants what a free Florentine lady may be. They shall then see that Angelo Barichielli has learned from the *forestieri*² and their writings that a true woman and wife may be a real companion to the greatest of men, without losing those feminine virtues we hold so dear."

It was not the first time that Angelo had spoken thus. Though his words sounded to Agnella like the expression of some dreamer's Utopia, they painted a future for which she longed as eagerly as he did himself. They had, meanwhile, reached the Ponte Vecchio, the quaint, old covered bridge lined with goldsmiths' shops. Crossing it, they proceeded along the grandly simple Via dei Bardi, with its palaces belonging to the gentry and nobility, and through the poorer and livelier quarter of San Nicolo, to the gate of that name. Thence they ascended, past the interesting pre-Gothic church of San Miniato, to the spacious terrace known as the Piazzale Michelangelo,—so called from a bronze copy of the



Michelangelo's David, in the National Museum, Florence.

"David," which stands in the centre. They advanced to the stone parapet, and, leaning on it, they looked down on the fair picture spread out beneath them. The wide plain of the Arno stretched out for miles in front; but the mountains bounding it, and the nearer hills of smiling Fiesole, looked much closer than they really were, in the deceptive clearness of the air. The town itself extended in every direction, a picturesque mass of houses and public buildings. There were two points to which the eye always returned: the square, brown pile of the Palazzo Vecchio,—the fine old town hall, with its bold battlements and its solid tower, from which, in bygone days, the bell had often sounded to call the turbulent Florentines to arms; and close beside it, the vast cathedral and graceful bell tower, a many-colored marvel of marble mosaic. From the Piazzale itself, the terraced slope descended to the very banks of the wide and rapid

¹ Betrothed.

² Foreigners.

Arno, whose waters still retained, in their earthy brown hue, a reminder of the impetuous mountain torrents that combine to form the rushing stream. On the Lunj Arno opposite, the fashionable walk of Florence, a merry throng of citizens and strangers were jostling together, awaiting the return of the king and queen from their drive in the Cascine. Overhead was the calm blue sky, which the setting sun was tinging with pale yellow and vivid red. The air seemed full of that exuberance of life which brings to men a promise of coming spring. Angelo threw out his hands towards the city which has been so justly named "The Beautiful."

"I love thee, O my Florence!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Like the exiled Dante and the burning Savonarola, I would fain see thee perfect and a ruler among nations. Of all Italian cities thou art the most worthy to be the residence of our elected king and his bride; they can hold in thee a statelier court than at Turin. Would that I might see thee once more the home of widest liberty and highest art! Who in the past could vie with thee in great and noble sons? Where is now the race of those that Raphael loved and lived amongst? Hast thou then ceased to produce heroes and artists?"

"*Thou* art a son of Florence," said Agnella, joyfully; "thou wilt add to her glory as did the men of yore."

Angelo sighed, and shook his head.

"I *could*, Agnella; but the world will never know me. Yet I could—oh, I feel it within me! Like that resolute young David who, unarmed and unaided, conquered the mighty Philistine with a shepherd's sling, I

could overcome the adverse circumstances which are banded against me, by the sole force of my inspiration. Like the great sculptor who wrought that wonderful figure from a shapeless, discarded block of marble, I could make a work of art from the inner powers that are rejected as unprofitable."

"And thou wilt do it, Angelo? Oh, tell me that thou wilt!"

Angelo was silent.

"Angelo, *mio*, something has happened. A change has come over thee. A new strength seems to have entered thy soul, seeking to gain entire possession of thee. Tell me what it is. Thou hast shared with me thy sorrow; let me also share thy joy."

Angelo looked like one inspired. His voice had a ring of joy in it; his head was thrown back like that of a conqueror.

"Thou art right, *sposina mia*. Last Sunday, while thou wert playing, I saw before me the statue I could make, and the idea has remained with me ever since. I will carry it out."

"How, Angelo *mio*?"

"At night, in the silence of my own room. None shall know of it, but thou only."

Agnella looked troubled and anxious. Love opened her eyes to the risks and difficulties, which Angelo was determined to ignore.

"The hard work will be too much for thee, especially during the hot summer months. Why not tell thy father?"

"Thou knowest him, Agnella. He would forbid me even to think of such a thing. It is impossible; thou must keep my secret."

"I fear for thee, my own. No man could endure the fatigue of such a double life; the day's work is exhausting enough, and thou hast need of rest and sleep."

"Agnella!" exclaimed Angelo, passionately. "Wilt thou also forsake me? If I neglect the inspiration, it will depart from me, and I shall die to my true self, even while continuing to live. Wouldst thou have me lose my soul to spare my body? Wouldst thou not rather have me obey the artist's call within, though I should die in the attempt?"

And Agnella, with a true woman's unselfish love, had the courage to answer:

"Do as thou sayest at whatever cost, and God be with thee, my Angelo!"

VI.

Months have passed, and slowly the young artist is realizing his vision. First the clay model has come into existence, and has been followed by the plaster cast. Then he has obtained a block of pure Carrara marble from his kind godfather; and while others slept, he has diligently applied the knowledge acquired in the sculptor's workshop. Even Agnella is not to see the work until it is complete. Barichielli and Corvetti misinterpret the glow of inspiration on the lofty brow and in the shining eyes. They think that business capacity has at length got the better of what, to them, are but foolish fancies. Their wives mistake the hectic flush for the hue of health, and the proud bearing for the natural development of the graceful young body. They begin to talk in whispers of a wedding in the near

future; Angelo is twenty, Agnella sixteen; the girl's education is finished, the boy is well started in life—what need is there of further delay? There is, in the Palazzo, an apartment which will be vacant in April. Already the cold winds of autumn are blowing the leaves from the trees; a few more months will pass, and then—ah! fond mothers, man proposes, but God disposes!

Agnella alone is anxious; it grows daily harder for her to keep the promise she gave her betrothed as they stood together on the Piazzale Michelangelo. Her faithful, tender heart is heavy with dark forebodings. Angelo scarcely sleeps; he works all day, and he works half the night. Often he is silent and absorbed; at other times his enthusiasm knows no bounds. His anticipations end with the completion of his statue: beyond that, all is a blank. Yet he laughs at his *sposina's* fears, and fondly kisses the tears from her eyes. But he himself knows that his strength is rapidly giving way; sometimes he even wonders whether he will be able to finish his statue. Often, when the old palazzo is hushed into deep slumber, his trembling hand has refused to guide the chisel, while a sharp pain in his chest and a gasping for breath have warned him that he was overtaxing his physical powers. Lately, these attacks of pain have been followed by a racking cough; and each time that he has put up his hand to smother the sound, he has been startled by the sight of blood on his palm. He remembers how he said to Agnella:

"Wouldst thou not have me obey the artist's call within, though I should die in the attempt?"

Then he did not realize what death really meant—*now* it is becoming something more than a remote possibility, and at times a great fear comes over him, fear of the unknown future life which no human mind can fathom or understand. Then his whole being revolts from the thought that his days are to be numbered while he is yet on the threshold of his youth and vigor, while life is full of promise, and there is so much of strength and power all untried within him. Alas! it is hard to die at twenty, when one first begins to grow conscious of all that one might have been! And for Angelo the anticipation of death is increased in bitterness when he pictures Agnella's sorrow and loneliness, so different from the bright dream of married bliss which has smiled on both from their childhood.

But the artist's call is imperative, and may not be left unanswered. The vision of beauty which has sunk into his soul must be wrought into the expression which Angelo alone can give it. Should he not rejoice that he may bring to the world one more message from the unseen realms of art, with whatever sacrifice he is to repay the privilege thus granted him? Besides, this phantom which haunts him may be merely the result of his constant excitement and tension, which will cease when the work is done; it may be that the summer heat and the accounts in his father's office have wearied his brain and weakened his self-control. So Angelo struggles bravely against the all-invading languor which threatens to gain the mastery over him, while Agnella prays longer and more fervently before the little Madonna he

has wrought for her, and keeps his secret locked in her heart.

VII.

The last touches are being given. In his eagerness, Angelo forgets his customary caution, and lets the mallet ring audibly on the sensitive chisel. The dawn is breaking in the east; before the day has come, the statue will be finished. It is a strange thought that the work into which he has put his whole soul since that winter evening, that Sunday, months ago, when the vision was revealed to him—that work, which is the expression of his inmost being, is approaching completion. What will follow? Can he ever produce another? Will the inspiration come again? And Angelo pauses, wondering. Now that it is nearly done, he is overcome by the weariness and lassitude which he has so long forced back. His eyes are heavy; his knees tremble; his hand sinks down by his side. Courage! A few more almost imperceptible touches, and the statue is perfect! The light of dawn deepens; it nearly equals that of the burning lamp. Soon Agnella will come. She knows this is the day on which she is to behold the ideal figure that has taken *her* form, and she will rise early to see it! Sweet Agnella! How he loves her! He longs to see her. She will, doubtless, dissipate the chill creeping round his heart and the cloud obscuring his sight. The marble is cold and silent; but she is warm and loving, she will be as the rosy Aurora beside the preceding grayness of dawn. How lovely she looked last night; how clinging was her embrace! They neither of them

felt as if they could part; and yet it was but for a night. At length he kissed her pure young brow, and murmured:

"God bless thee, my Agnella!"

She was frightened; it seemed so solemn. She encircled him with her soft arms, and said:

"When it is finished, thou must be my own Angelo again!"

And he answered:

"Thine own forever, Agnella mia!"

What made him speak like that?

What makes him long for her now with such unspeakable longing?

It has been a strange night. Under the influence of a sudden impulse, he knelt down to confess his sins as before communion; and he prayed long and earnestly ere he returned to the marble. He has lived through scene after scene of his childhood; but he cannot look forward to the future. He now feels pure and peaceful, as he did on the day of his first communion. It is strange—and he longs for the light, which will bring Agnella to him.

Now it is done. He scarcely dares to look up. The chisel falls from his hand, as he sinks on his knees. A ray of sunlight glides into the room, and rests on the completed statue. Yes! it is what he saw that Sunday night, and it is beautiful. He gazes with awe-struck delight. Is that indeed the work of his hands? He is too weary to be exultant; but he is happy, deeply happy. The figure is like Agnella, but more ethereal, more angelic. Will she look like that when he sees her next? And his parents, his sister, the *madrina*, her husband, their eldest daughter, his godfather, the young artists, his

friends, his namesake—the great Michelangelo. What was he thinking of? He shivers, and again gazes up at his statue. It grows dim, while another vision rises up before him, a vision of transcendent loveliness. But before he can grasp it, his eyes have closed, and with a gentle sigh he has sunk forward, till his head is pillowed on the marble pedestal.

The work is finished—yes—but at what cost!

VIII.

A light step is coming along the stone passage. The door opens, and Agnella advances timidly, then stops motionless. Before her is a wonderful work of art. She knows the theme: Genius bursting its bonds. In the white marble she sees her own image, refined of all its human imperfection, clad in a simple robe whose transparent folds are caught by the air, which is stirred by the upward motion. One hand is held out, as if in help, towards the earth, while the other 'is' raised 'as in ecstasy. The feet scarcely touch the ground, and the whole figure soars toward heaven, away from the broken fetters which have fallen from it. The face is of indescribable beauty, and so spiritualized that the delicate features defy criticism. The lips are parted with an awakening smile; the eyes seem to pierce into the loftiest heights of the infinite. Truly, it is genius bursting its bonds and soaring heavenwards, pure and beautiful.

Agnella gazes spellbound and speechless, and does not at first notice the dark heap at the foot of the statue. But presently a terrible shriek is borne through the silence, and her unconscious form is resting

on the sculptor's body. Those who heard the cry and hurried to the spot, saw a statue of unearthly beauty, beneath which lay two sleepers, as still as the marble and nearly as white. They knew too late how real had been the artistic instincts of their beloved Michelangelo. They felt that genius had indeed burst its bonds, for the spirit of the young sculptor had been breathed in all its fullness into his work, and with its completion *his* genius had broken its earthly fetters and left its earthly home.

IX.

When Agnella awoke from that death-like swoon, she fell into a state of such absolute prostration that those who watched beside her feared for her life. But she came slowly back to health; and then it was that the strength Angelo had seen in her became manifest to all. The gentle Agnella grew indeed into an angel of mercy and love. She imparted to those who were in sorrow or bereavement some of the serenity she had herself acquired. She slowly broke through the wall of prejudice and narrowness which hemmed her in, making for herself such a position as her Angelo would have desired. She read the books he had loved, sought to gain the culture he had dreamed for her, filled her days with interests conformed to his ideal of what she was to become. While living alone with the sacred memories of her youth, she contrived to shed joy and brightness on the path of many another. Little children gave their sweet confidence and unbounded affection in exchange for her tender love. Young girls sought in her the loving guidance she was so well

able to give them. Older people found in her lofty calm a relief from their own anxieties and restlessness. All loved and blessed her as she passed through their midst; and when they saw the restful smile on her earnest, sympathetic face, they felt that in spite of the sorrow which could never be taken from her, Agnella's life was one of deep, abiding happiness.

X.

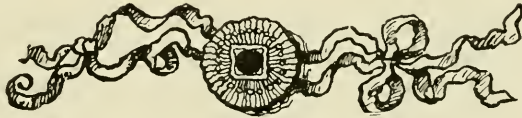
Two decades have passed since, at the foot of his finished statue, the young sculptor fell into the slumber that knows no awakening. The stately "Lily of the Plain" is resplendent with the gladness of returning spring; but a hush of sadness has fallen on her joyous children, for the graceful form which trod the earth as with angel's feet is seen no more among them. It is stretched in solemn beauty on a snowy couch, more still than the drooping flowers around it. There she lies at rest, the sweet and lovely Agnella, like a marble image of gentleness and purity. The features are transfigured by a look of such un fading peace as even they never wore, while the deep, smiling eyes are full of life and light beneath the shading lashes. Those who mourn for her might almost think she slept, were it not for that indescribable beauty of death, which makes them feel how great is the distance between the loved one who always responded so tenderly to every word and look, and that silent image of what she once has been. One of the sorrowful band of mourners, a boy of brightest promise—Angelo's nephew, and a sculptor like him, but a sculptor

with his parents' help and sanction —moves silently away from the motionless figure, and draws aside a curtain from the niche in which stands Angelo's wondrous statue.

"See," he murmurs, in a hushed voice, pointing to the soaring figure of "Genius Disenthralled," "see how the two faces resemble each other."

All present turn to the marble, and thence again to the frail and waxen

body whence the soul has fled. A great awe thrills them into silence, for on the beautiful dead face is the same heavenly, ethereal expression of unearthly loveliness which was imparted, years ago, to the spiritualized image of his beloved by the dying sculptor, whose noble soul had been breathed into that one supreme realization of the artistic ideal which a true artist will die rather than relinquish.



THE SHATTERED HULL.

By F. Harper Swift.

Down on the beach, where the tides run low,
Guarded and watched by the gray sea-gull,
Lashed by the tides as they come and go,
Spoil of the sea, lies the shattered hull.

Daily the children climb its side
To peer deep into its hollow eyes
And beat on its bosom broad and wide,
Awaken its echoes with merry cries.

On the strand of life lies a storm-wrecked heart
Which once in its strength bore a world along,
But, sorrow-embittered, it fell apart,
The victim of grief and grinding wrong.

Daily the children of man pass there,
Awaken its echoes with taunting cries,
But once as I paused I heard a prayer,
And I thought that the echoes broke forth in sighs.

MOUNT WASHINGTON IN WINTER.

By J. M. Cooper.



IN the depths of winter a colder or more dreary spot than the summit of Mount Washington, it would indeed be hard to conjecture. With its 6,293 feet of grandeur, and surrounded on all sides by the minor peaks of the rugged White Mountains of New Hampshire, it is a target for every storm and a great playground for the fierce blasts of the winter winds. Gathering their forces together at every possible point in this region of high altitudes, they swoop down on the summit of the monarch of the Presidential range with a velocity that has been known to reach nearly two hundred miles an hour, and a force that would be irresistible but for the impenetrable mass of granite that has withstood the ravages of centuries. The cold is intense, and almost beyond imagination, the mercury having been known to reach fifty degrees below zero, while it seldom rises over thirty below. Icicles of the most fantastic description hang from every available rock and every corner of the half a dozen or more buildings comprised in the little village on the highest point of the peak, and remind the visitor forcibly of the fairy tales of old. Yet with all these conditions very little snow is found on the top in winter, the heavy winds scattering it in all directions and piling it in

such huge masses against the hotel and other structures as to almost hide them from view. Standing on the summit and gazing on the immense valley below, scarcely recognizable under its white mantle, with hardly a trace of life apparent, the feeling of desolation and loneliness is intensified a hundred fold.

It is difficult to believe that for several winters the summit of Mount Washington was occupied by the hardy fellows who risk their lives and sacrifice their personal comforts and pleasures in the cause of science under the title of Signal Service Corps. Winter after winter, with indomitable courage, they dwelt in the little building depicted in the illustrations which accompany this article, their "living tomb" as they humorously designated their lofty residence. It was a model of comfort compared with the structure in which the observers made their home the first winter they took possession of the peak. That was in 1871, and an old engine house was patched up to meet their requirements. Many a tale is told of the sufferings they endured that winter. Almost all the time, with a red-hot stove in the centre of their narrow quarters, it was impossible to keep their feet warm except by placing them on the rounds of the chairs, and water was known to freeze on the floor with that same stove red hot and several thicknesses

of carpet on the former. It was a sojourn long to be remembered.

So little consideration was shown these brave fellows by congress, that the small sum appropriated by it for the purpose of erecting a new station was insufficient to meet the cost, and the signal service men were compelled to take up their residence in it in an uncompleted state. The floor was perfectly open underneath, and the cold winds were allowed full play. The boards composing the floor were laid in a green state, so that when they became dry they cracked and left wide openings, through which the icy air entered most noticeably, and a bucket of water placed between two red-hot stoves is known to have turned into ice as it stood there.

On another occasion the summit was visited by a terrific wind-storm that threatened to sweep the station out of existence. The heavy wood and thick wire braces strained and tugged at their moorings, and the observers made every preparation for deserting the place and attempting to reach the hotel. After recording a velocity of 150 miles, the anemometer was swept away, but by other instruments the wind was ascertained to attain a speed of nearly two hundred miles. The building withstood the shock, but the afternoon and evening of February 26, 1886, will never be effaced from the memory of the little band who expected every moment to be plunged into the valley of death.

Once in every two weeks, if the weather would permit, by turns, one of the two observers or the cook (for that was the size of the force) would walk to the base for the mail, and it can easily be imagined with what eagerness the news from the outside

world would be received. The men were furnished with several daily papers and the leading magazines and periodicals, while a good-sized library of all kinds of literature was kept in the station for their entertainment. Communication with the base was maintained by telephone and telegraph, and the return trip was never made without first obtaining from the observer left behind, his opinion as to the safeness of the venture, for sudden storms were very frequent.

Leading such a sedentary life, a strict régime had to be maintained on the score of health. Meals were served at regular periods, and fines were imposed on the cook if he was later than ten minutes of the time prescribed, and on the observers if they failed to appear at table without first giving notice of their intention. Chess, checkers, and cards filled in a portion of the time, but these in turn became wearisome, and there were times when the little band experienced keenly their lonely position. Occasionally an adventuresome stranger would drop in, and then life would become brighter and the change be cordially welcome, but such visits were rare on account of the inaccessibility of the peak.

The station was established with the idea that premonition of approaching storms could be obtained before they reached the valleys below, but the tests of several years did not bear out the theory. The station, however, was by no means useless, for the signal service men procured much meteorological data that could not have been otherwise secured. For the past few years, the station has been tenantless in winter. It is

still viewed with curiosity in summer, however, by the host of visitors, who ascend by the unique cog railroad, as is the original Tip-Top House, erected in 1853, which is pictured on the cover, and which has been long supplanted by the more modern Summit House.



A PLEA FOR OUR ROCKS.

By Laura D. Nichols.

What should we do without the good, gray rocks
 So freely strewn on pasture, hill, and field?
 May we not count them 'mong the useful crops
 Our sandy, stern, reluctant acres yield?
 We want foundations for our house or barn,
 We need but choose which ledge upon the hill,
 And there 's the clean, tough granite at command,
 For but a few hours' work with wedge and drill.
 A doorstep wide, a hearthstone for our fire;
 A solid base for Father's monument;
 We find them all upon our own domain,
 Yet seldom own that they are heaven-sent,
 As are the streams that quench our noonday thirst,
 And give refreshment to our cows and sheep,
 And are themselves tenfold more beautiful,
 For the gray rocks o'er which they foam and leap.
 Our wells, our walls, our bridges, and our mills,
 To granite owe their strength and beauty, too;
 And yet we grumble at our rocky fields,—
 Our sons desert them, and their friends are few.
 Few, but devoted; children love them well,
 And use them in a hundred happy plays;
 The squirrel nests below in winter cold,
 And cracks his nuts above in sunny days.
 The whistling quail will flute there by the hour;
 The circling hawk will rest his weary wing;
 The green-gray lichen 'broiders every side;
 Red columbines in frost-cleft fissures swing;
 And many exiled hearts on Western plains,
 Too late their rugged beauty understand,
 And in their homesick dreams recall with tears
 The great rock's shadow in a weary land.

THE THOMPSONIAN INFIRMARY, CONCORD.¹



THE good old family doctor, who is frequently charged with incompetency when his patients fail to recover from their ailments as rapidly as they might wish, and who has to share so often with Nature the credit where his skill and watchfulness have pointed the path to returning health, has had to contend in all ages with the charlatan and the quack. The illiteracy of the latter has been no bar to his acceptance even by the most intelligent of people, and the more glaring the imposition, the more fervent has been the defense of the impostor. While many of the new methods of conquering disease have been short-lived, there was one scheme of therapeutics, born in ignorance, which thrived in New England for nearly twenty-five years, in the early part of this century. It spread like an epidemic over the entire United States, but its birthplace was New Hampshire and the centre of its radiation was New England. Contemporaneous with the period when the root and herb doctor, "Nature's healer" in the person of the Indian medicine man, was popular, this school of "botanic physicians," so called, invaded every community, sold rights to practise, established infirmaries, and began a veritable crusade against the "book doctors." In the words of Samuel

Thomson, the founder of the new gospel of cure, "Study is no more necessary for a doctor than for a cook," and the beneficiaries of the treatment were immediately started out as disciples and practitioners of the Thomsonian art of healing.

Rights to practise were sold for \$20 each, and the "poison doctors," as the regular practitioners were called, were soon to be driven from the field. Thomsonian infirmaries were started in central localities, to which the afflicted were invited, and students were solicited on liberal terms, the essential qualification of the applicant for matriculation being that he should possess "common sense." The regular doctors were challenged to meet the Thompsonians in public debate, the newspapers contained columns of advertisements of cures and testimonials, and not even the untimely death of patients treated by these unskilful hands seemed to allay the craze for "Nature's remedies." Steam, lobelia emetics, and hot drops were applied indiscriminately for consumption, paralysis, asthma, mumps, heart disease, rheumatism, and accidents, and if a patient survived this drastic external and internal cleaning, he was assured that the mercury that the "poison doctors" had put into his system had been forced out of it and he was now on the high road to recovery. All attempts to expose this medical

¹ This interesting article is taken from data collected for Senator Gallinger to be used in the preparation of that part of the History of Concord devoted to the medical profession, and is edited by James O. Lyford, secretary of the History Commission.

fake were met with cries of persecution, and so it continued year after year, sustained by the money of the ignorant and the testimonials of the intelligent. It was only after many deaths that the public realized that even "Nature's remedies" in ignorant hands were quite as dangerous as the alleged poisons of the regular physicians.

The originator, inventor, and patentee of the Thomsonian theory of medical practice was Samuel Thomson, who was born in Alstead, this state, February 9, 1769. His early life was one of hardships and privations. As a boy, he resided in a sparsely-settled district, a distance of several miles from the nearest country doctor, and the neighbors were largely dependent in case of sickness upon the ministrations of some kind "mother in Israel," who treated them with roots and herbs. Thomson early became interested from watching these women as they were called in to his own family and those of the neighbors, and was led to take a particular interest in wild plants that he found in the fields, *lobelia inflata*, a species of the tobacco plant, being the chief remedy in his pharmacopœia.

While working on the farm as a young man, he began doctoring in the neighborhood, and in the course of his experiments tried steam baths as a remedy for certain diseases. After several years' practice in his own neighborhood, he extended the field of his operations and became a traveling doctor. He visited other parts of New Hampshire, and traveled in Vermont, Maine, and Massachusetts. In 1813, he obtained a patent for his system of practice,

which secured to him the exclusive right to use certain medical preparations. He published a pamphlet containing an account of the principles and practice of his system, with directions for using his medicines. These, with the right to use the preparations according to his directions, he sold for \$20. By this scheme, every family purchasing a right could forever dispense with other medical services. In a sketch of his life, which he himself had prepared in 1825, it appears that never was medical treatment so successful before. Fevers, rheumatism, pleurisy, consumption, cancers, and broken bones, all yielded to this new method and were cured. His name became a household word. Many disciples sought his instruction, and so popular had become his methods that he was frequently in the courts to defend his patent right from infringement by those who saw in it an opportunity for making an easy livelihood. He was a man of no education, and whatever books or treatises appeared in his name were written by others. He was once arrested for murder, the charge being that he had killed a patient by unskilful treatment. At the trial he was acquitted, the judge charging the jury that to constitute the crime of murder it was necessary to show intent to kill, and Thomson's intent evidently was to save life and not to destroy it. The excitement incident to his arrest and trial led to legislation in several of the states in restraint of quackery.

Among the disciples of Samuel Thomson was one Benjamin Thompson, a native of Andover, this state, who, with two brothers, Charles and Jesse, were for a number of years

well advertised in this and other states as Thomsonian doctors. When or where Benjamin Thompson first became acquainted with the founder of this theory of medical practice, is not known. How long a time he spent in Samuel Thomson's laboratory, or how extensive were his readings of the few published works of the botanic physicians, is equally a mystery, but in April, 1832, he established an infirmary at the corner of Mount Vernon and Charles streets, Boston; and in the *New Hampshire Patriot* of June 9, 1834, appears an advertisement more than half a column in length, signed by him as a botanic physician, in which he calls attention to his infirmary in Boston, and claims to have administered upwards of 2,000 courses of medicine to more than 1,500 patients, and to have had only one death during that time.

Benjamin Thompson was born about 1790. He was a handsome man, of prepossessing appearance. He had few school advantages, but was apt in observation, quick to learn, and entirely self-reliant. Possessing a heavy voice and a clear articulation, he was an impressive personage, especially among the ignorant. He had a passion for gaming, and was throughout life a professional gambler, who frequently won large sums of money, which he dispensed with a lavish hand. At other times, he passed a somewhat precarious existence, migrating from place to place with no settled occupation. At the age of twenty-two, he became acquainted with a very attractive young lady in New York, whom he is supposed to have married. The fruit of that marriage was

a son who, when a young man, in a fit of despondency, committed suicide. Thompson's first wife died a few years after their marriage. In 1819, he became acquainted with a young lady residing in Hopkinton, who was then the belle of society in that section of the state. She was twenty-eight years of age, and is described as self-willed, proud, and handsome. Thompson represented himself as being wealthy, retired, and living in New York, and offering himself in marriage, was accepted. The dènouement which followed was a terrible blow to her. She was too proud, however, to return to her home and admit her mistake, and after some deliberation, she determined to stake her fortunes with those of her husband. For the next fifteen years, probably no two persons in the country, as husband and wife, ever led such a variegated life. They lived in New York city, Boston, Montpelier, Burlington, Albany, Trenton, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other large places, sometimes enjoying all the luxuries that money could provide and at other times being driven from house and home and living in abject poverty. They frequently quarreled, and several times separated. About the time they came to Concord, in 1834, Mrs. Thompson left her husband for the last time, returning to the home of her father in Hopkinton, at which place she resided until the day of her death, which occurred January 17, 1876, she having reached the advanced age of eighty-five years. Thompson is said to have died in New York nearly half a century ago.

In the *New Hampshire Patriot* of October 13, 1834, will be found a

column advertisement or proclamation from this same Benjamin Thompson, botanic physician, announcing his coming to Concord. The introduction of this advertisement is as follows:

"Salus populi est suprema lex."

"To the whole of the United States in general and to the worthy and independent citizens of New Hampshire in particular, in the name of common sense, Amen."

In this advertisement Benjamin Thompson says that he has long and successfully labored with the great founder of the botanic system, Dr. Samuel Thomson, to bring about an entire revolution in the medical world. He declares that medical poisons are now nearly driven from the field of Boston, and the daily crowded state of the Thompsonian infirmary in that city gives glorious promise that the triumphs of botanical practice will soon be "entire and complete."

"Deplorable and highly reprehensible ignorance," he remarks, "joined to proverbial laziness and heartless speculation, are the known crying sins of the regular medical faculty. Regular indeed may they well be called, for they regularly either kill with the lancet or poison with mercury more than one half of their unfortunate dupes. . . . Many important letters from regular poison doctors craving most humbly to become partners of Dr. Benjamin Thompson, will be exhibited to the good citizens of Concord. Dr. Thompson is well aware that the medical hornets will immediately leave their holes to swarm about the banner of Thompsonianism. This banner, however, will be found hornet proof, calomel proof, and M. D. proof. . . . A favor he will value taken from their hands is that some one deputed by the Medical Society of New Hampshire meet a Thompsonian in public debate in Concord on the several claims of mineral poisons and botany. Should the New Hampshire faculty back out, as Dr. Thompson is much afraid they will, on the ground that their nominee cannot meet any other than a regularly graduated physician, he begs leave to address words of consolation to that nominee thus:

"Fret not thy gizzard.

"In coming to Concord from Boston, Dr. Benjamin Thompson announces that he did so exclusively for the purpose of health, rest, and retirement. His labors have already been rewarded by competency, and, if money were his only object, the Southern states would have been chosen as the fields of his future labors."

To prevent any misconception that his work is philanthropic, he announces that no accounts will be opened. Payments must in all cases be made in advance, but where the account is considerable, for the convenience of patients, notes will be taken as securities.

He appears to have met with immediate success. His infirmary was crowded, and within a year he was obliged to enlarge his establishment. In September, 1835, the *New Hampshire Patriot* contains a prospectus of the "Concord Botanic Infirmary," as it was then designated. This prospectus gives a good description of the buildings and the grounds, and conveys some idea of the extent of the craze for botanical treatment which at that time had taken possession of the people. It says:

"The infirmary with all its pertaining buildings, its garden, arbory, side, and central walks for health and recreation, occupies an area of about ten acres, all in one enclosure. The whole is bounded on the front by the west side of Main street, and by Green [probably South], Thompson, and Cross streets on the other sides. The proprietor was obliged to purchase three noble estates that this great establishment for the cure of actual and incipient diseases might express every requisite object. The principal edifice is on Main street, encircled by a piazza about 400 feet in length, with an observatory and cupola in the centre. Nearly 200 feet are reserved for front parlors, with sleeping rooms in the rear, and well-ventilated chambers. The prospect from every part of the infirmary is pleasant and gratifying, but from the observatory it is sublime, beautiful, and picturesque beyond description. Below the cupola is a parlor, called for distinction the

Centre parlor, about 30 feet square and 40 feet in height, with 16 windows and four glass doors opening to all sides of the piazza. In this parlor no dog days are felt or thought of. Dr. Thompson has a number of horses and easy pleasure carriages of the first quality for the gratuitous use of his patients for morning and evening rides. The vicinity affords many that are retired, shady, and delightful, and the chief seat of the respectable society of Shakers is only about ten miles distant, where he will also carry his patients, free of expense, in two or four horse carriages, to see their beautiful village, garden, and manufactories."

This group of buildings stood directly south of the present residence of Hon. B. A. Kimball, which at that time was used as a residence by Mr. Thompson. Mr. Kimball's house was built in 1825, by Samson Bullard, the keystone disclosed by alterations since made, giving the date of its erection. The shape of the roof was different at that time, and there was no tower on the house. It was connected with the infirmary by a bridge, which formed an arch over the driveway leading into the grounds.

At that time there were no buildings in that part of the city on the east side of Main street to interrupt the view of the river and the surrounding country. Standing upon Mr. Kimball's terrace to-day and looking north and east, one can readily imagine the attractiveness of the location. There was an uninterrupted view of the Merrimack coursing through the valley, the distant hills being still covered with their original growth of wood and timber. The grounds were laid out, as Thompson describes, into a garden, an arbor, and side and central walks, and for about two years the infirmary was crowded with patients. It was not alone the ignorant who patronized his establishment. He num-

bered among his patients some of the most prominent citizens of the town, who not only showed their faith in his methods by submitting themselves to his treatment, but also gave testimonials to the accuracy of his claims, as the advertisements in the *New Hampshire Patriot* of those days will show. Branch infirmaries were located in other towns of the state, and students enrolled themselves at the principal infirmary at Concord and were sent out, after a few weeks' instruction, to practise in more distant towns.

The Concord infirmary was fitted up with steam baths, and if the patients presented a more cleanly appearance after being boiled in the infirmary and wondered at the whiteness and delicacy of their skins, they were informed by Thompson that it was due to getting the mercury out of them which the "poison doctors" had for years been putting into their systems. One good old orthodox minister, who resided in an adjoining town and who had made an exchange with one of his Concord brethren, arrived at the infirmary late one Saturday night, suffering from a severe cold. He asked Thompson if he could steam the cold out of him so that he would be able to preach the next day, and was somewhat shocked when Thompson, in his profane way, informed him that he could "steam hell and damnation out of him."

The Thompsonians had a kind of hot drops which they applied with or without alcohol, according to the desire of the patient. These created the internal heat which they considered so essential to the cure of a sufferer. The original Thomson said

that he had discovered that man was composed of four elements—earth, fire, water, and air. The first two constituted the substance of the machine and the last two kept it in motion. Heat, he ascertained, is life, and cold is death. The stomach is a furnace and food the fuel in health—in disease, assisted by medicine. Like a fireplace or stovepipe, the stomach was liable to get clogged up and needed cleaning out. All disease is caused by filthy accumulations, and the act of cure consists in removing such accumulations and cleaning the machine. As minerals are not generally combustible, he concluded that they were unfit for fuel in the stomach, and, therefore, should not be used as medicines. All of his medical efforts and those of his disciples were directed to maintain or increase the internal heat or life, as he called it, and he supposed that whenever this internal heat became reduced as low as the external temperature, the machine must cease to move and the patient die. Hence, the hot drops were used to intensify the internal heat, the lobelia to purify the system, and the steam baths to wash away mercurial secretions which were forced to the surface by this drastic treatment.

It was in vain that the regular physicians warned the public against these ignorant methods. It was not until some of the victims were left too long in the steam boxes and were overdone that the popularity of the Thomsonian method began to wane. Whether it was from the decline of his business or from other causes, or from all combined, Benjamin Thompson disappeared about 1837, and, according to all accounts,

reached New York, where he soon after died.

In February, 1837, his brother, Charles Thompson, in an advertisement in the *New Hampshire Patriot*, informs the public that he has taken the commodious and finely-situated mansion on Main street, recently refitted, enlarged and ornamented by his brother, Dr. Benjamin Thompson, and lately occupied by him, and known as the "Concord Botanic Infirmary." From this advertisement it is apparent that botanic treatment was on the ebb, for Dr. Charles Thompson announces that,

"Without interfering at all with the hotels and public houses in town, he proposes to keep a private boarding-house upon an extensive scale, where those who may dislike the publicity of an inn may be accommodated with good and quiet living upon moderate terms. Travelers likewise with families, who may be visiting Concord, will be accommodated with separate apartments for a longer or shorter time, on most reasonable terms. A neat and excellent steam apparatus will be always kept in readiness for those of the boarders and others whenever they may feel inclined to indulge in steam bathing."

As an incident to his quiet home for travelers, he says that in another and distant part of the same establishment are accommodations for invalids who may wish to be carried through a regular course of botanic medicine. He says that he has on hand

"a selected assortment of botanic medicines in all their variety, together with the writings of the most approved authors upon the botanic system, and that those who may feel inclined to convince themselves in regard to the merit of the botanic system will be readily furnished with the full information at this establishment."

From this time forward, the "Concord Botanic Infirmary" became less and less an object of public interest. Throughout the state there was

a marked falling off of patrons and the infirmaries ceased to exist as hospitals. The hot drops continued for some time a home remedy for chills, colds, and fevers, but the botanic physician became a thing of the past, and lobelia gave place to simpler and more specific remedies, administered by more skilful hands. The botanic practitioner ceased to be called a doctor or drifted into some other school of medicine. The family physician was no longer haunted by the spectre of a total destruction of his practice. The people, if they had learned anything, had discovered that there was truth in the quotation that "cleanliness is next to godliness" and that more frequent and regular bathing at home was quite as efficacious as a periodical cleaning in a steam bath. The great and almost criminal blunders of the botanics had shown that in the treatment of disease there is no such thing as infallibility, and the community settled down once more to


the employment of those specially trained for the medical profession, with occasional lapses to the charlatan and the quack when he made his appearance in some new guise to traffic on the credulity of the unwary. At the same time the public is indebted, in part, to this crusade of the Thompsonians for many reforms in medical practice. Beyond a doubt, this agitation resulted in a large discontinuance of the use of calomel and kindred drugs, and an almost total abandonment of the custom of bleeding. Out of the contention of the regulars with the irregulars, and of the disciples of one school with those of another, has come the "common sense" contended for so vociferously by the Thompsonians, and with it a friendly disposition to accept of the best of all schools in the treatment of disease.

About 1842, the Concord infirmary ceased to exist, and the buildings were used as tenements until their destruction by fire in 1872.



NEBRASKA DUCKS AND NEBRASKA MUD.

By Clarence B. Randlett.

“ELL, boys, unless I am much mistaken, and if mistaken very much disappointed, you will see this afternoon a sight which you have never seen before and perhaps never will see again. It is better than sixteen to one that at least ten thousand or more ducks will take wing when we begin to hammer that lake over there,” and old Doc pulled the vizor of his shooting cap a little nearer his left ear, and took another look at the long, narrow stretch of water and patches of thick rice grass and tules a little distance in our front, while mentally calculating upon our little plan of campaign.

I was the tenderfoot of a party of four duck hunters, and had been brought many miles by rail, and then many more weary miles in the saddle and on foot over the dreary sand-hills of western Nebraska by my three experienced friends for a few days' sport with the ducks on their southward flight in the fall of '96. We had hunted several days at different lakes, and with indifferent success, and had at last pushed northward into a section heretofore little traveled, aiming to find a few lakes where we could make a big bag of the web-footed birds before our faces were again turned towards civilization and the ever-eager race for possession of the “filthy lucre.”

We had just finished pitching camp, had disposed of a hearty lunch and stood in front of our tent, looking down and over as ducky an appearing lake as I had ever seen, and although few ducks were to be seen in the air, the hubbub of whistle and quack, quack, quack, and whistle, which came to our ears gave ample evidence that we had before us an afternoon's sport that would make the eyes of even the oldest duck hunter in the land glisten.

It took but a short time for the experienced eye of Doc to take in the entire lake, and his orders and suggestions were soon given. I was to hunt the extreme west end of the lake, and had but a little distance to go. “Deke,” formerly Deacon, was to push in next to me, Harry about the centre, while Doc was to take the east end, and had some distance to go. Supposing us to be in position by the time he had reached his stand, Doc was to fire the first gun, and, following him, we were all to shoot till dark or the ducks left for more congenial parts.

A short walk brought me to the shore of the lake, and, pushing through the thick tules, I found an oval patch of nearly clear water about seventy yards in length, with a natural blind of tules near the centre. It was decidedly slow and heavy work wading through the foot of water and half-foot of black, sticky

mud to that little blind, but it was at last reached, and I soon had everything in readiness for the approach of Mr. Duck, and settled myself to wait for Doc's gun. I could see little bunches of ducks here and there jump into the air, disturbed by my friends as they pushed ahead for their stands, and then settle again, disliking to leave the rich feeding grounds of wild rice and smartweed, and thinking, perhaps, that those big two-legged birds in corduroy, canvas, and rubber, were harmless, and still the quack and whistle went on.

A wait of about twenty minutes and I heard the sharp crack, crack of Doc's Smith, quickly followed by the two reports of Harry's gun, and with both eyes wide open, and mouth as well, I raised a little, and did see a sight I may never again. The air over the eastern end of the lake was literally packed with ducks, large and small, mallards, spoonbills, widgeons, gray ducks, and the lightning-like blue and green-winged teal. Just then I would have been willing to push my pile of chips to the centre and raise Doc's bet to thirty-two to one, that more than ten thousand ducks were on wing, and if they could have been counted the pot would have been mine.

During the first raise, Doc's and Harry's crack, crack, crack reminded me of skirmish firing, with the entire battalion in action, and I saw duck after duck pitch down to rise no more. Soon that mighty cloud of swiftly-beating wings parted, and I settled again, that I might add to our bag from those heading for my end of the lake. They were soon over Deke, and were welcomed with

a merry crack, crack, and afterwards he and his Greener were decidedly busy. A few seconds of time and my own gun spoke twice, and a big, green head and his dusky mate splashed into the water almost at my feet. For ten minutes, I had as pretty shooting as I could wish, and twenty-one stone-dead mallards and grey ducks floated in the clear water in my front, while several had fallen in the tules over my head and to either side, to be located later on. Although my shooting had been so good, I really had opportunities at only the edge of the flight and saw that a bunch of tules beyond a narrow, innocent, sand-appearing beach about seventy or eighty yards to my front would be a much better stand, from which I could command the very centre of the steady and ever-increasing stream of ducks which circled up and down the lake.

The guns of my friends were cracking merrily as I waded out from my blind, retrieved my ducks, and hastily strung them on my wire duck carriers, and, quite heavily laden, started across that patch of shallow water and its bottom of soft, yielding, sticky mud. Once or twice on the way, an unusually tempting shot presented itself, and, dropping my heavy string of ducks, I added two big green heads to it and again plodded on. Away to my right it seemed that, if possible, more ducks than ever were in the air and headed for my end of the lake. I was nearly across that strip of water, and a few more steps would take me to my new blind; my mind was busy on reaching it as soon as possible, when I reached that narrow strip of land which lay between it and me. Un-

thinkingly, I waded in it and thought nothing wrong when my feet almost refused to move and I had sunk into a soft, oozy mud that nearly reached my waist. That bunch of tules was almost within reach, and I struggled forward one more step, and sank still deeper, my feet as yet touching nothing but the soft, black mud. Suddenly, my situation forced itself upon my mind, and I tried to turn and retrace those last few steps. It could not be done. I was fast in the mud. Struggle as I would, I could not withdraw either foot, and great beads of perspiration gathered on my forehead and trickled into my eyes and down my face and neck as I felt myself sinking, sinking, and began to realize how weak and helpless I was in that strip of innocent-looking mire.

Quickly swinging forward my string of ducks, I landed them safely at the base of the patch of tules, and, withdrawing the shells from my gun, I threw that on top of the ducks; my shell-laden shooting-coat next followed, and then I worked as I never worked before. Throwing myself forward as far as I could, I tried to dig away the soft mud at my hips and loosen my legs from its clinging grasp. It was tiresome work, and I shortly straightened up again, without any perceptible benefit in my condition. Forcing myself back, I tried to dig away the mud in my front but it only slipped back as fast as I threw it out, and still I kept sinking. I could hear those guns still cracking, and realized how little good shouting to my friends would do. If I pulled out of that hole I must do it alone, and, setting my teeth, with throbbing heart and

rushing pulses I again struggled to free myself. Every move, and twist, and turn was tried, but to no use; I was as much and as fast a captive in that mud, as was the famous prisoner of Chillon. Faint, disgusted, discouraged, and worn out, I gave it up. I was helpless. And with the mud at my arm-pits, I turned my head and tried to find some one stirring at camp in plain sight on the low hills at my back, but only saw moving bodies in the flocks of ducks which, wheeling within twenty yards of my position, went laughing and quacking down the lake. But, thank heaven, I was no longer sinking, and, standing there deep in muddy disgrace, thinking of the remarks and exclamations of my friends when I am discovered (for I am sure to attract their attention when they leave the lake for camp) the comical side of the situation is presented to my mind.

As I listen to the whir and whistle of wings and see the green-headed leader of a flock of mallards climb higher and higher, warning his mates with his quack, quack, as he caught sight of me as I turned my head, my hands involuntarily reach out for my gun and are slowly withdrawn. It is beyond my reach, and even if not so, those ducks are as safe, as far as I am concerned, as if in the next county. My position will allow my shoulders to move hardly an inch. Over to the west the October sun is sinking behind the bleak, dreary, treeless sand-hills, and as it slowly and almost imperceptibly drops, it paints a color picture on the changing sky above me more varied and beautiful than any ever on canvas, and causes me to wonder how

One, who can produce such wonderful cloud effects permits in Nebraska such black, irresistible, sticky, unyielding mud.

The sound of an axe comes to me from the thicket of plum bush on the hill to my back, and, turning my head, I can just see one of the cooks gathering wood for supper and the evening fire. After trying in vain to attract his attention by shouting and halloing, I am forced to give it up in despair and wait for my friends as they quit the lake at dusk.

The wind and my inability to face the cook prevent my voice from reaching him, while I can plainly hear his merry whistle between the cracking of the guns on the lake. After a time "Dekè" stops shooting and I soon see him hurrying to camp for a new supply of shells, and as quickly see him reappear and make for his stand and the ducks. I tried my very best, but nothing short of a steam calliope or a stick of dynamite would stop or attract his attention from his favorite sport at that time, and as he disappeared in the thick grass and tules, I realize more fully than ever that I am bound to stay right there until night.

My position brought to my mind the story of an old-time politician who was journeying at one time on horseback, and was caught in a severe storm far from shelter of any kind. Dismounting, he crawled into a hollow log to escape the pelting rain, and before he realized his danger the swelling wood had caught and held him as in a vise. Fearing death, his thoughts turned to the deeds of his past life and his chances of heaven, and, as the story runs, the memory of some of his political deals

made him so small that he rolled free from the log.

Encouraged somewhat, I smilingly but earnestly began another struggle for release, but to no end; that Nebraska mud followed me up as fast as I shrunk.

Without pipe or tobacco, the long wait until the boys would start for camp made me almost frantic, and I joyfully hailed the cook, his supply of wood gathered, as he came down to the lake for water.

His eye took in the situation at a glance, and after anxiously inquiring if I was still sinking, and receiving a reply in the negative, he hurried off down the lake for help and one of our canvas boats.

The flight was about over and the shooting nearly ceased, and I soon heard him and Doc panting and puffing as they poled and pushed the light boat through the tules and grass, their every resting-place marked and emphasized by Doc's cuss words and exclamations of disgust that I should allow myself to be caught in such a manner. But as they pushed through the last bunch of tules and pulled over the narrow strip of water to where Doc could see me, and hear my chattering teeth, his cuss words changed to those of kindest encouragement and solicitation as he began to realize that the length of my capture, my exertions to free myself, and the cold night winds had about done me up. Crowding the boat close to my back, the oars were used to loosen the mud at my waist and hips as much as possible, and catching me by the arms and shoulders, Doc and Fay, the cook, exerted their every ounce of muscle to raise me, while I helped by throwing all

weight possible onto the gunwale of the boat. After five minutes' hard work on the part of all three, Doc suggested a breathing spell, and I settled back thoroughly worn out and discouraged, faint in both heart and body. I had not gained a particle on that tenacious mud.

Just then "Deke" was discovered plodding wearily into camp with his load of ducks, and a few words from Doc brought him to our end of the lake on a sharp run.

Gazing with surprise a moment at my tired and anxious face sticking out of the mud, without suggestions from any one he turned and hurried back to camp, and as quickly returned with his flask of whiskey. Unable to reach me from his position, he gave the cork an extra twist, and with steady hand landed that welcome flask within two feet of my head. Within two seconds the cork was out, the flask nearly emptied, and I was ready for another pull at the mud. The straps of my high waders were unbuckled at my shoulders and all hands undertook to pull me out of my boots. The latter objected. Either they went with me or I stayed with them, and they carried their point. All hands took another well-earned rest, and I took a drink. "Deke," meantime, had found an old piece of dried timber which he succeeded in placing within my reach, and which I drew up close to my chest. The oars were driven upright into the mud on two sides of my left leg, I threw my weight as much as possible into the old log in front, Doc and Fay dug mud and lifted from behind, and slowly, so

slowly, but surely, that leg was pulled up and doubled under me. Still keeping my weight on the log in front, the oars were quickly passed to my right side, everybody strained his every nerve, and soon I sat a-straddle that log, dirty, black, muddy, and utterly worn out, but free.

After a short rest, I worked along the log with help of the oars into the shallow water, where I sat, drinking in deep breaths of the cool, clear, invigorating evening air, happy that I was alive, happier that I was free, while Doc picked up my coat, gun, and ducks, and paddled out to me. Wading slowly by the boat's side towards shore, I could not resist reaching in and picking up my gun, and slipped a couple of shells into its barrels.

Looking up into the full face of the moon just rising over the low hills in the east, I jumped my gun to my muddy shoulder and sent a charge of number sevens after a tardy returning duck, within easy range, a lucky shot, as the full, dull splash plainly proved. I saw Doc smile grimly as he said, "Keep right on to camp, I'll pick him up."

A few steps more and I was on dry ground and slowly began to climb the gentle slope to camp, content to let the boys care for boats, guns, and game; happy that a good meal and the more welcome night's sleep would make me as good as new on the morrow, and thankful that for once Nebraska's black, innocent-looking, but sometimes deep and treacherous mud had been forced to give up one, nearly a victim to his inexperience and thoughtlessness.

TO THE MERRIMACK.

By E. P. Tenny.

O shining stream
Of sunset beam,
With autumn gold
In hillside fold,
With meadows broad, and upland farms,
Of grasses sweet, of forest balms,
From mountain crags thy springs outflow;
The pine and maple thou dost know.

With rush and roar
O'er rocky floor,
In torrents white—
O wild delight—
Thy stream through granite gateway rolls,
To turn the wheels of a thousand men:
A hive of toil with busy hum:
Where wedding bell for death loud tolls—
Of human joy and grief the sum.

O river of song, O river of pen,
Of poets haunt and legend lore,
O river of ships and ocean sweep;
O river of youth
And manhood's prime,—
'T is in thy stream I dip my oar,
And on thy placid waters float,
Now swiftly passing towards the deep.

I pass the shallows we call time,—
I float from error into truth;
I'm wafted like the sunbeam's mote,
Afar and wide from narrow shore:
O river of God, akin to founts on high
And ocean deeps, thy currents swift I ride
To swelling tide
Of fuller, deeper life, beyond the sky.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction

WHAT ARE OUR RURAL SCHOOLS DOING?

By John Keniston, Chairman of the School-board of Plymouth.

At the annual town-meeting of Plymouth, held on March 10, 1893, the voters, availing themselves of the local option, adopted what is known as the "town system" of schools, anticipating by one year, the time when all the towns of the state were required to become single town school districts. The selection of a board of education devolved upon the selectmen, who in a wise and discreet manner appointed six broad-minded men, such as proved capable of laying lasting foundations for a growing superstructure. Like most towns, the first problem called for a reduction in the number of schools. In brief, the village, with its graded schools, retained its organization, under the management of the State Normal school; while the ten ungraded back district schools were consolidated into six, involving some important changes of location, and the immediate construction of three new school-houses. In 1894, a new school-house, intended to be a model of its kind, was built to take the place of the old landmarks. Of the six now in use, only one is un-

suited to the times; but indications point to the necessary substitution of another model school-house within a few years, thus completing the equipment of our rural schools with adequate surroundings.

In general, our outlying school-houses are well located, having ample grounds and easy access to the children of the locality. They are pleasant, roomy, and to some extent ornamental; are provided with slate blackboards, book shelves, modern desks, teachers' closets, facilities for house decoration, and are gradually being supplied with apparatus for teaching, such as maps, charts, drawing models, etc. The 1894 house is the embodiment of past experiences, limited only by the means appropriated. Located in a sightly position, and placed at one side of the lot so as to allow most of the ground for purposes of recreation, provided with a piazza in front, a flagpole by the side; with ample entries, which serve as coat rooms, finished with a high wainscot and stained glass windows. The school-room itself is a large twelve-foot posted room, 24

by 28, designed to accommodate from 30 to 36 scholars. The floors are hard wood, the finish spruce and ash; the commodious blackboards are slate, set low; the teacher's platform is raised and recessed. A teacher's closet of ample dimensions is situated in the rear of the room; the desks are single combination of modern pattern; and lastly and most important of all, a stove with a ventilating attachment "that works" furnishes at all seasons a constant supply of properly-heated fresh air without drafts, at all seasons, in all kinds of weather, without interference from contrary winds. The doors are pine, finished in the wood, and open outward, according to law. The windows, situated on the sides and rear, are provided with transoms, thereby greatly facilitating ventilation in warm weather. A picture molding surrounds the room, an inducement to æsthetic culture. An ample woodshed is attached, containing separate ventilated toilets. In all matters of heat, light, ventilation, and other sanitary arrangements, great pains were taken to follow the suggestions of the state board of health.

Not how cheap, but how good a teacher can be had according to the means, has been the dominating purpose in the selection of instructors. There have been two distinct advances in the teachers' salaries within ten years. Experience proves that there are less failures among normal graduates; hence the rule to hire only such when possible. At one time the school year was thirty-eight weeks; but, by vote of the town, it is now thirty-four. The quantity of work required and expected demands more time.

Along with good teachers in importance come the text-books and supplies. The same rule applies again to advan-

tage. It is always the intention, at least, to choose the best books, not the cheapest, and supplies of good quality are purchased. Everything with which the child comes in contact has its part in the character building, so a good penholder will not be without its influence, while cheap, worthless stuff may work unending mischief. Something new occasionally in the way of instruction, text-books, supplies, or adornment proves inspiring.

Registration blanks are filled out at the beginning of each term, and sent to the school-board. Then the board can readily ascertain the whereabouts of any child in town. The white blank is used for those attending, while a similar chocolate-colored blank gives whatever facts are obtainable in regard to children under seventeen non-attending. Practically, there no truants here; for almost every child is satisfactorily accounted for at the beginning of each term. Occasionally, the services of the truant officer are needed to induce parents and children to use their school privileges; and when needed, there is no hesitation in employing his services. The registration blank follows, eliminated of its purely local features.

PLYMOUTH TOWN SCHOOL DISTRICT.

Lower Intervale School, Sept. 6, 1897.

1. Full Name, *Marian L. Mitchell.*
2. Father's or mother's, or guardian's name, *David Glyn.*
3. Age 7; Give birthday, month, *December,* day, *23rd,* year, *1889.*
4. Residence while attending school, with whom *Mr. Daniel Mitchell, Plymouth,* on.... street, near....street.
5. Grade, *IV.*
6. Does the party named in question 2, reside in District No. 2? *No.*
7. Residence of the party named in question 2, if answer to question 6 is *No. Lower Intervale.*

Answer 1, by one full given name with initials for the rest of the given names. Take special pains to get perfect spelling and absolute exactness in every answer. These blanks are to be made out by the teacher as soon as practicable after the beginning of each term, and sent to the

Board of Education. In No. 2, cross out the persons not given. In No. 3, give the year in which the scholar was born, also month and day. In No. 4, give the actual living place, as near as possible. If the answer to 6 is No, then give the name of district if in Plymouth; of the town, if the scholar is not a resident of Plymouth.

In 1894, after four years of careful study and planning, an eight-year graded course of study became the peculiar feature of our rural schools. No opposition was engendered, yet some important changes have since been made, and another grade added in 1896. The leading motif, as musicians would say, is to give the child, reared in the rural district, all the advantages of the village graded school. The details of the important features of the plan will follow.

The course now comprises nine grades, requiring nine school years of thirty-eight weeks each to complete the scheme of study. The original foundation was Dr. C. C. Rounds's Course of Study, as published in the State Normal School catalogues. Constant change of teachers, and the want of a superintendent necessitated rather more arbitrary divisions of studies, and a closer confinement to the text-book than is customary in village graded schools. The steady maintenance of nine grades in a school of twenty-five boys and girls is a task requiring the marvelous skill and perseverance of a good teacher, if the best results are to be secured. A sample grade will suffice to illustrate the scope of the plan:

GRADE VI.

Reading. Balance of Fourth Reader, Barnes's or Swinton's. Supplementary reading: Moore's Pilgrims and Puritans; Moore's From Colony to Commonwealth; Hawthorne's True Stories from New England History, and Tanglewood Tales.

Spelling. (Oral and written.) Normal Speller, Advanced, Part I.

Writing. Shayler's Copy book No. 5.

Arithmetic. Greenleaf's Brief Course completed from page 91.

Geography. Frye's Complete, through page 61, supplemented by Werner's and Butler's.

United States History. Montgomery's Beginners, through page 91.

Drawing. Prang's Shorter Course No. 3.

Composition and grammar. Southworth and Goddard's from page 219.

Rhetoricals. Six declamations and six compositions (to be read) each term; to be laid out by the teacher appropriate to the general character of all the work of each grade, especially the reading and language work.

Elements of Science and Morals, see State Normal School catalogue.

The fundamental studies engross the constant attention for the first eight years. The ninth grade serves as a rounding out for the pupil who completes his schooling in the elementary school, and comprises a year's study of high school arithmetic, advanced spelling, English composition, and studies in choice English selections, with half years in bookkeeping, English history, civics, and either botany, principles of agriculture, or elements of physics. These give the pupil a better foundation for the high school, if he goes on, or open to him more of the treasures of knowledge, if he must stop. Or, briefly, grade nine aims to promote "good citizenship."

In order to make the graded course a success, some important aids have been prepared. Each school is supplied with an elaborate rank register designed by Dr. C. C. Rounds. Within a brief space, the work done by each pupil is faithfully recorded, serving as the basis of promotions and becoming a permanent record. The rulings provide for a twenty weeks' term if needed, and ample provisions are made for a complete record of everything of importance concerning the school history of each child. The book is indexed, and, besides the record of ranks, space is allotted for recording the promotions, etc. Below follows an extract from actual experience. Let the reader understand that the ranks for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are on the

left side of the square, and that those for Thursday, Friday, and any other special recitation or exercise are on the right side. The other features are self-explanatory.

Once a month a report card is sent to the parent, showing the true standing of his children. These are returned after examination, countersigned by the parent. They serve to animate the child,

[Right hand page.]

PLYMOUTH TOWN SCHOOL DISTRICT, TURNPIKE SCHOOL.

DATES.	Recitations— First Quarter.					Average.	Recitations— Second Quarter.					Average.	Class, Arithmetic, Subject. Stella M. Clay, Teacher.	
	Jan. 25-29	Feb. 1-5	8-12	15-19	Feb. 22-26		Mar. 1-5	8-12	15-19					
	10 9 9	10 9 9	8 10 8	9 9 10	9 10 10	94	10 10 10	9 8 8	7 8 8	8 9 8	10 9 8	89	Chester A. Fletcher.....	
	9 10 9	9 10 9	8 10 10	9 9 9	10 10 10	94	10 10 9	8 9 10	7 8 8	8 8 9	8 10 9	89	Arthur L. Page.....	
	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	100	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	100	Harry J. Sanborn.....	
	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	100	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	10 10 10	100	Leon C. Brown.....	

[Left hand page.]

TERM COMMENCING JAN. 25, 1897, AND CLOSING JUNE 11, 1897.

Recitations— Third Quarter.						Recitations— Fourth Quarter.						Examinations.				Term Averages.			Remarks.
Mar. 22-26	Apr. 29-2	26-30		May 3-7	Average.	May 10-14	17-21	24-28	June 31-4	Average.	Recitation.					Examination.	General		
8 8	8 9	9 9	10 10	10 10	91	7 9	10 8	9 10	9 9	90	C. 81	D. 86	E. 58	F. 64	97	74	82½	Passed.	
9 8	9 10	10 8	10 9	9 ..		8 ..	8 ..	10 ..	10 ..		C. 89	D. 88	E. 75	F. 58	91	78	84½	Passed.	
9	10 ..	9 ..	9 ..		8 ..	10 ..	9 ..	10 ..										
8 8	8 10	8 10	8 8	10 8	89	9 8	10 10	10 10	9 9	91									
9 8	9 8	9 9	10 9	10 8		7 ..	9 ..	8 ..	10 ..										
9	10 ..	9 ..	9 ..		10 ..	8 ..	8 ..	10 ..										
10 10	10 10	10 10	10 10	10 10	100	10 10	10 10	10 10	10 10	100	A. 82	B. 91	C. 91	D. 94	100	89	94	Passed.	
10 ..	10 ..	10 ..	10 ..	10 ..		10 ..	10 ..	10 ..	10 ..										
10 10	10 10	10 10	10 10	10 10	100	10 10	10 10	10 10	10 10	99	A. 76	B. 79	C. 94	D. 79	99	82	90½	Passed.	
10 ..	10 ..	10 ..	10 ..	10 ..		10 ..	10 ..	10 ..	10 ..										

especially when the parents coöperate. This is a sample taken from real life.

PLYMOUTH TOWN SCHOOL DISTRICT.

Ward's Hill School.

Report of *Charles E. Smith.*

For *Spring* term, commencing *Jan 27, 1897.*

	1st	2d	3d	4th
	mo.	mo.	mo.	mo.
Deportment	A	A	A	A
Days absent
Times tardy
Times dismissed
Spelling	C	C	B	A
Reading	A	A	A	A
Writing	A	B	A	A
Rhetoricals	A	C	D	A
Arithmetic	B	A	B	A
Grammar
Geography	A	A	A	A
U. S. History	A	A
Physiology
Drawing
Music
Composition	B	A	A

On this report of scholarship and deportment, *a* means excellent; *b*, fair; *c*, unsatisfactory; *d*, that immediate and radical improvement must be made or the pupil will be liable to be put back to another class or to be severely disciplined.

R. C. Smith, Teacher.

At the close of the school year, promotion cards are issued to each scholar. They are of three kinds. The most desirable is the white card, given for complete and satisfactory work. A blue card is used for conditional promotions. When scholars can not be promoted the fact is so stated upon a plain card. By this means the parents can know exactly the standing of their children at the close of each school year. Deception and indolence can be incepted in the bud, if parents so desire. A new edition of these cards should provide an opportunity for the signatures of the full school-board, and the parents should be required to sign all cards which are not full promotions, before the scholars return to school.

These are the forms used in this town:

PLYMOUTH TOWN SCHOOL DISTRICT.

....School,....189.. Be it known that....is promoted from the....grade to the....grade of School, having completed the required work.

This card is to be presented to the teacher in charge of the school at the commencement of next term.

.....Teacher.

Approved by the School-board:

.....Chairman.

PLYMOUTH TOWN SCHOOL DISTRICT.

....School,....189.. Be it known that....is promoted from the....grade to the....grade of School, with conditions in.. ..

This card is to be presented to the teacher in charge of the school at the commencement of next term.

.....Teacher.

Approved by the School-board:

.....Chairman.

As a fitting testimonial of appreciation of the long and patient work done in these schools, a more elaborate certificate, 10 by 13, is awarded to all who satisfactorily complete the nine grades. This is known as the grammar grade certificate. The last session of the district schools is held in the town hall. The exercises consist of a prize speaking, closing with a presentation of the graduating certificates, by the school-board. Each school makes an exhibit of its written work and specialties, such as herbariums, collections, experiments, etc. This is a day of days to many, a time when the most remote and humble can feel that they are a part of the town, one of the strongest artificial incentives to good work in the schools. The certificate printed below is one of the two stepping-stones to a possible college career.

"Honor to Whom Honor is Due."

THE PLYMOUTH TOWN SCHOOL DISTRICT.

Be it known to all to whom these presents shall come, that....having satisfactorily completed the course of study prescribed by the school-board in the primary and grammar grades of the district schools, is entitled to this certificate and admission to the high school.

Given at Plymouth, New Hampshire, this.... day of....

.....School.

.....} School-board.

.....Teacher.

The one thing needful to promote thoroughness has been a system of standard examinations by the school-

board. A plan has been adopted within two years, and most of the details worked out with gratifying results. Each study has been divided into smaller sections for examinations, generally following the matured topical divisions, these subdivisions being designated by letters for convenience. For each part a thorough written examination has been prepared, which represents the standard expected by the school-board. The examinations are placed in sealed envelopes, to be opened only when the class is ready for a test in that particular subject. Those that pass are sure of promotion; those that do not, may remain to consider the advantages of studiousness. The examinations are intended to be strong, such as will inspire the students to more intense application.

In the make-up of all the examinations except spelling, the subject matter amounts to ninety per cent.; five per cent. is reserved for spelling, and five per cent. for neatness, penmanship, form, etc. The scholar must secure at least seventy-five per cent. in order to pass. In practice, the teachers consider the tests are fair and not more difficult than the studious pupil ought to pass. Credit is given for all the work done, and whenever the pupil has passed the required test in any part of his work, so much becomes an accomplished fact, and he is not compelled to duplicate his work whether he does more or less than the grade calls for within the year. The following examples will show the character of the examinations:

ARITHMETIC. GRADE VIII. A.

Percentage; Greenleaf's Complete, pages 167-180.

Answer either No. 1 or No. 2, also No. 3, and seven others.

1. Define percentage, base, amount, policy, profit, and loss.

2. Define rate, difference, commission, insurance, premium.

3. Give rules for finding percentage, rate per cent., and base.

4. Find $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of \$2,520.

5. What per cent. of 876 gal. are 584 gal.?

6. Find the number of which 2.17 is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

7. A man having \$27,000 invested 18 per cent. in bank stock, $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in bonds, 34 per cent. in houses, and the rest in a farm. Find cost of farm.

8. A man's salary is \$4,000. He spent 22 per cent. for fuel, 12 per cent. for clothing, 3 per cent. for books, and \$1,018 for sundries. What per cent. remained?

9. A teacher spends 65 per cent. of his income, and can save \$420. What was his income?

10. A clerk's salary was raised 15 per cent., and now it is \$1,050. What was his former salary?

11. A farmer bought 80 acres of land at \$50 per acre, and spent \$1,800 for improvement. How much he sell it per acre so as to gain fifteen per cent.?

12. A lawyer collected 80 per cent. of a debt of \$2,360, and charged 5 per cent. commission on the sum collected. How much did the creditor receive?

13. A merchant insured a stock of goods worth \$12,000 for three fourths of its value, at 1 per cent.; what was the annual premium? Each question counts 10. Add 5 for correct spelling and 5 for neatness.

SPELLING. GRADE V. A.

Lessons 153-177.

Throng, breadth, coach, strive, pierce, scythe breathe, groove, weight, foremost, shuffle, ramble, knuckle, sneeze, oyster, shoulder, stopper, garret, bushel, solemn, flannel, horrid, message, painful, faultless, noiseless, peaceful, movement, kernel, postage, village, glitter, halter.

Each word counts 3.

U. S. HISTORY. GRADE V. A.

Montgomery's Beginners' American History pages 1-22. Answer 3; make a complete story.

1. Christopher Columbus; his boyhood, plans and getting help, how America was discovered, other voyages, death and burial, etc., etc.

2. John Cabot; his discoveries, what was found and carried back, the second voyage, why called America, etc.

3. Ponce-de-Leon, Balboa, and De Soto: the discoveries of each, building of St. Augustine, etc.

4. Sir Walter Raleigh: his expeditions, his settlement in Virginia, what came of it, last days and death of Raleigh.

Each question counts 30.

Add 5 for correct spelling and 5 for neatness.

PHYSIOLOGY. GRADE VIII. A.

Smith's, pages 13-39; bones and muscles. Answer either No. 8 or No. 11, and eight others.

1. Define anatomy, physiology, hygiene, bones, muscles.

2. Explain uses of bones; describe the main cavities of the body.

3. Describe fully bones of head and trunk.
 4. Describe fully bones of the upper limb.
 5. Describe fully bones of the lower limb.
 6. Describe fully the structure and chemical composition of bone.
 7. Describe fully the joints and parts which compose a joint.
 8. Describe growth of bones and effect of alcohol.
 9. Describe the muscles and their properties.
 10. Describe the structure of muscles and effects of muscular exercise.
 11. Effect of alcohol and tobacco on muscles.
- Each question counts 10. Add 5 for correct spelling and 5 for neatness, etc.

A new feature, known as a movable library of choice reading, has been introduced this year. Books that are interesting, uplifting, instructive, entertaining, or classical, have been purchased and packed in small boxes, one for each school-house. About twice in the year an exchange of reading can easily be made between the schools. Thus in the course of three years a fine collection of the best of reading will be available to every pupil in the rural districts. There seems to be a lack of connection between the remote children and the central library. By this means it is hoped to imbue the minds of the scholars with the love for good reading so thoroughly that when they leave the influences of the school-room the craving for more instruction will instinctively lead them to the larger storehouse of knowledge. Intended to supplement to some extent, the fundamental studies, it will also serve to relieve in part the dearth of reading matter in many of the parents' homes. This is to be one of the implements for broadening the culture and brightening the life of the many who will always reside on "the old place," an introduction as it were, to the unlimited riches of knowledge to be obtained only through the printed page.

The annual school report is published separate from the general town

report. No effort is spared to make it unique and attractive. In it appears the roll of honor, also the lists of graduates of the high and grammar schools. Here is an opportunity to record the achievements of faithful ones in the rural schools, which is utilized for all it is worth. At the close of each term a special visiting day is set apart, when parents and others are invited to observe the work done, and the members of the school-board honor the occasion by their presence. Encouragement is given whenever opportunity offers to acquire knowledge outside the prescribed routine. The personal proclivities for extra lines of study or investigation are fostered when they become manifest.

One of the wise acts of the first board of education under the town system was the correlation of all the schools in the town. Possibly, like some other towns, the village might have had reserved to itself all the free privileges of the high school. But a broader-minded statesmanship prevailed and the high school was made free to every Plymouth scholar, when properly qualified, a most valuable incentive. Consequently, each outlying school became a fitting school for the high and is the first important step in the preparation of students for college. Since the adoption of the graded course there has been a marked income in the disposition of the rural pupils to take the high school course. The graduates of the district schools are admitted to the high without re-examination, which serves to stimulate the farmer boys and girls with the desire for advanced education. Of seven boys now in college, three received their elementary training in the back district schools.

For the past year or more there have been monthly conferences of the school-board and teachers of the rural schools. The individual needs of the scholars, the welfare of the schools, and the general good of the cause furnish ample material for thought and discussion. Occasionally, consideration is given to some special subject, and an address is given by some expert in the matter. More harmonious relations are promoted and the cordial spirit existing between the school-board and the teachers incites to greater effort on the part of all to make these schools the most successful of the kind.

After all is said and done, is the game worth the candle? Let us see. Formerly, the classes were multitudinous; the course of instruction was in continual chaos; the scholars were nowhere, going nowhere, and having nowhere to go; the scholastic attainments were like one kind of beefsteak, rare, not well done, and when the pupil had finished, he was not prepared to go anywhere but to go out. Where? Generally to find his level and there plod along through existence, unless, possibly, he was fortunate enough to possess a vaulting ambition or enterprising parents. Then he had to spend a year or more in some village graded school before he was prepared to enter the high school or seminary. Now, when children change residence, they keep their standing; when the teachers are changed, as they often must be in the rural schools, the new-comer fits herself into the work, knows at once where the scholars are, and the school work goes on without interruption.

When the graded course was put into operation, careful observation shows that two thirds were stimulated to make the most of their opportunities.

Since the advent of the standard examinations, hereinbefore explained, from four fifths to seven eighths of the scholars are diligently and earnestly striving to obtain that degree of proficiency necessary for promotion, and the honors which the school department is only too glad to bestow. The pupils are not all at sea in regard to their attainments. The parents can easily inform themselves in regard to the manner in which their children spend their school hours. As the child advances through the grades and the high school appears within reach, he is encouraged to press steadily on, his ambition grows, and plans for a more advanced education have time to be matured in the home. The result is that more of the farmers' and other remote children are seeking advanced education than formerly. To be sure, there are some "outs" to the system, which seem to be more the faults of administration than errors in principle; yet, the "ins" more than compensate for the disadvantages. Consequently, the farmer is not obliged to abandon his farm and move into the village, in order to give his posterity the advantages of a good common school education. He can continue his vocation in peace, since good opportunities for acquiring knowledge are brought within reach of his children.

Two solutions are offered to the rural school problem. The first, centralization; undoubtedly the better, but, for reasons which seem insurmountable, this does not appear to be feasible in this town, at least at present. The other, the best possible management of each school, the carrying to the little school all the advantages of the village graded school that can be adapted and prove practicable. This

the school-board of Plymouth have a clear idea of how it is done, and the aimed to do for their charges, according to the best of their ability for these results which may be fairly claimed for the efforts made for the betterment of many years. This article aims to give our rural schools.



JUDGE T. L. NELSON.

Judge Thomas Leverett Nelson, who died at Worcester, Mass., November 21, was born in Haverhill, March 4, 1827. He was a descendant of John Leverett, who was governor of Massachusetts in 1673. He fitted for college at Haverhill and at Kimball Union academy, Meriden. He entered Dartmouth college in 1842, but two years later he gave up his college course on account of the death of his father. He soon renewed his studies at the Vermont university, and was graduated in the class of 1846. He at once began work as a civil engineer, and continued in that occupation until 1853, when he began the study of law at Haverhill. In 1855, he went to live in Worcester and entered the law office of the late Judge Francis H. Dewey, where he finished his studies. He was associated in the practice of the law with the late Congressman W. W. Rice and Dwight Foster, until the removal of the latter to Boston. He was later associated with Senator George F. Hoar, who was his warm personal friend. For four years from 1870 Mr. Nelson was the city solicitor. He was a member of the legislature in 1869, and served as chairman of the judiciary committee. He also served as a member of the school-board in Worcester and as a trustee of the free public library. He was one of the committee appointed by the supreme court to revise the rules of equity. In 1879, he was appointed judge of the United States district court. He was a member of the American Antiquarian society, the Wulstan society, and of several other societies devoted to scholarship and art. In 1885, he received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the University of Vermont. Judge Nelson was the founder of the law library at Worcester, and for many years had been the president of the Law Library association.

COLONEL E. S. NUTTER.

Eliphalet Simes Nutter was born in Barnstead, November 26, 1819, and died at Concord, November 15. He was a grandson of Major John Nutter, who, in the War of the Revolution, served with distinction in the regiment of Colonel Reid. In 1839, Mr. Nutter was a captain in the state militia, then, in 1844, proprietor of a country store. From 1847 to 1855, he was postmaster, in 1855 re-

moving to Concord, where he remained until his death. During the period of his Concord residence, he engaged in business in New York city, Boston, and Lawrence. He was for several years president of the New Hampshire Democratic Press Company; was president of the old New Hampshire Central railroad, now a part of the Boston & Maine system; and of the Franconia Iron company. He was also a large owner in the Atlantic & Pacific Railway Tunnel, at Denver, Col., and president of the National Railway and Street Rolling Stock company. He was prominent in the erection of the monument to commemorate the name of Hannah Dustin and her rescue from captivity, which now stands upon the historic island near the mouth of the Contoocook river.

PROFESSOR E. R. RUGGLES.

Prof. Edward Rush Ruggles, A. M., Ph. D., Chandler professor of the German language and literature in Dartmouth college, died October 30, aged 61 years. He was one of the ablest members of the faculty, and had experienced a long term of service in connection with the college. Professor Ruggles was born in Norwich, Vt., and prepared for college at Kimball Union academy, Meriden. He then taught a year at Bradford (Vt.) academy, then went to Canada to perfect himself in French and to teach in the mission of Grand Ligne. In 1859, he was granted the degree of bachelor of arts by Dartmouth college, and in 1861 went abroad to study. From 1864 to 1866, he was instructor in English and French at the polytechnical school, Dresden. He received the degree of master of arts from Dartmouth in 1864, and doctor of philosophy in 1885. In 1866, he became instructor of modern languages in Dartmouth, and the following year assumed the professorship of modern languages in the Chandler scientific school. Since 1893 he had been Chandler professor of German languages and literature at Dartmouth.

COLONEL J. W. ROBINSON.

Col. Joseph W. Robinson of Concord died November 17. He was born in Wilton, Me., February 17, 1830, and had resided in Concord since 1849. He was educated in the public schools of his native town and Boston, Mass., and became a practical telegrapher in 1856, just eight years after the first line in the world was constructed. As superintendent of the White Mountain division of the old American Telegraph company, he constructed the line between Boston and Bristol, and Concord to Plymouth, and later built the telegraph line to the summit of Mount Washington. He acquired his title of colonel as a member of Governor Ichabod Goodwin's staff. He served for several years as city messenger. Later he held the position of inspector of electric wires. He was a doorkeeper of the house of representatives in 1863, and a member of the house in 1894, in which he secured the passage of a bill for the erection of a statue of President Pierce, and was subsequently made chairman of the commission appointed to secure a design and to raise funds for its erection. He was a member of Blazing Star lodge of Masons, and one of its oldest past masters. He also received the various degrees up to and including that of Knight Templar, and was past commander of Sullivan Commandery, which he joined during a brief residence in Claremont from 1870 to 1876.

DR. ABRAHAM FLANDERS.

Dr. Abraham Flanders died at Morristown, N. J., November 10. He was born in Canaan in 1827. In 1859, he was graduated from Union college, Schenectady, N. Y. He went to Boston and practised medicine for a long there. Dr. Flanders wrote several books on medicine and contributed to the medical journals. He was a member of the local societies, and of the Italian Medical society.

JAMES G. GARDINER.

James G. Gardiner died at New York, November 12. Mr. Gardiner was born at Claremont thirty-eight years ago, the son of Col. Alexander Gardiner. He was graduated from Harvard and then studied law at the New York law school. He had been practising in New York for the last ten years. He was also prominently identified with several railroads and commercial enterprises.

HENRY W. PORTER.

Henry W. Porter, junior member of the firm of Porter Bros., dry goods dealers, died at Fall River, November 8, aged fifty-two. He was born in Lyme, formerly was in business at Hanover, and with his brother went to Fall River in 1873.

GEORGE F. WINCH.

George F. Winch, 78 years of age, died at New York November 11. He was born at Bethlehem, and was the last of seven brothers, prominent among them being John C. Winch, the pioneer in the ice business in a large way, who amassed a considerable fortune.

DATE DUE

A fine of **Two Cents** will be charged for each day the book is kept overtime.

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